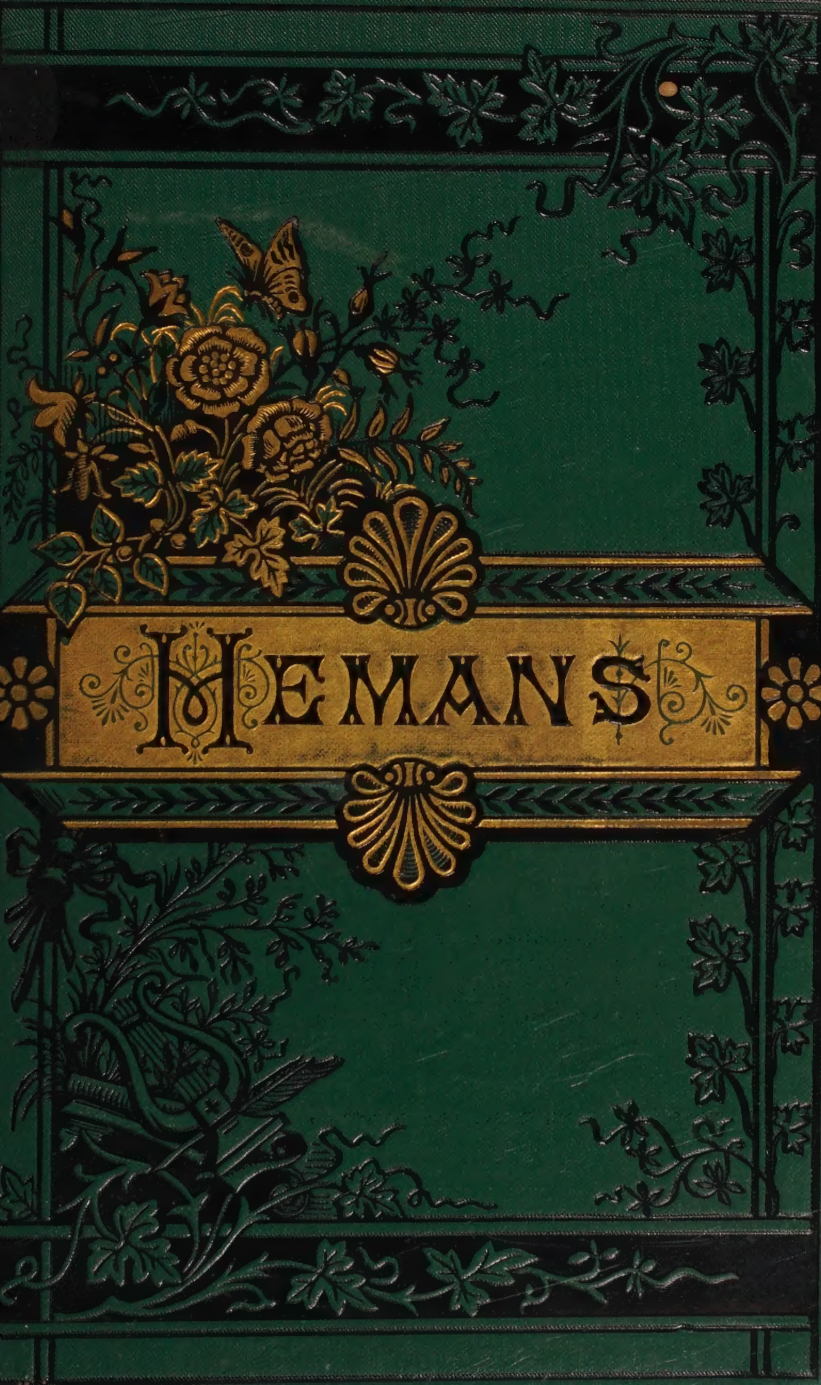
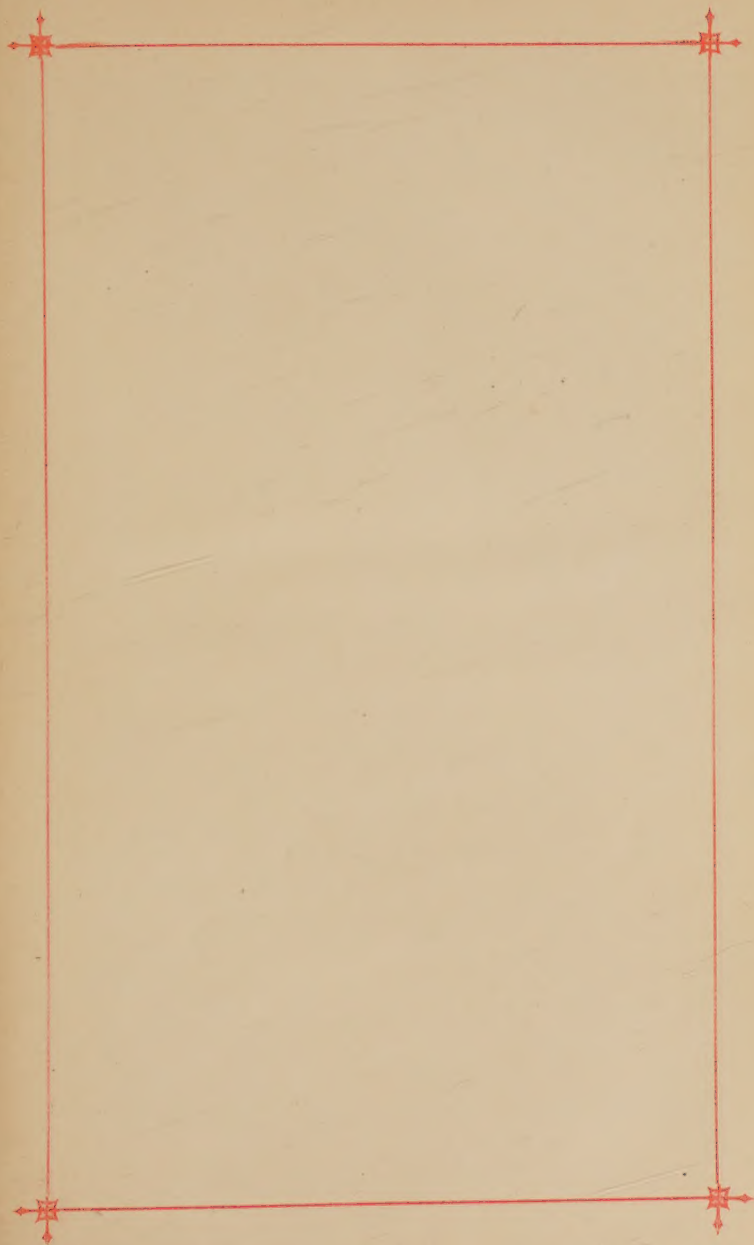
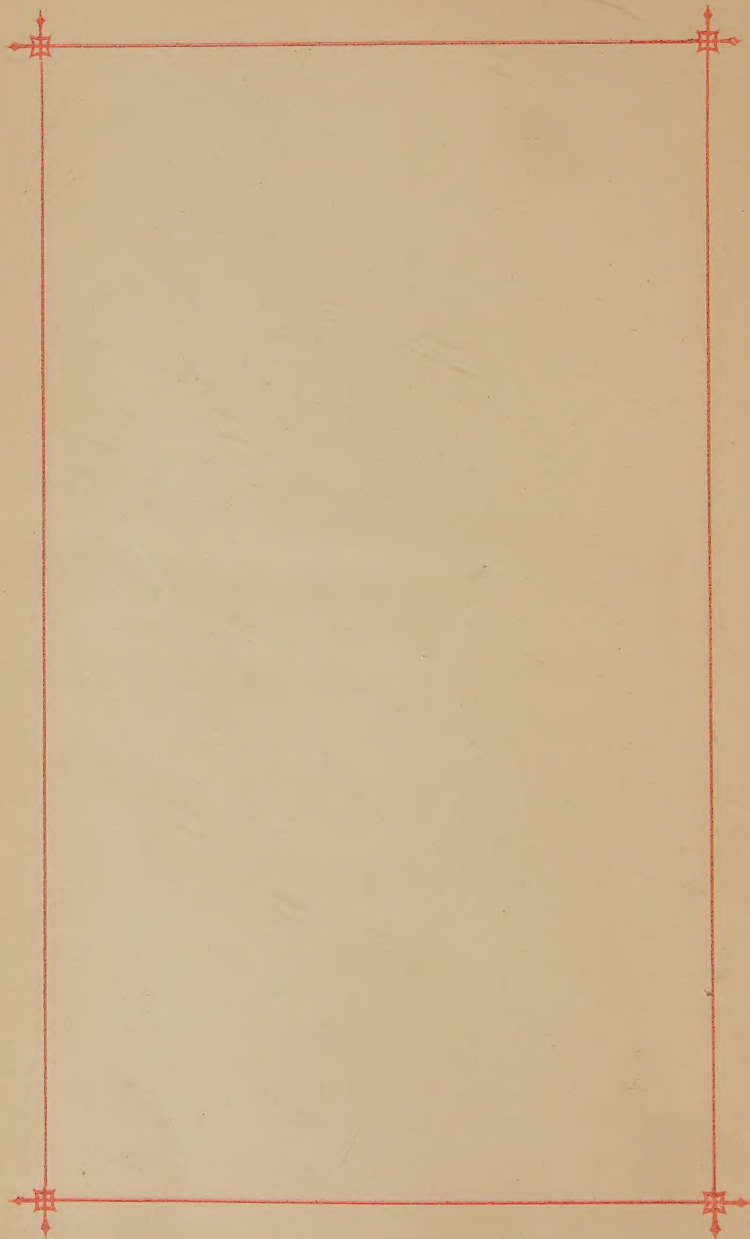




HEMANS







She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crowned for her bridal-day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MRS. FELICIA HEMANS

With Memoir and Notes.

COMPLETE.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
39 AND 41 CHAMBERS STREET.



MEMOIR

OF

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE—the maiden name of Mrs. Hemans—was born at Liverpool, September 25th, 1793. Her father, a merchant of some eminence in that great *entrepôt* of commerce, was a native of Ireland, while her mother, *née* Wagner, was of mingled Italian and German descent, being the daughter of the Imperial Tuscan Consul at that active port. Felicia was the fifth of seven children, and began early to display an aptitude for writing verse. This faculty was readily fostered by her mother, a woman of discernment and culture, and an impulse was thus given to the “lispings” numbers of the poet-child, who, ere she had passed her seventh year, wrote the “Lines on my Mother’s Birth-day.” At this time (1800) Mr. Browne, her father, having, in common with many others at that revolutionary and unsettled period, sustained some heavy commercial disaster, quitted Liverpool, and the family took up their residence at Gwrych, near Abergale, Denbighshire. Whether this reverse of position and loss of station preyed upon the mind of the unfortunate merchant we have no means of judging; but it is certain that shortly after they were settled in Wales Mr. Browne died. The infantile effort at poetry was speedily followed up by others, including letters in rhyme addressed to her brother and sister in Wales, from London, where Felicia spent the

winter of 1804. Her productions received an extensive circulation among a large circle of friends, who thought so highly of them that, in 1808, in her fifteenth year, they were collected into a quarto volume and published under the title of "Early Blossoms." The work met with a very rough reception at the hands of the critics. The attacks, however, did not silence her pen, since the same year she wrote "England and Spain."

In 1809 the family of the Brownes removed from Gwrych to Bronnylfa, near St. Asaph, in Flintshire, where Felicia pursued with zest the study of French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and at the same time acquired the elements of the German language, and showed some taste for drawing and music. In the midst of these diversified linguistic studies, Miss Browne did not neglect her favourites, the Muses, and continued to add fresh poems to those already in type. These were sufficiently numerous by the beginning of 1812 to form another volume, which, though less pretentious than the first, was given to the world under the title of "Domestic Affections, and other Poems." This second challenge to the reviewers met with a more favourable reception than the first, and determined Felicia to pursue the advantage thus gained by further effort. "Domestic Affections," however, was the last of her works that bore her maiden name of Felicia Browne, for in the summer of the same year Captain Hemans, who had previously returned to Wales from Spain for her, led her to the altar, and Felicia Browne was transformed into Felicia Hemans. Shortly after the newly-married pair quitted the Principality, and went to reside at Daventry, Northamptonshire, where Captain Hemans' regiment was quartered. Here they remained for about twelve months, during which time Mrs. Hemans' first child, Arthur, was born. The unexpected dissolution of the corps cut short their connection with Daventry, and Captain Hemans and family returned to Wales, and became domiciled at Bronnylfa, where the young wife thenceforward remained, under the scrutiny of her mother.

In 1816 she published the "Restoration of the Works of

Art in Italy," "Modern Greece," and several other poems, which subsequently found their way into a work entitled **"Tales and Historic Scenes."** In 1818 came forth her **"Translations from Camoens,"** and **"Stanzas on the Death of Princess Charlotte,"** the latter being published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April of that year.

It has not been attempted to conceal the fact that the marriage was far from being a happy one. Yet a veil has been thrown over the domestic infelicity of Captain and Mrs. Hemans. In the fall of this year, however, the captain, whose constitution was said to have suffered severely, in the retreat upon Corunna, and after, by being caught in the disastrous Walcheren expedition, determined upon trying the effects of a southern climate in the restoration of his health. At least this was made the pretext for the separation which took place between them, and in 1819 Captain Hemans took up his residence in Italy. He never again returned to his wife and family. The severance was final, and, though a correspondence was kept up between husband and wife for years, they never again came together.

Mrs. Hemans brought out **"Tales and Historic Scenes"** in 1819. After which, a patriotic Scotsman having signified his intention of giving £1000 towards the erection of a monument to Sir William Wallace, added a prize of £50 for the best poem on the subject. Mrs. Hemans entered the list of competitors, succeeded in carrying off the award, and the prize poem was published in the September number of *Maga* for that year. In 1820 came out **"The Sceptic,"** a didactic poem in heroic rhyme. Mrs. Hemans shortly after made the acquaintance of one of her most valuable and esteemed friends, Bishop (then the Rev. Reginald) Heber, and opened up a correspondence with Mr. Gifford. She also contributed papers on foreign literature to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and published **"Stanzas to the Memory of George the Third."** She obtained in June, 1821, the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of **"Dartmoor;"** and, at the suggestion of the then Rev. Reginald Heber, engaged in the com-

position of her first play—the tragedy of “The Vespers of Palermo.” This production was not intended for the stage, but, receiving very favourable notices from Dr. Croly and the Rev. Mr. Milman, serious thoughts were entertained of its production. In the intervals of writing this ambitious work, Mrs. Hemans produced, in 1821, “Welsh Melodies,” and extended her German studies. In 1822 she wrote the “Siege of Valentia,” “Songs of the Cid,” and the dramatic fragment of “Don Sebastian.” Her works were now produced in rapid succession, and her fame as an authoress gained for her the friendship of many distinguished men. The opening of 1823 found her a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which the poet Campbell was the editor.

In March was penned “Voices of Spring,” and the “Siege of Valentia” was published, together with the “Last Constantine” and “Belshazzar’s Feast.” The most important event, however, of this year was the representation at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 12th of December, of “The Vespers of Palermo,” which, notwithstanding it had the earnest support of Charles Kemble, Young, Yates, Mrs. Bartley and Miss Kelly, was a complete failure.

In 1824, Mrs. Hemans removed, with her sons, her sister, and her mother, from Bronnylfa to Rhyllon, near St. Asaph; and in this year she composed “De Chatillon,” the revised manuscript of which was unfortunately lost. She also wrote “The Lays of Many Lands.” For the most part they appeared in the *New Monthly*, and were suggested by Herder’s “Stimmen der Völker in Leidern.” 1825 saw the “Treasures of the Deep,” “Hebrew Mother,” “The Hour of Death,” “Graves of a Household,” “The Cross in the Wilderness,” and many other of her popular lyrics written.

One of the best of her sustained works, “The Forest Sanctuary,” was published in 1826, together with “Lays of Many Lands.” A sad blow befell the prolific authoress in 1827, by the loss of her mother on the 11th of January, which was followed by her own health becoming impaired as the year waned. Still she abated none of her energy.

Now she wrote "Hymns for Childhood," which were first published in America. These were followed at home by "Homes of England," "An Hour of Romance," "The Palm Tree," and many others. "Records of Woman" and "Collected Miscellanies" were published by Messrs. Blackwood in May, 1828, and Mrs. Hemans became a regular contributor to their magazine. In September she removed, with her family, to Wavertree, near Liverpool. Her two eldest sons were sent to Rome to their father, whom she had ever consulted, though thus strangely parted, respecting their training. Wavertree did not prove a congenial spot, and she determined upon a voyage to Scotland, which she visited in 1829. In the land of the true and leal she made the acquaintance of Mr. Henry McKenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," the Rev. Mr. Allison, Lord Jeffrey, Sir Walter Scott, Captain Hamilton, Captain Basil Hall, and the most distinguished members of the literati north of the Tweed, spending several days at Abbotsford. Her labours this year produced "The Lady of Provence," "To a Wandering Female Singer," "The Child's First Grief," and "The Better Land."

In 1830 she published "The Songs of the Affections," and in the summer paid a visit to the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. At Rydal Mount she remained a fortnight with Wordsworth, and took up her residence at Dove-Nest Cottage, Ambleside. After staying here some weeks she was induced to pay another visit to Scotland, and spent the greater part of her time at Milburn Tower, the seat of Sir Robert Liston. During this sojourn she formed a friendship, in obedience to which she was prevailed upon to visit Dublin, before returning to Wavertree. This journey determined her to leave England to take up her residence in Ireland, but before actually doing so she went back to Wales *via* Holyhead.

At this time her health was in a very delicate condition, and in the spring of 1831 Mrs. Hemans finally quitted England for Dublin. Her health, however, became rapidly worse, while the advancing age of her sons, who remained under her care, were a source of great anxiety to her. She

must have felt that the final change was not very far distant, for she spent the latter months of 1833 in arranging and preparing for publication the three collections of her poems, which were brought out in the spring and summer of 1834—"Hymns for Childhood," "National Lyrics and Songs for Music," and "Scenes and Hymns of Life." In August, 1834, Mrs. Hemans caught the scarlet fever, and, when scarcely recovered from it, was attacked by a severe cold. Ague was superinduced, and never left her until she was overtaken by her last fatal malady, dropsy, which, before the close of 1834, had assumed a very dangerous aspect. To save her, if possible, the summer residence of the Archbishop of Dublin (Whately's), Redesdale, was placed at her disposal. Here she was affectionately tended by the celebrated prelate and his good wife. She experienced some slight relief, but no permanent benefit. As it was necessary for her to be near her physician, she hastened back to Dublin. On the 26th of April, 1835, Mrs. Hemans dictated her last poetical piece, a "Sabbath Sonnet." For weeks she continued to linger and grow worse, until Saturday, May 16, 1835, when, after a long and gentle sleep, she died without an effort, a murmur, or complaint, at the age of forty-two. She was buried in St. Anne's Church, Dawson-street, Dublin, which is close to the house in which she breathed her last. A small tablet was placed on the spot; and her brother caused another to be erected in the cathedral of St. Asaph, "To the Memory of Felicia Hemans, whose character is best portrayed in her writings."

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JUVENILE POEMS.

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

WRITTEN AT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

CLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen ;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to charm ;
The flowers revive, this charming May,
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen ;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

A PRAYER.

WRITTEN AT NINE YEARS OF AGE.

O GOD! my Father and my Friend,
Ever Thy blessings to me send ;
Let me have virtue for my guide,
And wisdom always at my side ;
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe ;
Contented with the humblest lot,
Happy, though in the meanest cot.

MY BROTHER AND SISTER, IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

HAPPY soon we'll meet again,
Free from sorrow, care, and pain ;
Soon again we'll rise with dawn,
To roam the verdant dewy lawn.

Soon the budding leaves we'll hail,
 Or wander through the well-known vale;
 Or weave the smiling wreath of flowers,
 And sport away the light-winged hours.
 Soon we'll run the agile race,
 Soon, dear playmates, we'll embrace;
 Through the wheat-field or the grove,
 We'll hand in hand delighted rove;
 Or, beneath some spreading oak,
 Ponder the instructive book;
 Or view the ships that swiftly glide,
 Floating on the peaceful tide;
 Or raise again the carolled lay;
 Or join again in mirthful play;
 Or listen to the humming bees,
 As their murmurs swell the breeze;
 Or seek the primrose where it springs;
 Or chase the fly with painted wings;
 Or talk amidst the arbour's shade;
 Or mark the tender shooting blade;
 Or stray beside the babbling stream,
 When Luna sheds her placid beam;
 Or gaze upon the glassy sea;
 Happy, happy, shall we be.

SHAKESPEARE.

WRITTEN AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

I LOVE to rove o'er history's page,
 Recall the hero and the sage;
 Revive the actions of the dead,
 And memory of ages fled
 Yet it yields me greater pleasure
 To read the poet's pleasing measure.
 Led by Shakespeare, bard inspired,
 The bosom's energies are fired;
 We learn to shed the generous tear
 O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier;
 To love the merry moonlight scene,
 With fairy elves in valley green;
 Or, borne on Fancy's heavenly wings,
 To listen while sweet Ariel sings.
 How sweet the "native wood-notes wild"
 Of him, the Muse's favorite child;
 Of him whose magic lays impart
 Each various feeling to the heart.

HYMN.

WRITTEN AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

O GOD of mercy ! let my lyre
Speak with energetic fire ;
And teach my infant tongue to raise
The grateful animated lays.
While musing at Thy hallowed shrine,
I listen to Thy word divine ;
I bless the page of genuine truth
Oh ! may its precepts guide my youth.
To Thee, thou Good Supreme I bend,
Do Thou the humble prayer attend.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

To thee, maternal guardian of my youth,
I pour the genuine numbers, free from art :
The lays inspired by gratitude and truth,
For thou wilt prize th' effusion of the heart.
Oh ! be it mine, with sweet and pious care,
To calm thy bosom in the hour of grief ;
With soothing tenderness to chase the tear,
With fond endearments to impart relief.
Be mine thy warm affection to repay
With duteous love in thy declining hours ;
My filial hand shall strew unfading flowers,
Perennial roses to adorn thy way :
Still may thy grateful children round thee smile,
Their pleasing care affliction shall beguile.

RURAL WALKS.

WRITTEN AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

OH ! may I ever pass my happy hours
In Cambrian valleys and romantic bowers ;
For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape charms my youthful breast.
And much I love to hail the vernal morn,
When flowers of spring the mossy seat adorn ;
And sometimes through the lonely wood I stray,
To cull the tender rosebuds in my way ;
And seek in every wild secluded dell
The weeping cowslip and the azure bell ;
With all the blossoms, fairer in the dew,
To form the gay festoon of varied hue.

And oft I seek the cultivated green,
 The fertile meadow, and the village scene,
 Where rosy children sport around the cot,
 Or gather woodbine from the garden spot.
 And there I wander by the cheerful rill,
 That murmurs near the osiers and the mill;
 To view the smiling peasants turn the hay,
 And listen to their pleasing festive lay.
 I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
 Or in the mountain scenery to rove;
 Where summits rise in awful grace around,
 With hoary moss and tufted verdure crowned;
 Where cliffs in solemn majesty are piled,
 "And frown upon the vale" with grandeur wild:
 And there I view the mouldering tower sublime,
 Arrayed in all the blending shades of time.

The airy upland and the woodland green,
 The valley, and romantic mountain scene;
 The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
 The dell retired, or willow-shaded lane;
 "And ever spot in sylvan beauty drest,
 And every landscape charms thy youthful breast."

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the blest
 May hover round the virtuous man's repose;
 And oft in visions animate his breast,
 And scenes of bright beatitude disclose.
 The ministers of Heaven with pure control,
 May bid his brow and emotion cease;
 Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
 And whisper to his bosom hallowed peace.
 Ah! tender thought, that oft with sweet relief
 May charm the bosom of a weeping friend,
 Beguile with magic power the tear of grief,
 And pensive pleasure with devotion blend;
 While oft he fancies music sweetly faint,
 The airy lay of some departed saint.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

I LOVE to hail the mild, the balmy hour,
 When evening spreads around her twilight veil;
 When dews descend on every languid flower,
 And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.

And let me wander by the peaceful tide,
 While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play;
 To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
 To mark the fading smile of closing day.
 There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas;
 While melting sounds decay on Fancy's ear,
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.
 For still when evening sheds the genial dews,
 That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

ENGLAND AND SPAIN; OR, VALOUR AND
 PATRIOTISM.

WRITTEN AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

"His sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause."—POPE.

Too long have Tyranny and Power combined
 To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind;
 Long has Oppression worn th' imperial robe,
 And rapine's sword has wasted half the globe!
 O'er Europe's cultured realms, and climes afar,
 Triumphant Gaul has poured the tide of war;
 To her fair Austria veiled the standard bright;
 Ausonia's lovely plains have owned her might;
 While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,
 Forsook her towering height on Jena's field!

O gallant Fred'ric! could thy 'parted shade
 Have seen thy country vanquished and betrayed,
 How bad thy soul, indignant, mourned her shame,
 Her sullied trophies and her tarnished fame!
 When Valour wept lamented Brunswick's doom,
 And nursed with tears the laurels on his tomb;
 When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's grave,
 Invoked his spirit to descend and save,
 Then set her glories—then expired her sun.
 And fraud achieved—e'en more than conquest won!

O'er peaceful realms, that smiled with plenty gay,
 Has desolation spread her ample sway
 Thy blast, O Ruin! on tremendous wings,
 Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings!
 Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force
 With dark destruction marks its whelming course;
 Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain—
 Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!

Rise, Freedom, rise! and, breaking from thy trance,
 Wave the dread banner, seize the glittering lance!

With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,
 And call thy champions to defend thy laws!
 How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain?
 How long shall despots and usurpers reign?
 Is honour's lofty soul forever fled?
 Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead?
 Is there no heart where worth and valour dwell,
 No patriot Wallace, no undaunted Tell?
 Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band,
 Around thy banner, firm, exulting, stand;
 Once more 'tis thine, invincible, to wield
 The beamy spear and adamantine shield!
 Again thy cheek with proud resentment glows,
 Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes;
 Thy kindling eye-beam darts unconquered fires,
 Thy look sublime the warriors heart inspires;
 And while, to guard thy standard and thy right,
 Castilians rush, intrepid to the fight,
 Lo! Britain's generous host their aid supply,
 Resolved for thee to triumph or to die!
 And Glory smiles to see Iberia's name
 Enrolled with Albion's in the book of fame!

Illustrious names! still, still united beam,
 Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme:
 So when two radiant gems together shine,
 And in one wreath their lucid light combine,
 Each, as it sparkles with transcendent rays,
 Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze!

Descend, O Genius! from thy orb descend!
 Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit lend!
 As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say)
 With sweet vibration meets the morning ray,
 So let the chords thy heavenly presence own,
 And swell a louder note, a nobler tone;
 Call from the sun, her burning throne on high,
 The seraph Ecstasy, with lightning eye;
 Steal from the source of day empyreal fire,
 And breathe the soul of rapture o'er the lyre!

Hail, Albion, hail! thou land of freedom's birth!
 Pride of the main, and Phoenix of the earth!
 Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice, dwell,
 Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel!
 Thine are the dauntless bands, like Spartans brave
 Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave;
 In classic elegance, and arts divine,
 To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine;
 For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly,
 And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky,

Where science mounts, in radiant car sublime,
 To other worlds beyond the sphere of time ;
 Hail, Albion, hail ! to thee has fate denied
 Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's pride ;
 The gems that Ormuz and Golconda boast,
 And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast ;
 For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine ;
 No glowing suns mature the blushing vine ;
 No light Arabian gales their wings expand,
 To waft Sabæan incense o'er the land ;
 No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills,
 No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils ;
 Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows,
 And far from thee the scented cassia blows,
 Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throne,
 Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy own ;
 From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid reign,
 She bids thy ensigns float above the main ;
 Unfurls her streamers to the favouring gale,
 And shows to other worlds her daring sail ;
 Then wafts their gold, their varied stores to thee
 Queen of the trident ! empress of the sea !

For this thy noble sons have spread alarms,
 And bade the zones resound with Britain's arms !
 Calpe's proud rock and Syria's palmy shore
 Have heard and trembled at their battle's roar !
 The sacred waves of fertilising Nile
 Have seen the triumphs of the conquering isle !
 For this, for this, the Samiel-blast of war
 Has rolled o'er Vincent's cape and Trafalgar !
 Victorious RODNEY spread thy thunder's sound,
 And NELSON fell, with fame immortal crowned !
 Blest if their perils and their blood could gain—
 To grace thy hand—the sceptre of the main !
 The milder emblems of the virtues calm,
 The poet's verdant bay, the sage's palm ;
 These in thy laurel's blooming foliage twine,
 And round thy brows a deathless wreath combine ;
 Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic tide,
 Are hallowed more than Avon's haunted side ;
 Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring theme,
 Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's stream.

Bright in the annals of th' impartial page,
 Britannia's heroes live from age to age !
 From ancient days, when dwelt her savage race,
 Her painted natives, foremost in the chase,
 Free from all cares for luxury or gain,
 Lords of the wood, and monarchs of the plain ;

To these Augustan days, when social arts
 Refine and meliorate her manly hearts;
 From doubtful Arthur, hero of romance,
 King of the circled board, the spear, the lance,
 To those who recent trophies grace her shield,
 The gallant victors of Vimiera's field;
 Still have her warriors borne th' unfading crown,
 And made the British flag the ensign of renown.

Spirit of Alfred! patriot soul sublime!
 Thou morning-star of error's darkest time!
 Prince of the lion-heart! whose arm in fight
 On Syria's plains repelled Saladin's might.
 Edward! for bright heroic deeds revered,
 By Cressy's fame to Britain still endeared!
 Triumphant Henry! thou, whose valour proud
 The lofty plume of crested Gallia bowed!
 Look down, look down, exalted Shades! and view
 Your Albion still to freedom's banner true!
 Behold the land, ennobled by your fame,
 Supreme in glory, and of spotless name;
 And, as the pyramid indignant rears
 Its awful head, and mocks the waste of years;
 See her secure in pride of virtue tower,
 While prostrate nations kiss the rod of power.

Lo! where her pinions waving high aspire,
 Bold victory hovers near, "with eyes of fire!"
 While Lusitania hails, with just applause,
 The brave defenders of her injured cause;
 Bids the full song the note of triumph rise,
 And swells the exulting pæan to the skies!

And they, who late with anguish, hard to tell,
 Breathed to their cherished realms a sad farewell!
 Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,
 Still fondly lingered on its deck, and sighed;
 Gazed on the shore, till tears obscured their sight
 And the blue distance melted into light;
 The Royal Exiles, forced by Gallia's hate,
 To fly for refuge in a foreign State:
 They, soon returning o'er the western main,
 Ere long may view their clime beloved again:
 And as the blazing pillar led the host
 Of faithful Israel o'er the desert coast,
 So may Britannia guide the noble band,
 O'er the wild ocean, to their native land.
 O glorious isle! O sovereign of the waves!
 Thine are the sons who never will be slaves!
 See them once more with ardent hearts advance,
 And rend the laurels of insulting France;

To brave Castile their potent aid supply,
And wave, O Freedom! wave thy sword on high!

Is there no bard of heavenly power possest,
To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast!
Like Shakespeare o'er the secret mind to sway,
And call each wayward passion to obey?
Is there no bard, imbued with hallowed fire,
To wake the chords of Ossian's magic lyre;
Whose numbers breathing all his flame divine,
The patriot's name to ages might consign?
Rise, Inspiration, rise! be this thy theme,
And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam!

Oh! could my muse on seraph pinion spring,
And sweep with rapture's hand the trembling string;
Could she the bosom energies control,
And pour impassioned fervour o'er the soul;
Oh! could she strike the harp to Milton given,
Brought by a cherub from th' empyrean heaven!
Ah! fruitless wish! ah! prayer preferred in vain,
For her! the humblest of the woodland train:
Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise
The hymn of liberty, the song of praise!

Iberian bands! whose noble ardour glows,
To pour confusion on oppressive foes;
Intrepid spirits hail; 'tis yours to feel
The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal!
Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,
Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain;
No cruel rapine leads you to the war,
Nor mad ambition whirled in crimson car;
No, brave Castilians! yours a nobler end,
Your land, your laws, your monarch to defend!
For these, for these, your valiant legions rear
The floating standard and the lofty spear;
The fearless lover wields the conquering sword,
Fired by the image of the maid adored;
His best-beloved, his fondest ties to aid,
The father's hand unsheathes the glittering blade;
For each, for all, for every sacred right,
The daring patriot mingles in the fight!
And e'en if love or friendship fail to warm,
His country's name alone can nerve his dauntless arm.

He bleeds! he falls! his death-bed is the field!
His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the shield!
His closing eyes the beam of valour speak,
The flush of ardour lingers on his cheek;
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes,
Then for his country breathes a prayer—and dies!

Oh! ever hallowed be his verdant grave,
 There let the laurel spread, the cypress wave!
 Thou, lovely Spring! bestow, to grace his tomb,
 Thy sweetest fragrance and thy earliest bloom;
 There let the tears of heaven descend in balm,
 There let the poet consecrate his palm!
 Let honour, pity, bless the holy ground,
 And shades of sainted heroes watch around!
 'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling knell,
 Thy chief, O Thebes! at Matinea fell;
 Smiled undismayed within the arms of death,
 While Victory, weeping nigh, received his breath!

O Thou, the sovereign of the noble soul!
 Thou source of energies beyond control!
 Queen of the lofty thought, the gen'rous deed,
 Whose sons unconquered fight, undaunted bleed,
 Inspiring Liberty! thy worshipped name
 The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame;
 Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony,
 Thy charms inspire him to achievements high;
 More blest, with thee to tread perennial snows,
 Where ne'er a flower expands, a zephyr blows,
 Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,
 In frost-work palace holds perpetual reign;
 Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove
 The green savannas and the spicy grove;
 Scent the rich balm of India's perfumed gales,
 In citron-woods and aromatic vales;
 For oh! fair Liberty, when thou art near,
 Elysium blossoms in the desert drear!

Where'er thy smile its magic power bestows,
 There arts and taste expand, there fancy glows,
 The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,
 And every chord to swelling transport lives;
 There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace
 The soul of beauty and the lines of grace;
 With bold Promethean hand the canvas warms,
 And calls from stone expression's breathing forms.
 Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its bound,
 Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,
 Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile sands!
 And rich profusion clothe the deserted lands!

Immortal Freedom! daughter of the skies!
 To thee shall Britain's grateful incense rise!
 Ne'er, goddess! ne'er forsake thy favourite isle,
 Still be thy Albion brightened with thy smile.
 Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose,
 While proudly triumphed thine insulting foes;

Yet though a cloud may veil Apollo's light,
Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to sight;
Once more we see thy kindling soul return,
Thy vestal-flame with added radiance burn;
Lo! in Iberian hearts thine ardour lives,
Lo! in Iberian hearts thy spark revives!

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted band!
Still sure to conquer, if combined yestand!
Though myriads, flashing in the eye of day,
Streamed o'er the smiling land in long array;
Though tyrant Asia poured unnumbered foes,
Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose;
For every state in sacred union stood,
Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood;
Each heart was glowing in the general cause,
Each hand prepared to guard their hallowed laws:
Athenian valour joined Laconia's might,
And but contented to be first in fight;
From rank to rank the warm contagion ran,
And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van:
Then Persia's monarch mourned his glories lost,
As wild confusion winged his flying host;
Then Attic bards the hymn of victory sung,
And Grecian harp to notes exulting rung!
Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone record
The high achievements of the conquering sword.
Thus, brave Castilians! thus may bright renown
And fair success your valiant efforts crown!

Genius of chivalry! whose early days
Tradition still recounts in artless lays;
Whose faded splendours fancy oft recalls,
The floating banners and the lofty halls;
The gallant feats thy festivals displayed,
The tilt, the tournament, the long crusade,
Whose ancient pride Romance delights to hail,
In fabling numbers or heroic tale:
Those times are fled, when stern thy castles frowned,
Their stately towers with feudal grandeur crowned;
Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's clime
Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp sublime;
And all thy glories, all thy deeds of yore,
Live but in legends wild and poet's lore.
Lo! where thy silent harp neglected lies,
Light o'er its chords the murmuring zephyr sighs;
Thy solemn courts, where once the minstrel sung,
The choral voice of mirth and music rung;
Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone,
Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan:
Thy lonely towers, deserted, fall away,

Thy broken shield is mouldering in decay.
 Yet though thy transient pageantries are gone,
 Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown ;
 Genius of chivalry ! thy noble train,
 Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain.
 Fair truth, arrayed in robes of spotless white,
 Her eye a sunbeam and her zone of light ;
 Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,
 Still darting forward to the wreath of fame ;
 And purest love, that waves his torch divine,
 At awful honour's consecrated shrine ;
 Ardour with eagle wing and fiery glance ;
 And generous courage, resting on his lance ;
 And loyalty, by perils unsubdued ;
 Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude ;
 And patriot energy, with heart of flame ;
 These, in Iberia's sons are yet the same !
 These from remotest days their souls have fired,
 "Nerved every arm," and every breast inspired !
 When Moorish bands their suffering land possess,
 And fierce oppression reared her giant crest ;
 The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,
 In Eastern gems and purple splendour shone ;
 Theirs was the proud magnificence, that vied
 With stately Bagdad's Oriental pride ;
 Theirs were the courts in regal pomp arrayed,
 Where arts and luxury their charms displayed ;
 'Twas theirs to rear the Zehrar's costly towers,
 Its fairy palace and enchanted bowers ;
 There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell,
 Of potent genii or of wizard spell ;
 All that a poet's dream could picture bright,
 One sweet Elysium, charmed the wondering sight !
 Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,
 It seemed an Eden from Armida's wand !

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and radiant state,
 When freedom waved on high the sword of fate !
 When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear
 Stern retribution frowning on his spear ;
 And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,
 O'erwhelmed with shame, confessed the Christian's might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose,
 Burning with zeal against his country's foes ;
 His victor-arm Alphonso's throne maintained,
 His laureate brows the wreath of conquest gained !
 And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,
 Inspiring theme of patriotic verse !
 High in the temple of recording fame,
 Iberia points to great Gonsalvo's name ;

Victorious chief! whose valour still defied
The arms of Gaul, and bowed her crested pride;
With splendid trophies graced his sovereign's throne,
And bade Granada's realms his prowess own.
Nor were his deeds thy only boast, O Spain!
In mighty Ferdinand's illustrious reign;
'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail,
Unfurled his flag before the Eastern gale!
Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventured to explore
Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown before:
Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,
Sweet hope, exulting, steered the daring helm;
While on the mast, with ardour-flashing eye,
Courageous enterprise still hovered nigh:
The hoary genius of th' Atlantic main,
Saw man invade his wide majestic reign;
His empire yet by mortal unsubdued,
The throne, the world, of awful solitude.
And e'en when shipwreck seemed to rear his form,
And dark destruction menaced in the storm,
In every shape, when giant-peril rose,
To daunt his spirit and his course oppose;
O'er every heart when terror swayed alone,
And hope forsook each bosom, but his own:
Moved by no dangers, by no fears repelled,
His glorious track the gallant sailor held.
Attentive still to mark the sea-birds lave,
Or high in air their snowy pinions wave:
Thus princely Jason, launching from the steep,
With dauntless prow explored th' untravelled deep;
Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful sight,
Viewed every star, and planetary light.
Sublime Columbus! when at length descried,
The long-sought land arose above the tide;
How every heart with exultation glowed,
How from each eye the tear of transport flowed:
Not wilder joys the sons of Israel knew,
When Canaan's fertile plains appeared in view;
Then rose the choral anthem on the breeze,
Then martial music floated o'er the seas;
Their waving streamers to the sun displayed,
In all the pride of warlike pomp arrayed;
Advancing nearer still, the ardent band
Hailed the glad shore, and blessed the stranger land,
Admired its palmy groves and prospects fair,
With rapture breathed its pure ambrosial air!
Then crowded round its free and simple race,
Amazement pictured wild on every face:
Who deemed that beings of celestial birth,
Sprung from the sun, descended to the earth!

Then first another world, another sky,
Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high!

Still prouder glories beam on history's page,
Imperial Charles! to mark thy prosperous age:
Those golden days of arts and fancy bright,
When science poured her mild refulgent light;
When Painting bade the glowing canvas breathe,
Creative Sculpture claimed the living wreath;
When roved the Muses in Ausonian bowers,
Weaving immortal crowns of fairest flowers;
When angel truth dispersed with beam divine
The clouds that veiled religion's hallowed shrine.
Those golden days beheld Iberia tower
High on the pyramid of fame and power:
Vain all the efforts of her numerous foes,
Her might, superior still, triumphant rose.
Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted brow,
The cedar, frowning o'er the plains below,
Though storms assail, its regal pomp to rend,
Majestic still aspires, disdaining e'er to bend.

When Gallia poured, to Pavia's trophied plain,
Her youthful knights, a bold, impetuous train;
When, after many a toil and danger past,
The fatal morn of conflict rose at last;
That morning saw her glittering host combine,
And form in close array the threatening line;
Fire in each eye, and force in every arm,
With hope exulting, and with ardour warm,
Saw to the gale their streaming ensigns play,
Their armour flashing to the beam of day;
Their generous chargers panting, spurn the ground,
Roused by the trumpet's animating sound;
And heard in air their warlike music float,
The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring note!

Pale set the sun—the shades of evening fell,
The mournful night-wind rung their funeral knell!
And the same day beheld the warriors dead,
Their sovereign captive, and their glories fled!
Fled, like the lightning's evanescent fire,
Bright, blazing, dreadful—only to expire!
Then, then, while prostrate Gaul confessed her might,
Iberia's planet shed meridian light!
Nor less, on famed St. Quintin's deathful day,
Castilian spirit bore the prize away;
Laurels that still their verdure shall retain,
And trophies beaming high in glory's fane!
And lo! her heroes, warm with kindred flame,
Still proudly emulate their father's fame;

Still with the soul of patriot-valour glow,
 Still rush impetuous to repel the foe!
 Wave the bright falchion, lift the beamy spear,
 And bid oppressive Gallia learn to fear!
 Be theirs, be theirs unfading honour's crown,
 The living amaranths of bright renown!
 Be theirs th' inspiring tribute of applause,
 Due to the champions of their country's cause!
 Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue loves,
 The joy when conscience whispers and approves,
 When every heart is fired, each pulse beats high,
 To fight, to bleed, to fall for Liberty;
 When every hand is dauntless, and prepared
 The sacred charter of mankind to guard;
 When Britain's valiant sons their aid unite,
 Fervent and glowing still for Freedom's right,
 Bid ancient enmities for ever cease,
 And ancient wrongs forgotten, sleep in peace;
 When firmly leagued, they joined the patriot band,
 Can venal slaves their conquering arms withstand?
 Can fame refuse their gallant deeds to bless?
 Can victory fail to crown them with success?
 Look down, O Heaven! the righteous cause maintain,
 Defend the injured, and avenge the slain!
 Despot of France! destroyer of mankind!
 What spectre-cares must haunt thy sleepless mind.
 Oh! if at midnight round thy regal bed,
 When soothing visions fly thine aching head,
 When sleep denies thy anxious cares to calm,
 And lull thy senses in his opiate-balm:
 Invoked by guilt, if airy phantoms rise,
 And murdered victims bleed before thine eyes:
 Loud let them thunder in thy troubled ear,
 "Tyrant! the hour, the avenging hour is near!
 It is, it is! thy star withdraws its ray,
 Soon will its parting lustre fade away;
 Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its light,
 And veil thy splendours in eternal night!
 Oh! when accusing conscience wakes thy soul,
 With awful terrors, and with dread control
 Bids threatening forms, appalling, round thee stand,
 And summons all her visionary band;
 Calls up the parted shadows of the dead,
 And whispers, peace and happiness are fled;
 E'en at the time of silence and of rest,
 Paints the dire poniard menacing thy breast;
 Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror pale?
 Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail?
 And wouldst thou yet by added crimes provoke
 The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal stroke?

Bereave a nation of its rights revered,
 Of all to mortals sacred and endeared?
 And shall they tamely liberty resign,
 The soul of life, the source of bliss divine?
 Canst thou, supreme destroyer! hope to bind,
 In chains of adamant, the noble mind?
 Go, bid the royal orbs thy mandate hear,
 Go, stay the lightning in its winged career!
 No, Tyrant, no! thy utmost force is vain
 The patriot-arm of Freedom to restrain:
 Then bid thy subject-bands in armour shine,
 Then bid thy legends all their power combine.
 Yet couldst thou summon myriads at command,
 Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred hand,
 E'en then her soul thy lawless might would spurn,
 E'en then, with kindling fire, with indignation burn.

Ye Sons of Albion! first in danger's field,
 The sword of Britain and of truth to wield!
 Still prompt the injured to defend and save,
 Appal the despot, and assist the brave;
 Who now intrepid lift the generous blade,
 The cause of Justice and Castile to aid!
 Ye Sons of Albion! by your country's name,
 Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame,
 Oh! by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,
 By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who bled;
 By honours gained on Blenheim's fatal plain;
 By those in Victory's arms at Minden slain;
 By the bright laurels Wolfe immortal won,
 Undaunted spirit! valour's favourite son!
 By Albion's thousand, thousand deeds sublime,
 Renowned from zone to zone, from clime to clime,
 Ye British heroes! may your trophies raise,
 A deathless monument to future days!
 Oh! may your courage still triumphant rise,
 Exalt the "lion-banner" to the skies!
 Transcend the fairest names in history's page,
 The brightest actions of a former age;
 The reign of Freedom let your arms restore,
 And bid oppression fall—to rise no more!
 Then, soon returning to your native isle,
 May love and beauty hail you with their smile;
 For you may conquest weave th' undying wreath,
 And fame and glory's voice the song of rapture breathe!

Ah! when shall mad ambition cease to rage?
 Ah! when shall war his demon-wrath assuage?
 When, when, supplanting discord's iron reign,
 Shall mercy wave her olive-wand again?

Not till the despot's dread career is closed,
And might restrained, and tyranny deposed !

Return, sweet Peace ! ethereal form benign !
Fair blue-eyed seraph ! balmy power divine !
Descend once more, thy hallowed blessings bring,
Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy downy wing ;
Luxuriant plenty laughing in thy train,
Shall crown with glowing stores the desert plain ;
Young smiling hope, attendant on thy way,
Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray.
Descend once more, thou daughter of the sky !
Cheer every heart and brighten every eye !
Justice, thy harbinger, before thee send,
Thy myrtle-sceptre o'er the globe extend :
Thy cherub-look again shall soothe mankind ;
Thy cherub-hand the wounds of discord bind ;
Thy smile of heaven shall every muse inspire ;
To thee the bard shall strike the silver lyre.
Descend once more ! to bid the world rejoice,
Let nations hail thee with exulting voice ;
Around thy shrine with purest incense throng,
Weave the fresh palm, and swell the choral song !
Then shall the shepherd's flute, the woodland reed,
The martial clarion, and the drum succeed ;
Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers,
And music warble in Idalian bowers ;
Where war and carnage blew the blast of death,
The gale shall whisper with Favonian breath !
And golden Ceres bless the festive swain,
Where the wild combat reddened o'er the plain ;
These are thy blessings, fair benignant maid !
Return, return ! in vest of light arrayed !
Let angel-forms and floating sylphids bear
Thy car of sapphire through the realms of air,
With accents milder than Æolian lays,
When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr plays ;
Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,
Diffusing round the heaven that glows within thy breast !

O Thou ! whose fiat lulls the storm asleep !
Thou ! at whose nod subsides the rolling deep !
Whose awful word restrains the whirlwind's force,
And stays the thunder in its vengeful course ;
Fountain of life ! Omnipotent Supreme !
Robed in perfection ! crowned with glory's beam !
Oh ! send on earth thy consecrated dove,
To bear the sacred olive from above ;
Restore again the blest, the halcyon time,
The festal harmony of nature's prime :

Bid truth and justice once again appear,
 And spread their sunshine o'er this mundane sphere;
 Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading bloom,
 Transcendent light their hallowed fane illumine;
 Bid war and anarchy for ever cease,
 And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of peace;
 Brothers once more, let men her empire own,
 And realms and monarchs bend before the throne,
 While circling rays of angel-mercy shed
 Eternal haloes round her sainted head.

THE SONG OF A SERAPH.

"Hark! they whisper! angels say,
 'Sisterspirit! come away!'"—POPE.

Lo! the dream of life is o'er;
 Pain the Christian's lot no more!
 Kindred spirits! rise with me,
 Thine the meed of victory.

Now the angel-songs I hear,
 Dying softly on the ear;
 Spirit, rise! to thee is given
 The light ethereal wing of heaven.

Now no more shall virtue faint,
 Happy spirit of the saint;
 Thine the halo of the skies,
 Thine the seraph's paradise.

THE SILVER LOCKS.

WRITTEN AT SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

THOUGH youth may boast the curls that flow
 In sunny waves of auburn glow;
 As graceful on thy hoary head,
 Has time the robe of honour spread,
 And there, oh! softly, *softly* shed
 His wreath of snow.

As frost-work on the tress displayed,
 When weeping Flora leaves the shade,
 E'en *more* than Flora, charms the sight;
 E'en so thy locks, of purest white,
 Survive, in age's frost-work bright,
 Youth's vernal rose decayed.

To grace the nymph, whose tresses play
 Light on the sportive breeze of May,

Let other bards the garland twine,
Where sweets of every hue combine ;
Those locks revered, that silvery shrine,
 Invite my lay.

Less white the summer-cloud sublime,
Less white the winter's fringing rime ;
Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem
(A poet's blest, immortal theme)
Than thine, which wear the moonlight beam
 Of reverend time !

Long may the graceful honours smile
Like moss on some declining pile ;
O much revered ! may filial care
Around thee, duteous, long repair,
Thy joys with tender bliss to share,
 Thy pains beguile !

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave ;
Long, long, your much-loved beauty save ;
May bliss your latest evening crown
Disarm life's winter of its frown,
And soft, ye hoary hairs, go down
 In gladness to the grave.

And as the parting beams of day
On mountain-snows reflected play ;
And tints of roseate lustre shed ;
Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,
May joy, with evening planet, shed
 His mildest ray !

TO MY MOTHER.

IF e'er for human bliss or woe
I feel the sympathetic glow ;
If e'er my heart has learned to know
 The generous wish or prayer ;
Who sowed the germ, with tender hand ?
Who marked its infant leaves expand ?
 My mother's fostering care.

And if *one* flower of charms refined
May grace the garden of my mind ;
 'Twas she who nursed it there ;
She loved to cherish and adorn
 Each blossom of the soil ;
To banish every weed and thorn,
 That oft opposed her toil.

And, oh! if e'er I've sighed to claim
 The palm, the living palm of fame,
 The glowing wreath of praise;
 If e'er I've wished the glitt'ring stores
 That fortune on her favourite pours;
 'Twas but that wealth and fame, if mine,
 Round *thee*, with streaming rays might shine,
 And gild thy sun-bright days.

Yet not that splendour, pomp, and power
 Might then irradiate ev'ry hour;
 For these, my mother, well I know,
 On thee no raptures could bestow;
 But could thy bounty, warm and kind,
 Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined*,
 And fall, as manna from the skies,
 And bid a train of blessings rise,
 Diffusing joy and peace;
 The tear-drop, grateful, pure, and bright,
 For thee would beam with softer light
 Than all the diamond's crystal rays,
 Than all the emerald's lucid blaze;
 And joys of heaven would thrill thy heart
 To bid one bosom-grief depart,
 One tear, one sorrow cease!

Then, oh! may Heaven, that loves to bless,
 Bestow the *power* to cheer distress;
 Make *thee* its minister below,
 To light the cloudy path of woe;
 To visit the deserted cell,
 Where indigence is doomed to dwell;
 To raise, when drooping to the earth,
 The blossoms of neglected worth;
 And round, with liberal hand, dispense
 The sunshine of beneficence.

But ah! if fate should still deny
 Delights like these, too rich and high;
 If grief and pain thy steps assail,
 In life's remote and wintry vale;
 Then, as the wild Æolian lyre
 Complains with soft, entrancing number,
 When the loud storm awakes the wire,
 And bids enchantment cease to slumber;
 So filial love, with soothing voice,
 E'en then shall teach thee to rejoice:
 E'en *then* shall sweeter, milder sound,
 When sorrow's tempest raves around;
 While dark misfortune's gales destroy
 The frail mimosa-buds of hope and joy!

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER,

ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN, AFTER THE FATAL RETREAT
UNDER SIR JOHN MOORE, AND THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA

THOUGH dark are the prospects and heavy the hours,
Though life is a desert, and cheerless the way ;
Yet still shall affection adorn it with flowers,
Whose fragrance shall never decay.

And lo! to embrace thee, my brother! she flies,
With artless delight, that no words can bespeak ;
With a sunbeam of transport illuming her eyes,
With a smile and a glow on her cheek.

From the trophies of war, from the spear and the shield,
From the scenes of destruction, from perils unblest ;
Oh! welcome again to the grove and the field,
To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse! with the lyre and the voice,
Oh! gay be the measure and sportive the strain ;
For light is my heart, and my spirits rejoice
To meet thee, my brother, again.

When the heroes of Albion, still valiant and true,
Were bleeding, were falling, with victory crowned ;
How often would Fancy present to my view
The horrors that waited thee round.

How constant, how fervent, how pure was my prayer,
That Heaven would protect thee from danger and harm ;
That angels of mercy would shield thee with care
In the heat of the combat's arm.

How sad and how often descended the tear
(Ah! long shall remembrance the image retain!)
How mournful the sigh, when I trembled with fear
I may never behold thee again.

But the prayer was accepted, the sorrow is o'er,
And the tear-drop is fled, like the dew on the rose ;
Thy dangers, our fears, have endeared thee the more,
And my bosom with tenderness glows.

And oh! when the dreams, the enchantments of youth,
Bright and transient, have fled, like the rainbow, away,
My affection for thee, still unfading in truth,
Shall never, oh! never, decay ;

No time can impair it, no change can destroy,
Whate'er be the lot I am destined to share ;
It will smile in the sunshine of hope and of joy,
And beam through the cloud of despair!

LINES.

WRITTEN IN THE MEMOIRS OF ELIZABETH SMITH.

O THOU, whose fair, exalted mind
 Lives in this record, fair and bright;
 O thou, whose blameless life combined
 Soft female charms and grace refined
 With science and with light.
 Celestial maid! whose spirit soared
 Beyond this vale of tears;
 Whose clear enlightened eye explored
 The lore of years!

Daughter of heaven! if *here*, e'en *here*,
 The wing of towering thought was thine;
 If, on *this* dim and mundane sphere
 Fair truth illumed thy bright career
 With morning star divine;
 How must thy blest, ethereal soul
 Now kindle in her noontide ray;
 And hail, unfettered by control,
 The fount of day.

E'en *now*, perhaps, thy seraph-eyes,
 Undimmed by doubt, nor veiled by fear,
 Behold a chain of wonders rise,
 Gaze on the noonbeam of the skies,
 Transcendent, pure, and clear.
 E'en *now* the fair, the good, the true,
 From mortal sight concealed,
 Bless in one blaze thy raptured view,
 In light revealed!

If *here*, the lore of distant time
 And learning's flowers were all thine own;
 How must thy mind ascend, sublime,
 Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,
 To light's unclouded throne.
 Perhaps, e'en *now*, thy kindling glance
 Each orb of living fire explores;
 Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,
 Admires—adores.

Oh! if that lightning-eye surveys
 This dark and sublunary plain;
 How must the wreath of human praise
 Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,
 So dim, so pale, so vain.

How like a faint and shadowy dream
 Must quiver learning's brightest ray;
 While on thy eyes, with lucid stream,
 The sun of glory pours his beam.
 Perfection's day.

THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS.

SWEETS of the wild! that breathe and bloom
 On this lone tower, this ivied wall;
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
 And grace the ruin in its fall;
 Though doomed, remote from careless eye,
 To smile, to flourish, and to die
 In solitude sublime,
 Oh! *ever* may the spring renew
 Your balmy scent and glowing hue,
 To deck the robe of time!

Breathe, fragrance, breathe! enrich the air,
 Though wasted on its wing unknown!
 Blow, flow'rets, blow! though vainly fair,
 Neglected, and alone!
 These towers that long withstood the blast,
 These mossy towers are mouldering fast,
 While Flora's children stay,
 To mantle o'er the lonely pile,
 To gild destruction with a smile,
 And beautify decay!

Sweets of the wild! uncultured blowing,
 Neglected in luxuriance glowing;
 From the dark ruins frowning near,
 Your charms in brighter tints appear,
 And richer blush assume;
 You smile with *softer* beauty crowned,
 Whilst all is desolate around,
 Like sunshine on a tomb!

Thou hoary pile! majestic still,
 Memento of departed fame!
 While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,
 I ponder on thine ancient name!

Here grandeur, beauty, valour sleep,
 That here so oft have shone supreme;
 While glory, honor, fancy weep,
 That vanished is the golden dream!

Where are the banners waving proud,
 To kiss the summer-gale of even?
 All purple as the morning-cloud,
 All streaming to the winds of heaven?

Where is the harp, by rapture strung
 To melting song or martial story?
 Where are the lays the minstrel sung
 To loveliness or glory?

Lorn echo of these mouldering walls,
 To thee no festal measure calls;
 No music through the desert-halls,
 Awakes thee to rejoice!
 How still thy sleep! as death profound,
 As if within this lonely round,
 A step—a note—a *whispered sound*,
 Had ne'er aroused thy voice!

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring, dying,
 Thou hear'st the foliage, waving, sighing;
 But ne'er again shall harp or song,
 These dark, deserted courts along,
 Disturb thy calm repose;
 The harp is broke, the song is fled,
 The voice is hushed, the bard is dead;
 And never shall thy tones repeat,
 Or lofty strain, or carol sweet,
 With plaintive close!

Proud castle! though the days are flown,
 When once thy towers in glory shone;
 When music through thy turrets rung,
 When banners o'er thy ramparts hung,
 Though 'midst thine arches, frowning lone,
 Stern desolation rear his throne;
 And silence, deep and awful, reign
 Where echoed once the choral strain;
 Yet oft, dark ruin! lingering here,
 The muse will hail thee with a tear;
 Here when the moonlight, quivering, beams,
 And through the fringing ivy streams,
 And softens every shade sublime,
 And mellows every tint of time—
 Oh! here shall contemplation love,
 Unseen and undisturbed, to rove;
 And bending o'er some mossy tomb,
 Where valour sleeps or beauty's bloom,
 Shall weep for glory's transient day,
 And grandeur's evanescent ray!
 And listening to the swelling blast,
 Shall wake the spirit of the past—
 Call up the forms of ages fled,
 Of warriors and of minstrels dead;
 Who sought the field, who struck the lyre,
 With all ambition's kindling fire!

Nor wilt thou, Spring! refuse to breathe,
 Soft odours on this desert-air;
 Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,
 And fringe these towers with garlands fair!

Sweets of the wild, oh! ever bloom
 Unheeded on this ivied wall!
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
 And grace the ruin in its fall!
 Thus round Misfortune's holy head,
 Would Pity wreaths of honour spread;
 Like you, thus blooming on this lonely pile,
 She seeks despair, with heart-reviving smile!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FAIR Gratitude! in strain sublime,
 Swell high to heaven thy tuneful zeal;
 And hailing this auspicious time,
 Kneel, Adoration, kneel!

CHORUS.

For lo! the day, th' immortal day,
 When Mercy's full, benignant ray,
 Chased every gathering cloud away,
 And poured the noon of light!
 Rapture! be kindling, mounting, glowing,
 While from thine eye the tear is flowing,
 Pure, warm, and bright.
 'Twas on this day, oh, love divine!
 The orient star's effulgence rose;
 Then waked the moon, whose eye benign,
 Shall never, never close!

CHORUS.

Messiah! be thy Name adored,
 Eternal, high, redeeming Lord!
 By grateful worlds be anthems poured—
 Emanuel! Prince of Peace!
 This day, from Heaven's empyreal dwelling,
 Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert swelling,
 Bade discord cease!
 Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,
 Children of heaven and sons of earth!
 Seraphs and men! exult, rejoice,
 To bless the Saviour's birth!

CHORUS.

Devotion! light thy purest fire!
 Transport! on cherub-wing aspire!
 Praise! wake to him thy golden lyre,
 Strike every thrilling chord!
 While, at the ark of mercy kneeling,
 We own thy grace, reviving, healing,
 Redeemer! Lord!

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

WHENCE are those tranquil joys in mercy given,
 To light the wilderness with beams of Heaven?
 To soothe our cares, and through the cloud diffuse
 Their tempered sunshine and celestial hues?
 Those pure delights, ordained on life to throw
 Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures know?
 Say, do they grace Ambition's regal throne,
 When kneeling myriads call the world his own?
 Or dwell with Luxury in the enchanted bowers
 Where taste and wealth exert *creative* powers.

Favoured of Heaven! O Genius! are they thine,
 When round thy brow the wreaths of glory shine;
 While rapture gazes on thy radiant way,
 'Midst the bright realms of clear and mental day?
 No, sacred joys, 'tis yours to dwell enshrined,
 Most fondly cherished in the purest mind;
 To twine with flowers those loved endearing ties,
 On earth so sweet—so perfect in the skies.

Nursed on the lap of solitude and shade,
 The violet smiles, embosomed in the glade;
 There sheds her spirit on the lonely gale,
 Gem of seclusion! treasure of the vale!
 Thus, far retired from life's tumultuous road,
 Domestic bliss has fixed her calm abode,
 Where hallowed innocence and sweet repose
 May strew her shadowy path with many a rose.
 As, when dread thunder shakes the troubled sky,
 The cherub, infancy, can close its eye,
 And sweetly smile, unconscious of a tear,
 While viewless angels wave their pinions near:
 Thus, while around the storms of discord roll,
 Borne on resistless wing, from pole to pole;
 While war's red lightnings desolate the ball,
 And thrones and empires in destruction fall;
 Then, calm as evening on the silvery wave,
 When the wind slumbers in the ocean cave,
 She dwells, unruffled, in her bower of rest,
 Her empire, home!—her throne, affection's breast!

For her, sweet nature wears her loveliest blooms,
 And softer sunshine every scene illumines.
 When spring awakes the spirit of the breeze,
 Whose light wing undulates the sleeping seas;
 When summer, waving her *creative* wand,
 Bids verdure smile, and glowing life expand;
 Or autumn's pencil shed, with magic trace,
 O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight grace:



For her, sweet nature wears her loveliest blooms,
And softer sunshine every scene illumines.

Oh! still for her, through nature's boundless reign,
 No charm is lost, no beauty blooms in vain;
 While mental peace, o'er every prospect bright,
 Throws mellowing tints, and harmonising light.
 Lo! borne on clouds in rushing might sublime,
 Stern winter, bursting from the polar clime,
 Triumphant waves his signal-torch on high,
 The blood-red meteor of the northern sky;
 And high through darkness rears his giant-form,
 His throne, the billow—and his flag, the storm!
 Yet then, when bloom and sunshine are no more,
 And the wild surges foam along the shore:
 Domestic bliss! *thy* heaven is still serene,
 Thy star unclouded, and thy myrtle green;
 Thy fane of rest no raging storms invade,
 Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the shade;
 Clear through the day, her light around thee glows,
 And gilds the midnight of thy deep repose.
 Hail! sacred home! where soft affection's hand,
 With flowers of Eden twines her magic band,
 Where, pure and bright, the social ardours rise,
 Concentrating all their holiest energies;
 When wasting toil has dimmed the vital flame,
 And every power deserts the sinking frame;
 Exhausted nature still from sleep implores
 The charm that lulls, the manna that restores.
 Thus, when oppressed with rude tumultuous cares,
 To thee, sweet home, the fainting mind repairs,
 Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim, flies,
 Her ark of refuge from uncertain skies.

Bower of repose! when torn from all we love,
 Through toil we struggle, or through distance rove;
 To *thee* we turn, still faithful, from afar,
 Thee, our bright vista! thee, our magnet-star!
 And from the martial field, the troubled sea,
 Unfettered thought still roves to bliss and thee!

When ocean-sounds in awful slumber die,
 No wave to murmur, and no gale to sigh:
 Wide o'er the world, when peace and midnight reign,
 And the moon trembles on the sleeping main,
 At that still hour the sailor wakes to keep,
 'Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the deep;
 No gleaming shores his dim horizon bound,
 All heaven—and sea—and solitude—around!
 Then from the lonely deck, the silent helm,
 From the wide grandeur of the shadowy realm,
 Still homeward borne, his fancy unconfined,
 Leaving the worlds of ocean far behind,

Wings like a meteor-flash her swift career,
To the loved scene, so distant and so dear.

Lo! the rude whirlwind rushes from its cave,
And danger frowns—the monarch of the wave!
Lo! rocks and storms the striving bark repel,
And death and shipwreck ride the foaming swell.

Child of the ocean! is thy bier the surge,
Thy grave the billow, and the wind thy dirge!
Yes! thy long toils, thy weary conflicts o'er,
No storm shall wake, no perils rouse thee more.
Yet, in *that* solemn hour, that awful strife,
The struggling agony for death or life,
E'en *then* thy mind, embittering every pain,
Retraced the image so beloved—in vain;
Still to sweet home thy *last* regrets were true,
Life's parting sigh—the murmur of adieu.

Can war's dread scenes the hallowed ties efface—
Each tender thought, each fond remembrance chase?
Can fields of carnage, days of toil, destroy
The loved impressions of domestic joy?

Ye daylight dreams, that cheer the soldier's breast,
In hostile climes, with spells benign and blest;
Soothe his brave heart, and shed your glowing ray,
O'er the long march, through desolation's way;
Oh! still ye bear him from the ensanguined plain,
Armour's bright flash, and victory's choral strain;
To that loved home, where pure affection glows,
That shrine of bliss! asylum of repose!
When all is hushed—the rage of combat past,
And no dread war-note swells the moaning blast;
When the warm throb of many a heart is o'er,
And many an eye is closed—to wake no more;
Lulled by the night-wind, pillowed on the ground
(The dewy deathbed of his comrades round!)
While o'er the slain the tears of midnight weep,
Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slumbers deep;
E'en then soft visions, hovering round, portray
The cherished forms that o'er his bosom sway;
He sees fond transport light each beaming face,
Meets the warm teardrop, and the long embrace;
While the sweet welcome vibrates through his heart,
“Hail, weary soldier! never more to part.”

And lo! at last, released from every toil,
He comes! the wanderer views his native soil!
Then the bright raptures, words can *never* speak,
Flash in his eye, and mantle o'er his cheek;

Then love and friendship, whose unceasing prayer
Implored for him each guardian spirit's care ;
Who, for his fate, through sorrow's lingering year,
Had proved each thrilling pulse of hope and fear ;
In that blest moment, all the past forgot,
Hours of suspense! and vigils of regret.

And oh! for him, the child of rude alarms,
Reared by stern danger in the school of arms ;
How sweet to change the war-song's pealing note
For woodland sounds, in summer air that float,
Through vales of peace, o'er mountain wilds to roam,
And breathe his native gales that whisper " Home!"

Hail! sweet endearments of domestic ties,
Charms of existence! angel sympathies!
Though pleasure smile, a soft Circassian queen!
And guide her votaries through a fairy scene,
Where sylphic forms beguile their vernal hours,
With mirth and music, in Arcadian bowers ;
Though gazing nations hail the fiery car,
That bears the sun of conquest from afar ;
While Fame's loud pæan bids his heart rejoice,
And every life-pulse vibrates to her voice ;
Yet from your source *alone*, in mazes bright,
Flows the full current of serene delight.

On freedom's wing, that every wild explores,
Through realms of space, the aspiring eagle soars ;
Darts o'er the clouds, exulting to admire
Meridian glory—on her throne of fire ;
Bird of the sun! his keen, unwearied gaze
Hails the full moon, and triumphs in the blaze ;
But soon, descending from his height sublime,
Day's burning fount, and light's empyreal clime,
Once more he speeds to joys more calmly blest,
'Midst the dear inmates of his lonely nest.

Thus Genius, mounting on his bright career,
Through the wide regions of the mental sphere,
And proudly waving, in his gifted hand,
O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's plastic wand ;
Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye surveys
The clearest heaven of intellectual rays ;
Yet on his course though loftiest hopes attend,
And kindling raptures aid him to ascend
(While in his mind, with high-born grandeur fraught,
Dilate the noblest energies of thought) ;
Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refined,
Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind,

At length he flies to that serene retreat,
Where, calm and pure, the mild affections meet.
Embosomed there, to feel and to impart
The softer pleasures of the social heart.

Ah! weep for those deserted and forlorn,
From every tie, by fate relentless torn.
See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,
Marked with no step, uncheered by human smile,
Heart-sick and faint, the shipwrecked wanderer stand,
Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand;
Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main,
And weep, and pray, and linger!—but in vain.

Thence, roving wild through many a depth of shade,
Where voice ne'er echoed, footstep never strayed,
He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,
Haunts of mankind 'midst realms of solitude;
And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone
The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan;
All else is hushed! so silent, so profound,
As if some viewless power, presiding round,
With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,
Had spread for ages the repose of death;
Ah! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep,
Lives but to watch—and watches but to weep;
He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,
His the dread loneliness of sea and skies;
Far from his cherished friends, his native shore,
Banished from being—to return no more!
There must he die! within that circling wave,
That lonely isle—his prison and his grave.

Lo! through the waste, the wilderness of snows,
With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes;
Homeless and sad, o'er many a polar wild,
Where beam, or flower, or verdure never smiled,
Where frost and silence hold their despot reign,
And bind existence in eternal chain;
Child of the desert! pilgrim of the gloom!
Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb;
While on thy faded cheek the arctic air
Congeals the bitter teardrop of despair.
Yet not that fate condemns thy closing day
In that stern clime to shed its parting ray;
Not that fair Nature's loveliness and light
No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight;
Ah! not for *this*—far, far beyond relief,
Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief;
But that no friend of kindred heart is there,
Thy woes to meliorate, thy toils to share;

That no mild soother fondly shall assuage
The stormy trials of thy lingering age ;
No smile of tenderness, with angel power,
Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour !
For this alone, despair, a withering guest,
Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast.

Yes, there, e'en there, in that tremendous clime,
Where desert grandeur frowns, in pomp sublime ;
Where winter triumphs, through the polar night.
In all his wild magnificence of might ;
E'en *there* Affection's hallowed spell might pour
The light of heaven around the inclement shore ;
And, like the vales with bloom and sunshine graced,
That smile, by circling Pyrenees embraced,
Teach the pure heart with vital fires to glow
E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow ;
The Halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions feign,
With mystic power could tranquillise the main ;
Bid the loud wind, the mountain-billow sleep,
And peace and silence brood upon the deep.

And thus, Affection, can *thy* voice compose
The stormy tide of passions and of woes ;
Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,
And lull misfortune in the arms of peace.

Oh ! mark yon drooping form, of aged mien,
Wan, yet resigned, and hopeless, yet serene ;
Long ere victorious time had sought to chase
The bloom, the smile, that once illumed his face ;
That faded eye was dimmed with many a care,
Those waving locks were silvered by despair ;
Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,
Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm.
He, a sad emigrant ! condemned to roam
In life's pale autumn from his ruined home,
Has borne the shock of peril's darkest wave,
Where joy, and hope, and fortune—found a grave !
'Twas his to see destruction's fiercest band
Rush, like a TYPHON, on his native land,
And roll, triumphant, on their blasted way,
In fire and blood—the deluge of dismay ;
Unequal combat raged on many a plain,
And patriot valour waved the sword—in vain.
Ah ! gallant exile ! nobly, long he bled,
Long braved the tempest gathering o'er his head,
Till all was lost, and horror's darkening eye
Roused the stern spirit of despair—to die !

Ah ! gallant exile ! in the storm that rolled
Far o'er his country, rushing uncontrolled ;

The flowers that graced his path with loveliest bloom,
 Torn by the blast, were scattered on the tomb!
 When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,
 The bosom ties that bound his soul to life;
 Yet one was spared! and she, whose filial smile
 Can soothe his wanderings and his tears beguile,
 E'en *then* could temper, with divine relief,
 The wild delirium of unbounded grief;
 And whispering peace, conceal, with duteous art,
 Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart;
 And now, though time, subduing every trace,
 Has *mellowed* all, *he never can erase*;
 Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow,
 Still sadly faithful to remembered woe!
 Then she, who feels a father's pang alone
 (Still fondly struggling to suppress her own),
 With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,
 To chase the image that awakes the sigh;
 Her angel voice his fainting soul can raise
 To brighter visions of celestial days!
 And speak of realms where virtue's wing shall soar
 On eagle plume—to wonder and adore,
 And friends, divided here, shall meet at last,
 Unite their kindred souls—and smile on all the past.

Yes, we may hope that nature's deathless ties,
 Renewed, refined, shall triumph in the skies!
 Heart-soothing thought! whose loved, consoling power
 With seraph-dreams can gild reflection's hour;
 Oh! still be near, and brightening through the gloom,
 Beam and ascend, the day-star of the tomb!
 And smile for those, in sternest ordeals proved,
 Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they loved!

Lo! by the couch, where pain and chill disease
 In every vein the ebbing life-blood freeze;
 Where youth is taught, by stealing slow decay,
 Life's closing lesson—in its dawning day;
 Where beauty's rose is withering ere its prime,
 Unchanged by sorrow, and unsoiled by time;
 There, bending still, with fixed and sleepless eye,
 There, from her child, the mother learns—to die;
 Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful trace
 Of lingering sickness in the faded face;
 Through the sad night, when every hope is fled,
 Keeps her lone vigil by the sufferer's bed;
 And starts each morn as deeper marks declare
 The spoiler's hand—the blight of death is there.
 He comes! Now feebly in th' exhausted frame,
 Slow, languid, quivering, burns the vital flame;

From the glazed eyeball sheds its parting ray,
 Dim, transient spark, that fluttering fades away!
 Faint beats the hovering pulse, the trembling heart,
 Yet fond existence lingers—ere she part!

'Tis past! the struggle and the pang are o'er,
 And life shall throb with agony no more!
 While o'er the wasted form, the features pale,
 Death's awful shadows throw their silvery veil!
 Departed spirit! on this earthly sphere,
 Though poignant suffering marked thy short career,
 Still could maternal love beguile thy woes,
 And hush thy sighs—an angel of repose.

But who may charm *her* sleepless pang to rest,
 Or draw the thorn that rankles in her breast?
 And while she bends in silence o'er thy bier,
 Assuage the grief, too heart-sick for a tear?
 Visions of hope! in loveliest hues arrayed,
 Fair scenes of bliss! by Fancy's hand portrayed,
 And were ye doomed, with false, illusive smile,
 With flattering promise, to enchant awhile?
 And are ye vanished, never to return,
 Set in the darkness of the mouldering urn?
 Will no bright hour departed joys restore?
 Shall the sad parent meet her child no more;
 Behold no more the soul-illumined face,
 Th' expressive smile, the animated grace?
 Must the fair blossom, withered in the tomb,
 Revive no more in loveliness and bloom?
 Descend, blest Faith! dispel the hopeless care,
 And chase the gathering phantoms of despair;
 Tell that the flower transplanted in its morn,
 Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn;
 Expands to milder suns, and softer dews,
 The full perfection of immortal hues!
 Tell that when mounting to her native skies,
 By death released, the parent-spirit flies,
 There shall the child, in anguish mourned so long,
 With rapture hail her, 'midst the cherub throng;
 And guide her pinion, on exulting flight, [light!
 Through glory's boundless realms, and worlds of living

Ye gentle spirits of departed friends!
 If o'er on earth your buoyant wing descends;
 If with benignant care ye linger near,
 To guard the objects in existence dear;
 If hovering o'er, ethereal band! ye view
 The tender sorrows, to *your* memory true;
 Oh! in the musing hour, at midnight deep,
 While for your loss Affection wakes to weep;

While every sound in hallowed stillness lies,
 But the low murmur of her plaintiff sighs ;
 Oh ! then, amidst that holy calm, be near,
 Breathe your light whisper softly in her ear !
 With secret spells her wounded mind compose,
 And chase the faithful tear—for you that flows ;
 Be near ! when moonlight spreads the charm you loved
 O'er scenes where once your *earthly* footstep roved ;
 Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling dew,
 Through glens, and wood-paths, once endeared by you,
 And fondly lingers in your favourite bowers,
 And pauses oft, recalling former hours ;
 Then wave your pinion o'er each well-known vale,
 Float in the moonbeam, sigh upon the gale !
 Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell,
 Borne by the summer-wind, from grot and dell ;
 And touch your viewless harps, and soothe her soul
 With soft enchantments and divine control !
 Be near ! sweet guardians ! watch her sacred rest,
 When slumber folds her in his magic vest ;
 Around her, smiling, let your forms arise,
 Returned in dreams to bless her mental eyes ;
 Efface the memory of your last farewell,
 Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects tell ;
 The sweet communion of the past renew,
 Reviving former scenes, arrayed in softer hue.

Be near, when death, in virtue's brightest hour,
 Calls up each pang, and summons all his power ;
 Oh ! then, transcending fancy's loveliest dream,
 Then let your forms, unveiled, around her beam ;
 Then waft the visions of unclouded light,
 A burst of glory, on her closing sight !
 Wake from the harp of heaven the immortal strain,
 To hush the final agonies of pain ;
 With rapture's flame, the parting soul illumine,
 And smile triumphant through the shadowy gloom.

Oh ! still be near, when darting into day
 Th' exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay,
 Be yours to guide her fluttering wing on high,
 Be yours to guide her fluttering wing on high,
 O'er many a world, ascending to the sky ;
 There let your presence, once her earthly joy,
 Though dimmed with tears, and clouded with alloy,
 Now form her bliss on that celestial shore,
 Where death shall sever kindred hearts no more.
 Yes ! in the noon of that Elysian clime,
 Beyond the sphere of anguish, death, or time ;
 Where mind's bright eye, with renovated fire,
 Shall beam on glories—never to expire ;

Oh! there, th' illumined soul may fondly trust
More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust;
Those mild affections, whose consoling light
Sheds the soft moonbeams on terrestrial night,
Sublimed, ennobled, shall for ever glow,
Exalting rapture—not assuaging woe.

TO MR. EDWARDS,

THE HARPER OF CONWAY.

MINSTREL! whose gifted hand can bring
Life, rapture, soul, from every string;
And wake, like bards of former time,
The spirit of the harp sublime—
Oh! still prolong the varying strain!
Oh! touch th' enchanted chords again!

Thine is the charm, suspending care,
The heavenly swell, the dying close,
The cadence melting into air,
That lulls each passion to repose:
While transport, lost in silence near,
Breathes all her language in a tear.

Exult, O Cambria!—now no more
With sighs thy slaughtered bards deplore:
What though Plinlimmon's misty brow
And Mona's woods be silent now,
Yet can thy Conway boast a strain
Unrivalled in thy proudest reign.

For Genius, with divine control,
Wakes the bold chord neglected long,
And pours Expression's glowing soul
O'er the wild Harp, renowned in song:
And Inspiration, hovering round,
Swells the full energies of sound.

Now Grandeur, pealing in the tone,
Could rouse the warrior's kindling fire,
And now, 'tis like the breeze's moan,
That murmurs o'er th' Æolian lyre:
As if some sylph, with viewless wing,
Were sighing o'er the magic string.

Long, long, fair Conway! boast the skill
That soothes, inspires, commands, at will!
And oh! while rapture hails the lay,
Far distant be the closing day
When Genius, Taste, again shall weep,
And Cambria's Harp lie hushed in sleep!

THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY.

"Italia, Italia! O tu cui die la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d'infinit guai,
Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte ;
Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte."—FILICAJA.

[“The French, who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy, and have rivalled, or rather surpassed the rapacity of t'e Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, and consigned them to the dull sullen halls, or rather stables of the Louvre . . . But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory.”—EUSTACE'S *Italy*.

LAND of departed fame! whose classic plains
Have proudly echoed to immortal strains;
Whose hallowed soil hath given the great and brave,
Day-stars of life, a birthplace and a grave;
Home of the Arts! where glory's faded smile
Sheds lingering light o'er many a mouldering pile;
Proud wreck of vanished power, of splendour fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead!
Whose grandeur, yet contending with decay,
Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious day;
Though dimmed thy brightness, riveted thy chain,
Yet, fallen Italy! rejoice again!
Lost, lovely Realm! once more 'tis thine to gaze
On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake! ye Muses of Etrurian shades,
Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades;
Wake! ye that slumber in the bowery gloom
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's tomb;
Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga's lonely wave,
Swelled the deep echoes of the fountain's cave,
Or thrilled the soul in Tasso's numbers high,
Those magic strains of love and chivalry;
If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,
Haunting the myrtle vale, the laurel grove;
Oh! rouse once more the daring soul of song,
Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so long,
And hail, with wonted pride, those works revered,
Hallowed by time, by absence more endeared.

And breathe to those the strain, whose warrior-might
Each danger stemmed, prevailed in every fight;

Souls of unyielding power, to storms inured,
 Sublimed by peril, and by toil matured.
 Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant mind
 Could rouse the slumbering spirit of mankind,
 Whose banners tracked the vanquished Eagle's flight
 O'er many a plain and dark Sierra's height;
 Who bade once more the wild, heroic lay
 Record the deeds of Roncesvalles' day;
 Who, through each mountain-pass of rock and snow,
 An Alpine Huntsman chased the fear-struck foe;
 Waved his proud standard to the balmy gales,
 Rich Languedoc! that fan thy glowing vales,
 And 'midst those scenes renewed th' achievements high,
 Bequeathed to fame by England's ancestry.

Yet, when the storm seemed hushed, the conflict past,
 One strife remained—the mightiest and the last!
 Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour
 Untamed Ambition summoned all his power:
 Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy roused, were there,
 And the stern might of resolute Despair.
 Isle of the free! 'twas then thy champions stood,
 Breasting unmoved the combat's wildest flood;
 Sunbeam of Battle! then thy spirit shone,
 Glowed in each breast, and sunk with life alone.

O hearts devoted! whose illustrious doom,
 Gave there at once your triumph and your tomb;
 Ye, firm and faithful, in th' ordeal tried
 Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified;
 Shrined, not entombed, ye rest in sacred earth,
 Hallowed by deeds of more than mortal worth.
 What though to mark where sleeps heroic dust
 No sculptured trophy rise, or breathing bust,
 Yours on the scene where valour's race was run,
 A prouder sepulchre—the field ye won!
 There every mead, each cabin's lowly name,
 Shall live a watchword blended with your fame;
 And well may flowers suffice those graves to crown
 That ask no urn to blazon their renown!
 There shall the Bard in future ages tread,
 And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er the dead;
 Revere each tree, whose sheltering branches wave
 O'er the low mounds, the altars of the brave;
 Pause o'er each Warrior's grass-grown bed, and hear
 In every breeze some name to glory dear.
 And as the shades of twilight close around,
 With martial pageants people all the ground.
 Thither unborn descendants of the slain
 Shall throng, as pilgrims, to some holy fane;

While, as they trace each spot whose records tell,
 Where fought their fathers, and prevailed and fell,
 Warm in their souls shall loftiest feelings glow,
 Claiming proud kindred with the dust below!
 And many an age shall see the brave repair,
 To learn the Hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia! may that field of fame
 From thee one song of echoing triumph claim.
 Land of the lyre! 'twas there th' avenging sword
 Won the bright treasures to thy fanes restored;
 Those precious trophies o'er thy realms that throw
 A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,
 And bid the stranger for awhile forget
 How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious yet.

Yes! fair creations, to perfection wrought,
 Embodied visions of ascending thought!
 Forms of sublimity! by Genius traced
 In tints that vindicate adoring taste;
 Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,
 Live in the spheres encircling glory's throne;
 Models of art, to deathless fame consigned,
 Stamped with the high-born majesty of mind;
 Yes, matchless works! your presence shall restore
 One beam of splendour to your native shore,
 And her sad scenes of lost renown illume,
 As the bright sunset gilds some hero's tomb.

Oh! ne'er in other climes, though many an eye
 Dwelt on your charms in beaming ecstasy,
 Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand
 With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly grand,
 As in that realm, where each faint breeze's moan
 Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone;
 Where 'midst the ruined shrines of many a vale,
 E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale;
 And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,
 But its proud name with song eternal blends!

Yes! in those scenes where every ancient stream
 Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme;
 Where every marble deeds of fame records,
 Each ruin tells of earth's departed lords;
 And the deep tones of inspiration swell
 From each wild olive wood and Alpine dell;
 Where heroes slumber, on their battle plains,
 'Midst prostrate altars and deserted fanes;
 And Fancy communes, in each lonely spot,
 With shades of those who ne'er shall be forgot;
 There was your home, and there your power imprest
 With tenfold awe the pilgrim's glowing breast;

And, as the wind's deep thrills and mystic sighs
Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,
Thus at your influence, starting from repose,
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur rose.

Fair Florence! Queen of Arno's lovely vale!
Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,
And sternly smiled in retribution's hour,
To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's power.
Too long the spirits of thy noble dead
Mourned o'er the domes they reared in ages fled.
Those classic scenes their pride so richly graced.
Temples of genius, palaces of taste,
Too long, with sad and desolated mien,
Revealed where Conquest's lawless track had been;
Reft of each form with brighter light imbued,
Lonely they frowned, a desert solitude.
Florence! th' oppressor's noon of pride is o'er,
Rise in thy pomp again, and weep no more!

As one who, starting at the dawn of day
From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,
With transport heightened by those ills of night,
Hails the rich glories of expanding light;
Ee'n thus, awakening from thy dream of woe,
While heaven's own hues in radiance round thee glow,
With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to trace
Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace:
More bright, more prized, more precious, since deplored
As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be restored,
Thy grief as hopeless as the tear-drop shed
By fond affection bending o'er the dead.

Athens of Italy! once more are thine,
Those matchless gems of Art's exhaustless mine.
For thee bright Genius darts his living beam,
Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of glory stream,
And forms august as natives of the sky
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty,
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye at whose voice fair Art, with eagle glance,
Burst in full splendour from her deathlike trance;
Those rallying call bade slumbering nations wake,
And daring Intellect his bondage break;
Beneath whose eye the lords of song arose,
And snatched the Tuscan lyre from long repose,
And bade its pealing energies resound
With power electric, through the realms around;
O high in thought! magnificent in soul!
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control;

Cosmo, Lorenzo! view your reign once more,
 The shrine where nations mingle to adore!
 Again th' Enthusiast there, with ardent gaze
 Shall hail the mighty of departed days:
 Those sovereign spirits whose commanding mind
 Seems in the marble's breathing mould enshrined;
 Still with ascendant power the world to awe,
 Still the deep homage of the heart to draw;
 To breathe some spell of holiness around,
 Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,
 And from the stone, by Inspiration wrought,
 Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There thou, fair offspring of immortal Mind!
 Love's radiant Goddess, Idol of mankind!
 Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,
 Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship now.
 Oh! who can tell what beams of heavenly light
 Flashed o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight
 How many a glimpse, revealed to him alone,
 Made brighter beings, nobler worlds his own,
 Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,
 Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness!

Young Genius there, while dwells his kindling eye
 On forms instinct with bright divinity,
 While new-born powers, dilating in his heart,
 Embrace the full magnificence of Art;
 From scenes by Raphael's gifted hand arrayed,
 From dreams of heaven by Angelo portrayed,
 From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,
 Sealed with perfection, "sanctified by time,"
 Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel
 His spirit burn with emulative zeal;
 Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall rise,
 Imbued at once with nobler energies;
 O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinion soar
 And world's of visionary grace explore,
 Till his bold hand give glory's day dreams birth,
 And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Venice exult! and o'er thy moonlight seas,
 Swell with gay strains each Adriatic breeze!
 What though long fled those years of martial fame
 That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name:
 Though to the winds thy streamers idly play,
 And the wild waves another Queen obey;
 Though quenched the spirit of thine ancient race,
 And power and freedom scarce have left a trace;
 Yet still shall Art her splendours round thee cast,

And gild the wreck of years for ever past.
 Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,
 Whose clear soft brilliance emulates thy skies,
 And scenes that glow in colouring's richest bloom,
 With life's warm flush Palladian halls illumine.
 From thy rich dome again th' unrivalled steel
 Starts to existence, rushes into speed,
 Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,
 Panting with ardour, vivified with flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun! to fancy's thought,
 Burning with spirit, from his essence caught,
 No mortal birth ye seem—but formed to bear
 Heaven's ear of triumph through the realms of air;
 To range uncurbed the pathless fields of space,
 The winds your rivals in the glorious race;
 Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant feet,
 Free as the zephyr, as the shot-star fleet;
 And waft through worlds unknown the vital ray,
 The flame that wakes creation into day.
 Creatures of fire and ether! winged with light,
 To track the regions of the Infinite!
 From purer elements whose light was drawn,
 Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of the dawn,
 What years on years, in silence gliding by,
 Have spared those forms of perfect symmetry!
 Moulded by Art, to dignify alone
 Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,
 Since first her skill their fiery grace bestowed,
 Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode,
 How many a race, whose tales of glory seem
 An echo's voice—the music of a dream,
 Whose records feebly from oblivion save
 A few bright traces of the wise and brave:
 How many a state, whose pillared strength sublime
 Defied the storms of war, the waves of time,
 Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,
 Fortress of power—has flourished, and is gone!
 And they, from clime to clime by conquest borne,
 Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn,
 They, that of powers and kingdoms lost and won
 Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,
 Consummate still in every grace remain,
 As o'er *their* heads had ages rolled in vain!
 Ages, victorious in their ceaseless flight,
 O'er countless monuments of earthly might!
 While she, from fair Byzantium's lost domain,
 Who bore those treasures to her ocean-reign,
 'Midst the blue deep who reared her island-throne,
 And called the infinitude of waves her own;

Venice the proud, the Regent of the sea,
Welcomes in chains the trophies of the Free!

And thou, whose Eagle's towering plume unfurled
Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,
Eternal city! round whose Curule throne
The lords of nations knelt in ages flown;
Thou, whose Augustan years have left to time
Immortal records of their glorious prime;
When deathless bards, thine olive shades among,
Swelled the high raptures of heroic song;
Fair, fallen Empress! raise thy languid head
From the cold altars of th' illustrious dead,
And once again with fond delight survey
The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

Lo! where thy sons, O Rome! a god-like train,
In imaged majesty return again!
Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with mien august
O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust,
Those forms, those features, luminous with soul,
Still o'er thy children seem to claim control;
With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,
Bind his wrapt soul in elevating trance,
And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,
From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

Souls of the lofty! whose undying names
Rouse the young bosom still to noblest aims;
Oh! with your images could fate restore
Your own high spirit to your sons once more;
Patriots and Heroes! could those flames return
That bade your hearts with freedom's ardours burn;
Then from the sacred ashes of the first
Might a new Rome in phoenix-grandeur burst!
With one bright glance despel th' horizon's gloom,
With one loud call wake Empire from the tomb,
Bind round her brows her own triumphal crown,
Lift her dread Ægis, with majestic frown,
Unchain her Eagle's wing, and guide his flight
To bathe its plumage in the fount of light.

Vain dream! degraded Rome! thy noon is o'er;
Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more:
It sleeps with these, the sons of other days,
Who fixed on thee the world's adoring gaze:
Those blest to live while yet thy star was high,
More blest, ere darkness quenched its beam, to die!

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary powers
Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy towers,

Still, still to thee shall nations bend their way,
 Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay!
 Oh! what can realms, in fame's full zenith, boast,
 To match the relics of thy splendour lost!
 By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill
 Genius and Taste shall love to wander still,
 For there has Art survived an Empire's doom,
 And reared her throne o'er Latium's trophied tomb:
 She from the dust recalls the brave and free,
 Peopling each scene with beings worthy thee!

Oh! ne'er again may War, with lightning stroke,
 Rend its last honours from the shattered oak!
 Long be those works, revered by ages, thine,
 To lead one triumph to thy dim decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breathing wrathful fire,
 In all the grandeur of celestial ire,
 Once more thine own, th' immortal Archer's form
 Sheds radiance round, with more than being warm!
 Oh! who could view, nor deem that perfect frame,
 A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the day-star! how may words portray
 Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?
 Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could trace,
 Of real dignity and heavenly grace,
 Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
 Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight;
 Each bold idea, borrowed from the sky,
 To vest th' embodied form of Deity;
 All, all in thee, ennobled and refined,
 Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined!
 Son of Elysium! years and ages gone
 Have bowed in speechless homage at thy throne,
 And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
 Shall gaze, absorbed in ecstasy, on thee!

And thou, triumphant wreck!* e'en yet sublime,
 Disputed trophy claimed by Art and Time:
 Hail to that scene again, where Genius caught
 From thee its fervours of diviner thought!
 Where He, th' inspired One, whose gigantic mind
 Lived in some sphere, to him alone assigned;
 Who from the past, the future, and th' unseen,
 Could call up forms of more than earthly mien:
 Unrivalled Angelo on thee would gaze
 Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze!
 And who but he, that Prince of Art, might dare
 Thy sovereign greatness view without despair?

* The Belvidere Torso, the favorite study of Michael Angelo, and of many other distinguished artists.

Emblem of Rome! from power's meridian hurled,
Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

What hadst thou been, ere barbarous hands defaced
The work of wonder, idolised by taste?
Oh! worthy still of Rome's divine abode,
Mould of a Conqueror! ruin of a God!
Still, like some broken gem, whose quenchless beam
From each bright fragment pours its vital stream,
'Tis thine, by fate unconquered, to dispense
From every part, some ray of excellence!
E'en yet, informed with essence from on high,
Thine is no trace of frail mortality!
Within that frame a purer being glows,
Through viewless veins a brighter current flows;
Filled with immortal life each muscle swells,
In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

Consummate work! the noblest and the last
Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign was past,
Nurse of the mighty, she, while lingering still,
Her mantle flowed o'er many a classic bill,
Ere yet her voice its parting accents breathed,
A Hero's image to the world bequeathed;
Enshrined in thee th' imperishable ray
Of high-souled Genius, fostered by her sway,
And bade thee teach, to ages yet unborn,
What lofty dreams were hers—who never shall return!

And mark yon group, transfixed with many a throe,
Sealed with the image of eternal woe:
With fearful truth, terrific power exprest,
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonise the breast,
And the stern combat picture to mankind,
Of suffering nature, and enduring mind.
Oh, mighty conflict! though his pains intense
Distend each nerve, and dart through every sense;
Though fixed on him, his children's suppliant eyes
Implore the aid avenging fate denies;
Though with the giant-snake in fruitless strife
Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,
And in each limb Existence writhes, enrolled
'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd fold;
Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a cry
Shall own the might of Nature's agony!
That furrow'd brow unconquered soul reveals,
That patient eye to angry Heaven appeals,
That struggling bosom concentrates its breath,
Nor yields one moan to torture or to death!

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art!
With speechless horror to congeal the heart,

To freeze each pulse, and dart through every vein
Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of pain;
Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power
May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured gaze
On scenes where Painting all her skill displays.
Landscapes, by colouring drest in richer dyes,
More mellowed sunshine, more unclouded skies,
Or dreams of bliss to dying martyrs given,
Descending seraphs robed in beams of heaven.

O sovereign Masters of the Pencil's might,
Its depth of shadow, and its blaze of light!
Ye whose bold thought, disdaining every bound,
Explored the worlds above, below, around,
Children of Italy! who stand alone
And unapproached, 'midst regions all your own;
What scenes, what beings blest your favoured sight
Severely grand, unutterably bright!
Triumphant spirits! your exulting eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontrolled,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms their splendour shed
As burst on Prophet-bards in ages fled:
Forms that to trace no hand but yours might dare,
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair;
These o'er the walls your magic skill arrayed,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melting shade,
Float in light grace, in awful greatness tower,
And breathe and move, the records of your power.
Inspired of Heaven! what heightened pomp ye cast,
O'er all the deathless trophies of the past!
Round many a marble fane and classic dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome;
Round many a work that bids the world believe
What Grecian Art could image and achieve;
Again, creative minds, your visions throw
Life's chastened warmth and Beauty's mellowest glow,
And when the Morn's bright beams and mantling dyes
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,
Or evening suns illumine, with purple smile,
The Parian altar, and the pillared aisle,
Then, as the full or softened radiance falls
On angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,
Well may those Temples, where your hand has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round the dead,
Seem like some world, so perfect and so fair,
That nought of earth should find admittance there;

Some sphere, where beings to mankind unknown,
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp alone.

Hence, ye vain fictions! fancy's erring theme!
Gods of illusion! phantoms of a dream!
Frail, powerless idols of departed time,
Fables of song, delusive, though sublime!
To loftier tasks has Roman Art assigned
Her matchless pencil and her mighty mind!
From brighter streams her vast ideas flowed,
With purer fire her ardent spirit glowed.
To her 'twas given in fancy to explore
The land of miracles, the holiest shore;
That realm where first the light of life was sent,
The loved, the punished, of th' Omnipotent!
O'er Judah's hills her thoughts inspired would stray,
Through Jordan's valleys trace their lonely way;
By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's deep,*
Chained in dead silence and unbroken sleep;
Scenes whose cleft rocks and blasted deserts tell
Where passed th' Eternal, where His anger fell!
Where oft His voice the words of fate revealed,
Swelled in the whirlwind, in the thunder pealed,
Or heard by prophets in some palmy vale,
Breathed "still small" whispers on the midnight gale.
There dwelt her spirit—there her hand portrayed,
'Midst the lone wilderness or cedar shade,
Ethereal forms with awful missions fraught,
Or Patriarch-seers absorbed in sacred thought,
Bards, in high converse with the world of rest,
Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest,
But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the grave,
Who lived to guide us, and who died to save;
Him, at whose glance the powers of evil fled,
And soul returned to animate the dead;
Whom the waves owned—and sunk beneath His eye,
Awed by one accent of Divinity;
To Him she gave her meditative hours,
Hallowed her thoughts, and sanctified her powers.
O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she threw,
As all around the Godhead's presence knew,
And robed the Holy One's benignant mien
In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh! mark, where Raphael's pure and perfect line
Portrays that form ineffably divine!
Where with transcendent skill his hand has shed
Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's head;†

* *Almotana*.—The name given by the Arabs to the Dead Sea.

† *The Transfiguration*.

Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued
 With all the fulness of beatitude,
 And traced the sainted group, whose mortal sight
 Sinks overpowered by that excess of light!

Gaze on that scene, and own the might of Art,
 By truth inspired, to elevate the heart!
 To bid the soul exultingly possess
 Of all her powers a heightened consciousness;
 And strong in hope, anticipate the day,
 The last of life, the first of freedom's ray;
 To realise, in some unclouded sphere,
 Those pictured glories feebly imaged here!
 Dim, cold reflections from her native sky,
 Faint effluence of "the day-spring from on high!"
 1816.

MODERN GREECE.

I.

OH! who hath trod thy consecrated clime,
 Fair land of Phidias! theme of lofty strains!
 And traced each scene, that, 'midst the wrecks of time,
 The print of Glory's parting step retains;
 Nor for awhile, in high-wrought dreams, forgot,
 Musing on years gone by in brightness there,
 The hopes, the fears, the sorrows of his lot,
 The hues his fate hath worn, or yet may wear;
 As when, from mountain-heights, his ardent eye
 Of sea and heaven hath tracked the blue infinity?

II.

Is there who views with cold unaltered mien,
 His frozen heart with proud indifference fraught,
 Each sacred haunt, each unforgotten scene,
 Where Freedom triumphed, or where Wisdom taught?
 Souls that too deeply feel! oh, envy not
 The sullen calm your fate hath never known:
 Through the dull twilight of that wintry lot
 Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's sunbeam shone,
 Nor those high thoughts that, hailing glory's trace,
 Glow with the generous flames of every age and race.

III.

But blest the wanderer whose enthusiast mind
 Each muse of ancient days hath deep imbued
 With lofty lore; and all his thoughts refined
 In the calm school of silent solitude;

Poured on his ear, 'midst groves and glens retired,
 The mighty strains of each illustrious clime,
 All that have lived, while empires have expired,
 To float for ever on the winds of Time;
 And on his soul indelibly portrayed
 Fair visionary forms, to fill each classic shade.

IV.

Is not his mind, to meaner thoughts unknown,
 A sanctuary of beauty and of light?
 There he may dwell, in regions all his own,
 A world of dreams, where all is pure and bright.
 For him the scenes of old renown possess
 Romantic charms, all veiled from other eyes;
 There every form of nature's loveliness
 Wakes in his breast a thousand sympathies;
 As music's voice, in some lone mountain dell,
 From rocks and caves around calls forth each echo's swell

V.

For him Italia's brilliant skies illumine
 The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's combat-plains,
 And the wild-rose yet lives to breathe and bloom
 Round Doric Pæstum's solitary fanes.
 But most, fair Greece! on thy majestic shore
 He feels the fervours of his spirit rise;
 Thou birth-place of the Muse whose voice of yore
 Breathed in thy groves immortal harmonies;
 And lingers still around the well-known coast,
 Murmuring a wild farewell to fame and freedom lost.

VI.

By seas that flow in brightness as they lave
 Thy rocks, th' enthusiast, rapt in thought, may stray,
 While roves his eye o'er that deserted wave,
 Once the proud scene of battle's dread array.
 —O ye blue waters! ye of old that bore
 The free, the conquering, hymned by choral strain;
 How sleep ye now around the silent shore,
 The lonely realms of ruins and of chains!
 How are the mighty vanished in their pride!
 E'en as their barks have left no traces on your tide.

VII.

Hushed are the pæans whose exulting tone
 Swelled o'er that tide—the sons of battle sleep—
 The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's voice alone
 Blend with the plaintive murmur of the deep.
 Yet when those waves have caught the splendid hues
 Of morn's rich firmament, serenely bright,
 Or setting suns the lovely shore suffuse

With all their purple mellowness of light,
 Oh! who could view the scene, so calmly fair,
 Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty were there?

VIII.

Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,
 'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh;
 Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,
 Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky;
 —Yet o'er the low dark dwellings of the dead,
 Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,
 And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery spread
 In green luxuriance o'er the ruined pile;
 And mantling woodbine veil the withered tree;
 And thus it is, fair land, forsaken Greece! with thee.

IX.

For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom
 That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,
 Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,
 The rose's blush that masks the canker-worm:—
 And thou art desolate—thy morn hath passed
 So dazzling in the splendour of its way,
 That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast
 Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.
 Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,
 Thy fate hath been unmatched—in glory and despair.

X.

For thee, lost land! the hero's blood hath flowed,
 The high in soul have brightly lived and died;
 For thee the light of soaring genius glowed
 O'er the fair arts it formed and glorified.
 Thine were the minds whose energies sublime
 So distanced ages in their lightning-race,
 The task they left the sons of later time
 Was but to follow their illumined trace.
 —Now, bowed to earth, thy children to be free
 Must break each link that binds their filial hearts to thee.

XI.

Lo! to the scenes of fiction's wildest tales,
 Her own bright East, thy son, Morea! flies,
 To seek repose 'midst rich, romantic vales,
 Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid skies.
 There shall he rest?—Alas! his hopes in vain
 Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm,
 Peace dwells not now on oriental plain,
 Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm;
 And the sad wanderer finds but lawless foes,
 Where patriarchs reigned of old in pastoral repose.

XII.

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Yemen's groves,
Or Tigris rolls his genii-haunted wave,
Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,
Wears but two forms—the tyrant and the slave!
There the fierce Arab leads his daring horde,
Where sweeps the sandstorm o'er the burning wild,
There stern Oppression waves the wasting sword
O'er plains that smile as ancient Eden smiled;
And the vale's bosom, and the desert's gloom
Yield to the injured there no shelter save the tomb.

XIII.

But thou, fair world! whose fresh unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave,
Wilt thou receive the wanderer to thine arms,
The lost descendant of the immortal brave?
Amidst the wild magnificence of shades
That o'er thy floods their twilight-grandeur cast,
In the green depth of thine untrodden glades
Shall he not rear his bower of peace at last?
Yes! thou hast many a lone, majestic scene,
Shrined in primæval woods, where despot ne'er hath been.

XIV.

There, by some lake whose blue expansive breast
Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely drest
In tints like those that float o'er poet's dreams;
Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain pours
Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,
'Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,
The exiled Greek hath fixed his sylvan home:
So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat
Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian huntsman's feet.

XV.

The forests are around him in their pride,
The green savannas, and the mighty waves;
And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide,
That images the fairy worlds it laves,
And stillness and luxuriance—o'er his head
The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,
On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,
Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,
And from those green arcades a thousand tones
Wake with each breeze, whose voice through Nature's
temple moans.

XVI.

And there, no traces left by brighter days,
 For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,
 Some grassy mound perchance may meet his gaze,
 The lone memorial of an Indian chief.
 There man not yet hath marked the boundless plain
 With marble records of his fame and power ;
 The forest is his everlasting fane,
 The palm his monument, the rock his tower :
 Th' eternal torrent and the giant tree
 Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly free.

XVII.

But doth the exile's heart serenely there
 In sunshine dwell ? Ah ! when was exile blest ?
 When did bright scenes, clear heavens, or summer air,
 Chase from his soul the fever of unrest ?
 —There is a heart-sick weariness of mood,
 That like slow poison wastes the vital glow,
 And shrines itself in mental solitude,
 An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,
 That coldly smiles 'midst pleasure's brightest ray,
 As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush of day.

XVIII.

Such grief is theirs, who, fixed on foreign shore,
 Sigh for the spirit of their native gales ;
 As pines the seaman, 'midst the ocean's roar,
 For the green earth, with all its woods and vales.
 Thus feels thy child, whose memory dwells with thee,
 Loved Greece ! all sunk and blighted as thou art ;
 Though thought and step in western wilds be free,
 Yet thine are still the day-dreams of his heart ;
 The deserts spread between, the billows foam,
 Thou, distant and in chains, art yet his spirit's home.

XIX.

In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,
 Or the green fire-fly sparkles through the brakes,
 Or summer winds waft odours from the pine,
 As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.
 Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,
 Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,
 Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile,
 Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light ;
 On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,
 Or, at that placid hour, how calm th' Ægean deep !

XX.

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine ?
 (The all of thine no tyrant could destroy !)

E'en to the stranger's roving eye they shine
 Soft as a vision of remembered joy.
 And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,
 A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,
 Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay
 To laughing climes, where all is splendour still ;
 And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,
 As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more.

XXI.

Realm of sad beauty ! thou art as a shrine
 That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,
 To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,
 And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel
 Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave
 Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,
 Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to save
 The land redeemed and hallowed by their toil ;
 And there is language in thy lightest gale,
 That o'er the plains they won, seems murmuring yet their
 tale.

XXII.

And he whose heart is weary of the strife
 Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze
 Would shun the dull cold littleness of life,
 Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,
 Must turn to thee, whose every valley teems
 With proud remembrances that cannot die,
 Thy glens are peopled with inspiring dreams,
 Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by ;
 And 'midst thy laurel shades the wanderer hears
 The sound of mighty names, the hymns of vanished years.

XXIII.

Through that deep solitude be his to stray,
 By Faun and Oread loved in ages past,
 Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way
 Through the cleft heights, in antique grandeur vast
 Romantic Temple ! thou art yet the same,
 Wild as when sung by bards of elder time :
 Years, that have changed thy river's classic name,*
 Have left thee still in savage pomp sublime ;
 And from thine Alpine clefts and marble caves,
 In living lustre still break forth the fountain waves.

XXIV.

Beneath thy mountain battlements and towers,
 Where the rich arbuté's coral berries glow,

* Now called Salympria.

Or midst th' exuberance of thy forest bowers,
 Casting deep shadows o'er the current's flow,
 Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone recess,
 As rock and stream some glancing light have caught,
 And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms impress
 His soul with deep sublimity of thought;
 And linger oft, recalling many a tale, [thy dale.
 That breeze, and wave, and wood, seem whispering through

XXV.

He, thought-entranced, may wander where of old
 From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapour rose,
 And trembling nations heard their doom foretold
 By the dread spirit throned 'midst rocks and snows.
 Though its rich fanes be blended with the dust,
 And silence now the hallowed haunt possess,
 Still is the scene of ancient rites august,
 Magnificent in mountain loneliness;
 Still Inspiration hovers o'er the ground [ed.
 Where Greece her councils held, her Pythian victors crown-

XXVI.

Or let his steps the rude gray cliffs explore
 Of that wild pass, once dyed with Spartan blood,
 When by the waves that break on Cæta's shore
 The few, the fearless, the devoted stood!
 Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's plain,
 Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead,
 Or lone Plataea's ruins yet remain
 To mark the battlefield of ages fled:
 Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred power, [bower.
 Though Fiction's gods have fled from fountain, grot, and

XXVII.

Oh! still unblamed may fancy fondly deem
 That, lingering yet, benignant genii dwell
 Where mortal worth has hallowed grove or stream,
 To sway the heart with some ennobling spell;
 For mightiest minds have felt their blest control,
 In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's sigh,
 And these are dreams that lend a voice and soul,
 And a high power, to Nature's majesty!
 And who can rove o'er Grecian shores, nor feel
 Soft o'er his inmost heart their secret magic steal?

XXVIII.

Yet many a sad reality is there
 That Fancy's bright illusions cannot veil,
 Pure laughs the light, and balmy breathes the air,
 But Slavery's mien will tell its bitter tale;

And there not Peace, but Desolation, throws
 Delusive quiet o'er full many a scene,
 Deep as the brooding torpor of repose
 That follows where the earthquake's track hath been ;
 Or solemn calm on Ocean's breast that lies [cries.
 When sinks the storm, and death has hushed the seaman's

XXIX.

Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit, hurled
 By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant sphere,
 Doomed to resign the homage of a world,
 For Pity's deepest sigh and saddest tear ?
 Oh ! hast thou watched the awful wreck of mind
 That weareth still a glory in decay ?
 Seen all that dazzles and delights mankind—
 Thought, science, genius, to the storm a prey,
 And o'er the blasted tree, the withered ground,
 Despair's wild nightshadespread, and darkly flourish round ?

XXX.

So mayest thou gaze, in sad and awe-struck thought,
 On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime :
 Such there the ruin Time and Fate have wrought,
 So changed the bright, the splendid, the sublime.
 There the proud monuments of Valour's name,
 The mighty works Ambition piled on high,
 The rich remains by Art bequeathed to Fame—
 Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and symmetry,
 Blend in decay ; while all that yet is fair
 Seems only spared to tell how much hath perished there !

XXXI.

There, while around lie mingled in the dust
 The column's graceful shaft, with weeds o'ergrown,
 The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust,
 The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone ;
 Amidst the loneliness of shattered fanes,
 Still matchless monuments of other years,
 O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,
 Its eastern form the minaret proudly rears :
 As on some captive city's ruined wall
 The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er its fall.

XXXII.

Still, where that column of the mosque aspires,
 Landmark of slavery, towering o'er the waste,
 There Science droops, the Muses hush their lyres,
 And o'er the blooms of fancy and of taste
 Spreads the chill blight—as in that orient isle,
 Where the dark upas taints the gale around,

Within its precincts not a flower may smile,
 Nor dew nor sunshine fertilize the ground;
 Nor wild birds' music on zephyr's breath,
 But all is silence round, and solitude, and death.

XXXIII.

Far other influence poured the Crescent's light
 O'er conquered realms, in ages past away;
 Full and alone it beamed, intensely bright,
 While distant climes in midnight darkness lay,
 Then rose th' Alhambra, with its founts and shades,
 Fair marble halls, alcoves, and orange bowers;
 Its sculptured lions, richly wrought arcades,
 Aërial pillars, and enchanted towers;
 Light, splendid, wild, as some Arabian tale
 Would picture fairy domes, that fleet before the gale.

XXXIV.

Then fostered genius lent each Caliph's throne
 Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er attain;
 And stars unnumbered o'er the orient shone,
 Bright as that Pleiad, sphered in Mecca's fane.*
 From Bagdad's palaces the choral strains
 Rose and re-echoed to the desert's bound,
 And Science, wooed on Egypt's burning plains,
 Reared her majestic head with glory crowned;
 And the wild Muses breathed romantic lore
 From Syria's palmy groves to Andalusia's shore.

XXXV.

Those years have passed in radiance—they have past
 As sinks the daystar in the tropic main;
 His parting beams no soft reflection cast,
 They burn—are quenched—and deepest shadows reign.
 And Fame and Science have not left a trace,
 In the vast regions of the Moslem's power—
 Regions, to intellect a desert space,
 A wild without a fountain or a flower,
 Where towers oppression 'midst the deepening glooms,
 As dark and lone ascends the cypress 'midst the tombs.

XXXVI.

Alas for thee, fair Greece! when Asia poured
 Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's wall;
 When Europe sheathed, in apathy, her sword,
 And heard unmoved the fated city's call.
 No bold crusaders ranged their serried line
 Of spears and banners round a falling throne;
 And thou, O last and noblest Constantine!

* Seven of the most famous Arabian poets are called the Arabian Pleiades, and their works are hung round the mosque at Mecca.

Didst meet the storm unshrinking and alone.
 Oh! blest to die in freedom, though in vain;
 Thine empires proud exchange the grave, and not the chain.

XXXVII.

Hushed is Byzantium—'tis the dead of night—
 The closing night of that imperial race!
 And all is vigil—but the eye of light
 Shall soon unfold, a wilder scene to trace!
 There is a murmuring stillness on the train
 Thronging the midnight streets, at morn to die;
 And to the cross, in fair Sophia's fane,
 For the last time is raised Devotion's eye;
 And, in his heart while Faith's bright visions rise, [skies.
 There kneels the high-souled prince, the summoned of the

XXXVIII.

Day breaks in light and glory, 'tis the hour
 Of conflict and of fate—the war-note calls—
 Despair hath lent a stern, delirious power
 To the brave few that guard the rampart walls.
 Far o'er Marmora's waves th' artillery's peal
 Proclaims an empire's doom in every note;
 Tambour and trumpet swell the clash of steel,
 Round spire and dome the clouds of battle float;
 From camp and wave rush on the Crescent's host,
 And the Seven Towers are scaled, and all is won and lost.

XXXIX.

Then, Greece! the tempest rose, that burst on thee,
 Land of the bard, the warrior, and the sage!
 Oh! where were then thy sons, the great, the free,
 Whose deeds are guiding stars from age to age?
 Though firm thy battlements of crags and snows,
 And bright the memory of thy days of pride,
 In mountain might though Corinth's fortress rose,
 On, unresisted, rolled th' invading tide!
 Oh! vain the rock, the rampart, and the tower,
 If Freedom guard them not with Mind's unconquered power.

XL.

Where were the avengers then, whose viewless might
 Preserved inviolate their awful fane,
 When through the steep defiles to Delphi's height,
 In martial splendour poured the Persian's train?
 Then did those mighty and mysterious Powers,
 Armed with the elements to vengeance wake,
 Call the dread storms to darken round their towers,
 Hurl down the rocks, and bid the thunders break;
 Till far around, with deep and fearful clang,
 Sounds of unearthly war through wild Parnassus rang.

XLI.

Where was the spirit of the victor throng
 Whose tombs are glorious by Scamander's tide,
 Whose names are bright in everlasting song,
 The lords of war, the praised, the deified?
 Where he, the hero of a thousand lays,
 Who from the dead at Marathon arose
 All armed; and beaming on the Athenians' gaze,
 A battle meteor, guided to their foes?
 Or they whose forms, to Alaric's awe-struck eye,
 Hovering o'er Athens, blazed in airy panoply?

XLII.

Ye slept, O heroes! chief ones of the earth!
 High demi-gods of ancient days! ye slept.
 There lived no spark of your ascendent worth,
 When o'er your land the victor Moslem swept;
 No patriot then the sons of freedom led,
 In mountain pass devotedly to die;
 The martyr-spirit of resolve was fled,
 And the high soul's unconquered buoyancy;
 And by your graves, and on the battle-plains, [chains.
 Warriors! your children knelt, to wear the stranger's

XLIII.

Now have your trophies vanished, and your homes
 Are mouldered from the earth, while scarce remain
 E'en the faint traces of the ancient tombs
 That mark where sleep the slayers or the slain.
 Your deeds are with the days of glory flown,
 The lyres are hushed that swelled your fame afar,
 The halls that echoed to their sounds are gone,
 Perished the conquering weapons of your war;
 And if a mossy stone your names retain,
 'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye died in vain.

XLIV.

Yet where some lone sepulchral relic stands,
 That with those names tradition hallows yet,
 Oft shall the wandering son of other lands
 Linger in solemn thought and hushed regret.
 And still have legends marked the lonely spot
 Where low the dust of Agamemnon lies;
 And shades of kings and leaders unforget,
 Hovering around, to Fancy's visions rise.
 Souls of the heroes! seek your rest again, [reign.
 Nor mark how changed the realms that saw your glory's

XLV.

Lo! where th' Albanian spreads his despot sway
 O'er Thessaly's rich vales and glowing plains,

Whose sons in sullen abjectness obey,
 Nor lift the hand indignant at its chains :
 Oh! doth the land that gave Achilles birth,
 And many a chief of old illustrious line,
 Yield not one spirit of unconquered worth,
 To kindle those that now in bondage pine ?
 No! on its mountain air is slavery's breath, [death.
 And terror chills the heart whose uttered complaints were

XLVI.

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom, rested there,
 How rich in charms were that romantic clime,
 With streams, and woods, and pastoral valleys fair,
 And walled with mountains, haughtily sublime !
 Heights that might well be deemed the Muses' reign,
 Since claiming proud alliance with the skies,
 They lose in loftier spheres their wild domain.
 Meet home for those retired divinities
 That love, where nought of earth may e'er intrude,
 Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely sanctitude.

XLVII.

There in rude grandeur daringly ascends
 Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine clad height ;
 He with the clouds his bleak dominion blends,
 Frowning o'er vales in woodland verdure bright.
 Wild and august in consecrated pride,
 There through the deep blue heaven Olympus towers,
 Girdled with mists, light-floating as to hide
 The rock-built palace of immortal powers ;
 Where far on high the sunbeam finds repose,
 Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of snows.

XLVIII.

Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem
 The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot would roam ;
 She loves to dwell by glen and torrent stream,
 And make the rocky fastnesses her home ;
 And in the rushing of the mountain flood,
 In the wild eagle's solitary cry,
 In sweeping winds that peal through cave and wood,
 There is a voice of stern sublimity,
 That swells her spirit to a loftier mood
 Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude.

XLIX.

But from those hills the radiance of her smile
 Hath vanished long, her step hath fled afar ;
 O'er Suli's frowning rocks she paused awhile,
 Kindling the watch-fires of the mountain-war.

And brightly glowed her ardent spirit there,
Still brightest 'midst privation : o'er distress
It cast romantic splendour, and despair
But fanned that beacon of the wilderness ;
And rude ravine, and precipice, and dell,
Sent their deep echoes forth, her rallying voice to swell.

L.

Dark children of the hills ! 'twas then ye wrought
Deeds of fierce daring, rudely, sternly grand ;
As 'midst your craggy citadels ye fought,
And women mingled with your warrior-band.
Then on the cliff the frantic mother stood,
High o'er the river's darkly-rolling wave,
And hurled, in dread delirium, to the flood
Her free-born infant, ne'er to be a slave.
For all was lost—all, save the power to die
The wild indignant death of savage liberty.

LI.

Now is that strife a tale of vanished days,
With mightier things forgotten soon to lie ;
Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty lays,
Deeds less adventurous, energies less high.
And the dread struggle's fearful memory still
O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect throws ;
Sheds darker shadows o'er the frowning hill,
More solemn quiet o'er the glen's repose ;
Lends to the rustling pines a deeper moan,
And the hoarse river's voice a murmur not its own.

LII.

For stillness now—the stillness of the dead,
Hath wrapt that conflict's lone and awful scene,
And man's forsaken homes, in ruin spread,
Tell where the storming of the cliffs hath been.
And there, o'er wastes magnificently rude,
What race may rove, unconscious of the chain ?
Those realms have now no desert unsubdued,
Where Freedom's banner may be reared again :
Sunk are the ancient dwellings of her fame,
The children of her sons inherit but their name,

LIII.

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments and fanes !
In scattered fragments o'er the vale they lie ;
Of all they were not e'en enough remains
To lend their fall a mournful majesty.
Birth-place of those whose names we first revered
In song and story—temple of the free !

O thou, the stern, the haughty, and the feared,
 Are such thy relics, and can this be thee?
 Thou shouldst have left a giant wreck behind,
 And e'en in ruin claimed the wonder of mankind.

LIV.

For thine were spirits cast in other mould
 Than all beside—and proved by ruder test;
 They stood alone—the proud, the firm, the bold,
 With the same seal indelibly imprest.
 Theirs were no bright varieties of mind,
 One image stamped the rough, colossal race,
 In rugged grandeur frowning o'er mankind,
 Stern, and disdainful of each milder grace;
 As to the sky some mighty rock may tower,
 Whose front can brave the storm, but will not rear the
 flower.

LV.

Such were thy sons—their life a battle-day!
 Their youth one lesson how for thee to die!
 Closed is that task, and they have passed away
 Like softer beings trained to aims less high.
 Yet bright on earth *their* fame who proudly fell.
 True to their shields, the champions of thy cause,
 Whose funeral column bade the stranger tell
 How died the brave, obedient to thy laws!
 O lofty mother of heroic worth!
 How couldst thou live to bring a meaner offspring forth?

LVI.

Hadst thou but perished with the free, nor known
 A second race, when Glory's noon went by,
 Then had thy name in single brightness shone
 A watch-word on the helm of liberty!
 Thou shouldst have passed, with all thy light of fame,
 And proudly sunk in ruins, not in chains.
 But slowly set thy star 'midst clouds of shame,
 And tyrants rose amidst thy falling fanes;
 And thou, surrounded by thy warriors' graves,
 Hast drained the bitter cup once mingled for thy slaves.

LVII.

Now all is o'er—for thee alike are flown
 Freedom's bright noon, and Slavery's twilight cloud;
 And in thy fall, as in thy pride, alone,
 Deep solitude is round thee, as a shroud.
 Home of Leonidas! thy halls are low,
 From their cold altars have thy Lares fled,
 O'er thee unmarked the sunbeams fade or glow,
 And wild-flowers wave, unbent by human tread;

And 'midst thy silence, as the grave's profound,
A voice, a step, would seem as some unearthly sound.

LVIII.

Taygetus still lifts his awful brow,
High o'er the mouldering city of the dead,
Sternly sublime; while o'er his robe of snow
Heaven's floating tints their warm suffusions spread.
And yet his rippling wave Eurotas leads
By tombs and ruins o'er the silent plain,
While, whispering there, his own wild graceful reeds
Rise as of old, when hailed by classic strain;
There the rose-laurels still in beauty wave,
And a frail shrub survives to bloom o'er Sparta's grave.

LIX.

Oh! thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,
While nations perish, still renews its race,
And o'er the fallen records of his power
Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.
The laurel shoots when those have passed away,
Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free;
The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,
The myrtle blows when love hath ceased to be;
Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled,
And all that round us blooms, is blooming o'er the dead.

LX.

And still the olive spreads its foliage round
Morea's fallen sanctuaries and towers.
Once its green boughs Minerva's votaries crowned,
Deemed a meet offering for celestial powers.
The suppliant's hand its holy branches bore;
They waved around th' Olympic victor's head;
And, sanctified by many a rite of yore,
Its leaves the Spartan's honoured bier o'erspread.
Those rites have vanished—but o'er vale and hill
Its fruitful groves arise, revered and hallowed still.

LXI.

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis! where thy fane
Of fearful visions, mysteries wild and high?
The pomp of rites, the sacrificial train,
The long procession's awful pageantry?
Quenched is the torch of Ceres*—all around

* It was customary at Eleusis, on the fifth day of the festival, for men and women to run about with torches in their hands, and also to dedicate torches to Ceres, and to contend who should present the largest. This was done in memory of the journey of Ceres in search of Proserpine, during which she was lighted by a torch kindled in the flames of Etna.—PORTER'S *Antiquities of Greece*.

Decay hath spread the stillness of her reign :
 There never more shall choral hymns resound
 O'er the hushed earth and solitary main,
 Whose wave from Salamis deserted flows,
 To bathe a silent shore of desolate repose.

LXII.

And oh! ye secret and terrific powers,
 Dark oracles! in depth of groves that dwelt,
 How are they sunk, the altars of your bowers,
 Where Superstition trembled as she knelt!
 Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones! that made
 The elements your voice, the wind and wave;
 Spirits! whose influence darkened many a shade,
 Mysterious visitants of fount and cave!
 How long your power the awe-struck nations swayed,
 How long earth dreamt of you, and shudderingly obeyed!

LXIII.

And say, what marvel, in those early days,
 While yet the light of heaven-born truth was not
 If man around him cast a fearful gaze,
 Peopling with shadowy powers each dell and grot?
 Awful is nature in her savage forms,
 Her solemn voice commanding in its might,
 And mystery then was in the rush of storms,
 The gloom of woods, the majesty of night;
 And mortals heard fate's language in the blast,
 And reared your forest-shrines, ye phantoms of the past!

LXIV.

Then through the foliage not a breeze might sigh
 But with prophetic sound—a waving tree,
 A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,
 A bird's wild flight, revealed the things to be.
 All spoke of unseen natures, and conveyed
 Their inspiration; still they hovered round,
 Hallowed the temple, whispered through the shade,
 Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound;
 Of them the fount, the forest, murmured still,
 Their voice was in the stream, their footstep on the hill.

LXV.

Now is the train of superstition flown,
 Unearthly beings walk on earth no more;
 The deep wind swells with no portentous tone,
 The rustling wood breathes no fatidic lore.
 Fled are the phantoms of Livadi's cave,
 There dwell no shadows, but of crag and steep;
 Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave,

That murmurs nigh, those powers of terror sleep.
 Oh! that such dreams alone had fled that clime—[time!
 But Greece is changed in all that could be changed by

LXVI.

Her skies are those whence many a mighty bard
 Caught inspiration, glorious as their beams;
 Her hills the same that heroes died to guard,
 Her vales, that fostered Art's divinest dreams!
 But that bright spirit o'er the land that shone,
 And all around pervading influence poured,
 That lent the harp of Æschylus its tone,
 And proudly hallowed Lacedæmon's sword,
 And guided Phydias o'er the yielding stone,
 With them its ardours lived—with them its light is flown.

LXVII.

Thebes, Corinth, Argos!—ye, renowned of old,
 Where are your chiefs of high romantic name?
 How soon the tale of ages may be told!
 A page, a verse, records the fall of fame,
 The work of centuries—we gaze on you,
 O cities! once the glorious and the free,
 The lofty tales that charmed our youth renew,
 And wondering ask, if these their scenes could be?
 Search for the classic fane, the regal tomb,
 And find the mosque alone—a record of their doom!

LXVIII.

How oft hath War his host of spoilers poured,
 Fair Elis! o'er thy consecrated vales.
 There have the sunbeams glanced on spear and sword,
 And banners floated on the balmy gales.
 Once didst thou smile, secure in sanctitude,
 As some enchanted isle 'mid stormy seas;
 On thee no hostile footstep might intrude,
 And pastoral sounds alone were on thy breeze.
 Forsaken home of peace! that spell is broke, [yoke.
 Thou too hast heard the storm, and bowed beneath the

LXIX.

And through Arcadia's wild and lone retreats
 Far other sounds have echoed than the strain
 Of faun and dryad, from their woodland seats,
 Or ancient reed of peaceful mountain-swain!
 There, though at times Alpheus yet surveys,
 On his green banks renewed, the classic dance,
 And nymph-like forms, and wild melodious lays,
 Revive the sylvan scenes of old romance;
 Yet brooding fear and dark suspicion dwell
 'Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by fountain, cave, and dell.

LXX.

But thou, fair Attica! whose rocky bound
 All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,
 Thou little sphere, whose soul-illumin'd round,
 Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind;
 Who, as the summit of some Alpine height
 Glows earliest, latest with the blush of day,
 Didst first imbibe the splendours of the light,
 And smile the longest in its lingering ray;
 Oh! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem
 The past awhile restored, the present but a dream.

LXXI.

Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—
 Wake at her call—be all thou wert once more!
 Hark! hymns of triumph swell on every gale!
 Lo! bright processions move along thy shore!
 Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,
 Lovely in chaste simplicity arise;
 And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,
 Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent skies;
 And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly mien,
 In their calm beauty smile, around the sunbright scene,

LXXII.

Again renewed by thought's creative spells,
 In all her pomp thy city, Theseus! towers:
 Within, around, the light of glory dwells
 On Art's fair fabrics, Wisdom's holy bowers.
 There marble fanes in finished grace ascend,
 The pencil's world of life and beauty glows;
 Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,
 Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes;
 And groves of platane wave in verdant pride,
 The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide.

LXXIII.

Bright as that fairy vision of the wave,
 Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand,
 On summer seas that undulating lave
 Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand;
 That pictured scene of airy colonnades,
 Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,
 Enchanted groves, and temples, and arcades,
 Gleaming and floating on the ocean's breast;
 Athens! thus fair the dream of thee appears,
 As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling cloud of years.

LXXIV.

Still be that cloud withdrawn—oh! mark on high,
 Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,

That fane, august in perfect symmetry,
 The purest model of Athenian taste.
 Fair Parthenon! thy Doric pillars rise
 In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
 Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,
 That round thee spread their deep ethereal blue;
 And art o'er all thy light proportions throws
 The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

LXXV.

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,
 When morn and eve in tranquil splendour reign,
 And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow
 Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.
 Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought, unfold
 Each latent grace, developing in light;
 Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold,
 Each tint that passes, tremulously bright;
 And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems
 While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its beams

LXXVI.

But oh! what words the vision may portray
 The form of sanctitude that guards thy shrine?
 There stands thy goddess, robed in war's array,
 Supremely glorious! awfully divine!
 With spear and helm she stands, and flowing vest,
 And sculptured ægis, to perfection wrought,
 And on each heavenly lineament imprest,
 Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought;
 The pure intelligence, the chaste repose,
 All that a poet's dream around Minerva throws.

LXXVII.

Bright age of Pericles! let fancy still
 Through time's deep shadows all thy splendour trace,
 And in each work of art's consummate skill,
 Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race
 That spirit, roused by every proud reward
 That hope could picture, glory could bestow,
 Fostered by all the sculptor and the bard
 Could give of immortality below.
 Thus were thy heroes formed, and o'er their name,
 Thus did thy genius shed imperishable fame.

LXXVIII.

Mark in the thronged Ceramicus, the train
 Of mourners weeping o'er the martyred brave:
 Proud be the tears devoted to the slain,
 Holy the amaranth strewed upon their grave!

And hark! unrivalled eloquence proclaims
 Their deeds, their trophies with triumphant voice!
 Hark! Pericles records their honoured names!
 Sons of the fallen, in their lot rejoice:
 What hath life brighter than so bright a doom?
 What power hath fate to soil the garlands of the tomb?

LXXIX.

Praise to the valiant dead! for them doth Art
 Exhaust her skill, their triumphs bodying forth;
 Theirs are enshrined names, and every heart
 Shall bear the blazoned impress of their worth.
 Bright on the dreams of youth their fame shall rise,
 Their fields of fight shall epic song record;
 And, when the voice of battle rends the skies,
 Their name shall be their country's rallying word!
 While fane and column rise august to tell
 How Athens honours those for her who proudly fell.

LXXX.

City of Theseus! bursting on the mind,
 Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory fled!
 Thus guarded by the mighty of mankind,
 Thus hallowed by the memory of the dead:
 Alone in beauty and renown—a scene
 Whose tints are drawn from Freedom's loveliest ray.
 'Tis but a vision now—yet thou hast been
 More than the brightest vision might portray;
 And every stone, with but a vestige fraught
 Of thee, hath latent power to wake some lofty thought.

LXXXI.

Fallen are thy fabrics, that so oft have rung
 To choral melodies and tragic lore;
 Now is the lyre of Sophocles unstrung,
 The song that hailed Harmodius peals no more.
 Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,
 Thy stately shrines are mouldering on their hill,
 Closed are the triumphs of the sculptor's hand,
 The magic voice of eloquence is still;
 Minerva's veil is rent—her image gone,
 Silent the sage's bower—the warrior's tomb o'erthrown.

LXXXII.

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains.
 Wondering we view, and silently revere,
 As traces left on earth's forsaken plains
 By vanished beings of a nobler sphere!
 Not all the old magnificence of Rome,
 All that dominion there hath left to time,
 Proud Coliseum, or commanding dome,

Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,
Can bid such reverence o'er the spirit steal,
As aught by thee imprest with beauty's plastic seal.

LXXXIII.

Though still the empress of the sunburnt waste,
Palmyra rises, desolately grand—
Though with rich gold and massy sculpture graced,
Commanding still, Persepolis may stand
In haughty solitude—though sacred Nile
The firstborn temples of the world surveys,
And many an awful and stupendous pile
Thebes of the hundred gates e'en yet displays;
City of Pericles! oh! who like thee
Can teach how fair the works of mortal hand may be?

LXXXIV.

Thou ledst the way to that illumined sphere
Where sovereign beauty dwells; and thence didst bear,
Oh! still triumphant in that high career!
Bright archetypes of all the grand and fair,
And still to thee th' enlightened mind hath flown
As to her country,—thou hast been to earth
A cynosure,—and, e'en from victory's throne,
Imperial Rome gave homage to thy worth;
And nations, rising to their fame afar,
Still to thy model turn, as seamen to their star.

LXXXV.

Glory to those whose relics thus arrest
The gaze of ages! Glory to the free!
For they, they only, could have thus imprest
Their mighty image on the years to be!
Empires and cities in oblivion lie,
Grandeur may vanish, conquest be forgot—
To leave on earth renown that cannot die,
Of high-souled genius is th' unrivalled lot.
Honour to thee, O Athens! thou hast shown
What mortals may attain, and seized the palm alone.

LXXXVI.

Oh! live there those who view with scornful eyes
All that attests the brightness of thy prime?
Yes; they who dwell beneath thy lovely skies,
And breathe th' inspiring ether of thy clime!
Their path is o'er the mightiest of the dead,
Their homes are 'midst the works of noblest arts;
Yet all around their gaze, beneath their tread,
Not one proud thrill of loftier thought imparts.
Such are the conquerors of Minerva's land,
Where Genius first revealed the triumphs of his hand!

LXXXVII.

For them in vain the glowing light may smile
 O'er the pale marble, colouring's warmth to shed,
 And in chaste beauty many a sculptured pile
 Still o'er the dust of heroes lifts its head.
 No patriot feeling binds them to the soil,
 Whose tombs and shrines their fathers have not reared;
 Their glance is cold indiff'rence, and their toil
 But to destroy what ages have revered,
 As if exulting sternly to erase
 Whate'er might prove *that* land had nursed a nobler race.

LXXXVIII.

And who may grieve that, rescued from their hands,
 Spoilers of excellence and foes to art,
 Thy relics, Athens! borne to other lands,
 Claim homage still to thee from every heart?
 Though now no more th' exploring stranger's sight,
 Fixed in deep reverence on Minerva's fane,
 Shall hail, beneath their native heaven of light,
 All that remained of forms adored in vain;
 A few short years—and, vanished from the scene,
 To blend with classic dust their proudest lot had been.

LXXXIX.

Fair Parthenon! yet still must Fancy weep
 For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown.
 Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep
 In all their beauty still—and thine is gone!
 Empires have sunk since thou wert first revered,
 And varying rites have sanctified thy shrine.
 The dust is round thee of the race that reared
 Thy walls; and thou—their fate must soon be thine!
 But when shall earth again exult to see
 Visions divine like theirs renewed in aught like thee?

XC.

Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale
 Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moaned
 That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale
 Of the bright synod once above them throned.
 Mourn, graceful ruin! on thy sacred hill,
 Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared:
 Yet art thou honoured in each fragment still
 That wasting years and barbarous hands had spared;
 Each hallowed stone, from rapine's fury borne,
 Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn.

XCI.

Yes! in those fragments, though by time defaced,
 And rude insensate conquerors, yet remains

All that may charm th' enlightened eye of taste,
 On shores where still inspiring freedom reigns.
 As vital fragrance breathes from every part
 Of the crushed myrtle, or the bruised rose,
 E'en thus th' essential energy of art
 There in each wreck imperishably glows!
 The soul of Athens, lives in every line,
 Pervading brightly still the ruins of her shrine.

XCII.

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful train,
 The holy festival's triumphal throng,
 In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
 With many a sacred symbol, move along.
 There every shade of bright existence trace,
 The fire of youth, the dignity of age;
 The matron's calm austerity of grace,
 The ardent warrior, the benignant sage;
 The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's proud mien—
 Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in the scene.

XCIII.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form,
 Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows;
 There e'en the steed, with bold expression warm,
 Is clothed with majesty, with being glows.
 One mighty mind hath harmonised the whole;
 Those varied groups the same bright impress bear;
 One beam and essence of exalting soul
 Lives in the grand, the delicate, the fair;
 And well that pageant of the glorious dead
 Blends us with nobler days, and loftier spirits fled.

XCIV.

O conquering Genius! that couldst thus detain
 The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
 Eternalise expression's fleeting reign,
 Arrest warm life in all its energies,
 And fix them on the stone—thy glorious lot
 Might wake Ambition's envy, and create
 Powers half divine: while nations are forgot,
 A thought, a dream of thine hath vanquished fate!
 And when thy hand first gave its wonders birth,
 The realms that hail them now scarce claimed a name on
 earth.

XCV.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
 But once beheld, and never to return?
 No—we may hail again thy bright career,
 Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn!

Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear
 A stamp of Heaven, that ne'er hath been renewed—
 A light inherent—let not man despair :
 Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued ;
 For still is Nature fair, and Thought divine,
 And Art hath won a world in models pure as thine.

XCVI.

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and defaced—
 Yet there the germ of future glory lies !
 Their virtual grandeur could not be erased ;
 It clothes them still, though veiled from common eyes.
 They once were gods and heroes—and beheld
 As the blest guardians of their native scene ;
 And hearts of warriors, sages, bards, have swelled
 With awe that owned their sovereignty of mien.
 —Ages have vanished since those hearts were cold,
 And still those shattered forms retain their godlike mould

XCVII.

'Midst their bright kindred, from their marble throne
 They have looked down on thousand storms of time ;
 Surviving power, and fame, and freedom flown,
 They still remained, still tranquilly sublime !
 Till mortal hands the heavenly conclave marred.
 Th' Olympian groups have sunk, and are forgot ;
 Not e'en their dust could weeping Athens guard—
 But these were destined to a nobler lot !
 And they have borne, to light another land,
 The quenchless ray that soon shall gloriously expand.

XCVIII.

Phidias! supreme in thought! what hand but thine,
 In human works thus blending earth and heaven,
 O'er nature's truth hath shed that grace divine,
 To mortal form immortal grandeur given ?
 What soul but thine, infusing all its power,
 In these last monuments of matchless days,
 Could, from their ruins, bid young Genius tower,
 And Hope aspire to more exalted praise ?
 And guide deep Thought to that secluded height,
 Where Excellence is throned, in purity of light ?

XCIX.

And who can tell how pure, how bright a flame,
 Caught from these models, may illumine the west ?
 What British Angelo may rise to fame,
 On the free isle what beams of art may rest ?
 Deem not, O England! that by climes confined,
 Genius and taste diffuse a partial ray ;

Deem not th' eternal energies of mind
Swayed by that sun whose doom is but decay!
Shall thought be fostered but by skies serene?
No! thou hast power to be what Athens e'er hath been.

C.

But thine are treasures oft unprized, unknown,
And cold neglect hath blighted many a mind,
O'er whose young ardours, had thy smile but shone,
Their soaring flight had left a world behind!
And many a gifted hand that might have wrought
To Grecian excellence the breathing stone,
Or each pure grace of Raphael's pencil caught,
Leaving no record of its power, is gone!
While thou hast fondly sought, on distant coast,
Gems far less rich than those, thus precious, and thus lost.

CL.

Yet rise, O Land! in all but art alone,
Bid the sole wreath that is not thine be won!
Fame dwells around thee—Genius is thine own;
Call his rich blooms to life—be thou their Sun!
So, should dark ages o'er thy glory sweep,
Should *thine* e'er be as now are Grecian plains,
Nations unborn shall track thine own blue deep,
To hail thy shore, to worship thy remains;
Thy mighty monuments with reverence trace,
And cry, "This ancient soil hath nursed a glorious race!"

1816.

TALES AND HISTORIC SCENES.

THE ABENCERRAGE.

[The events with which the following tale is interwoven are related in the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*. They occurred in the reign of Abo Abdeli, or Abdali, the last Moorish King of that city, called by the Spaniards El Rey Chico. The conquest of Granada, by Ferdinand and Isabella, is said by some historians to have been greatly facilitated by the Abencerrages, whose defection was the result of the repeated injuries they had received from the king, at the instigation of the Zegrís. One of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra is pointed out as the scene where so many of the former celebrated tribe were massacred; and it still retains their name, being called the "Sala de los Abencerrages." Many of the most interesting old Spanish ballads relate to the events of this chivalrous and romantic period.]

CANTO FIRST.

LONELY and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra! There the feast is o'er;
And with the murmur of thy fountain-falls
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no more.

Hushed are the voices that in years gone by
Have mourned, exulted, menaced, through thy towers;
Within thy pillared courts the grass waves high,
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows
Through tall arcades unmarked the sunbeam smiles,
And many a tint of softened brilliance throws
O'er fretted walls and shining peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy fabrics lone,
So vast, so silent, and so wildly fair,
Some charmed abode of beings all unknown,
Powerful and viewless, children of the air.

For there no footstep treads th' enchanted ground,
There not a sound the deep repose pervades,
Save winds and founts, diffusing freshness round
Through the light domes and graceful colonnades.

Far other tones have swelled those courts along
In days romance yet fondly loves to trace—
The clash of arms, the voice of choral song,
The rebels, combats of a vanished race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent call,
Shall rise that race, the chivalrous, the bold;
Peopling once more each fair forsaken hall
With stately forms, the knights and chiefs of old.

I.

The sun declines. Upon Nevada's height
 There dwells a mellow flush of rosy light;
 Each soaring pinnacle of mountain snow
 Smiles in the richness of that parting glow;
 And Darro's waves reflect each passing dye
 That melts and mingles in th' empurpled sky.
 Fragrance, exhaled from rose and citron bower,
 Blends with the dewy freshness of the hour.
 Flushed are the winds, and Nature seems to sleep
 In light and stillness. Wood, and tower, and steep
 Are dyed with tints of glory, only given
 To the rich evening of a Southern heaven—
 Tints of the sun, whose bright farewell is fraught
 With all that Art hath dreamt, but never caught.

Yes! Nature sleeps; but not with her at rest
 The fiery passions of the human breast.
 Hark! from the Alhambra's towers what stormy sound,
 Each moment deepening, wildly swells around?
 Those are no tumults of a festal throng,
 Not the light zambra* nor the choral song:
 The combat rages—'tis the shout of war,
 'Tis the loud crash of shield and scimitar.
 Within the Hall of Lions,† where the rays
 Of eve yet lingering on the fountain blaze,
 There, girt and guarded by his Zegri bands,
 And stern in wrath, the Moorish monarch stands:
 There the strife centres—swords around him wave,
 There bleed the fallen, there contend the brave;
 While echoing domes return the battle-cry,
 "Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant die!"
 And onward rushing, and prevailing still,
 Court, hall, and tower the fierce avengers fill.
 But first and bravest of that gallant train,
 Where foes are mightiest charging ne'er in vain,
 In his red hand the sabre glancing bright,
 His dark eye flashing with a fiercer light,
 Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that he bleeds,
 His Aben-Zurrah‡ there young Hamet leads;
 While swells his voice that wild acclaim on high,
 "Revenge and freedom! let the tyrant die!"
 Yes! trace the footsteps of the warrior's wrath,
 By helm and corslet shattered in his path,
 And by the thickest harvest of the slain,

* Zambra, a Moorish dance.

† The Hall of Lions, the principal one of the Alhambra, was so called from twelve sculptured lions which supported an alabaster basin in the centre.

‡ Thus written in a translation of an Arabic MS.

And by the marble's deepest crimson stain ;
 Search through the serried fight, where loudest cries
 From triumph, anguish, or despair arise ;
 And brightest where the shivering falchions glare,
 And where the ground is reddest—he is there.
 Yes ! that young arm, amidst the Zegri host,
 Hath well avenged a sire, a brother, lost.

They perished—not as heroes should have died,
 On the red field, in victory's hour of pride,
 In all the glow and sunshine of their fame,
 And proudly smiling as the death-pang came.
 Oh ! had they *thus* expired, a warrior's tear
 Had flowed, almost in triumph, o'er their bier.
 For thus alone the brave should weep for those
 Who brightly pass in glory to repose.
 —Not such their fate : a tyrant's stern command
 Doomed them to fall by some ignoble hand,
 As, with the flower of all their high-born race,
 Summoned Abdallah's royal feast to grace,
 Fearless in heart, no dream of danger nigh,
 They sought the banquet's gilded hall—to die.
 Betrayed, unarmed, they fell—the fountain's wave
 Flowed crimson with the life-blood of the brave :
 Till far the fearful tidings of their fate
 Through the wide city rang from gate to gate,
 And of that lineage each surviving son
 Rushed to the scene where vengeance might be won.

For this young Hamet mingles in the strife,
 Leader of battle, prodigal of life,
 Urging his followers, till their foes, beset,
 Stand faint and helpless, but undaunted yet.
 Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on ! one effort more,
 Yours is the triumph, and the conflict o'er.
 But lo ! descending o'er the darkened hall,
 The twilight-shadows fast and deeply fall.
 Nor yet the strife hath ceased—though scarce they know,
 Through that thick gloom, the brother from the foe :
 Till the moon rises with her cloudless ray,
 The peaceful moon, and gives them light to slay.
 —Where lurks Abdallah ? 'Midst his yielding train
 They seek the guilty monarch, but in vain.
 He lies not numbered with the valiant dead,
 His champions round him have not vainly bled ;
 But when the twilight spread her shadowy veil,
 And his last warriors found each effort fail,
 In wild despair he fled. A trusted few,
 Kindred in crime, are still in danger true ;
 And o'er the scene of many a martial deed,

The Vega's* green expanse, his flying footsteps lead.
 He passed the Alhambra's calm and lovely bowers,
 Where slept the glistening leaves and folded flowers
 In dew and starlight—there, from grot and cave,
 Gushed in wild music many a sparkling wave;
 There on each breeze the breath of fragrance rose,
 And all was freshness, beauty, and repose.

But thou, dark monarch! in thy bosom reign,
 Storms that, once roused, shall never sleep again.
 Oh! vainly bright is Nature in the course
 Of him who flies from terror or remorse!
 A spell is round him which obscures her bloom,
 And dims her skies with shadows of the tomb:
 There smiles no Paradise on earth so fair
 But guilt will raise avenging phantoms there.
 Abdallah heeds not, though the light gale roves
 Fraught with rich odour, stolen from orange-groves;
 Hears not the sounds from wood and brook that rise,
 Wild notes of Nature's vesper-melodies;
 Marks not how lovely, on the mountain's head,
 Moonlight and snow their mingling lustre spread:
 But urges onward, till his weary band,
 Worn with their toil, a moment's pause demand.
 He stops, and turning, on Granada's fanes
 In silence gazing, fixed awhile remains
 In stern, deep silence. O'er his feverish brow,
 And burning cheek, pure breezes freshly blow,
 But waft in fitful murmurs, from afar,
 Sounds indistinctly fearful—as of war.
 What meteor bursts with sudden blaze on high,
 O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky?
 Awful it rises, like some Genie-form
 Seen 'midst the redness of the Desert storm,
 Magnificently dread. Above, below,
 Spreads the wild splendour of its deepening glow.
 Lo! from the Alhambra's towers the vivid glare
 Streams through the still transparency of the air!
 Avenging crowds have lit the mighty pyre,
 Which feeds that waving pyramid of fire:
 And dome and minaret, river, wood, and height,
 From dim perspective start to ruddy light.

O Heaven! the anguish of Abdallah's soul!
 The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond control!
 Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving fly
 For life—such life as makes it bliss to die!
 On yon green height, the Mosque, but half revealed
 Through cypress-groves, a safe retreat may yield.

* The plain surrounding Granada.

Thither his steps are bent—yet oft he turns,
 Watching that fearful beacon as it burns,
 But paler grow the sinking flames at last,
 Flickering they fade, their crimson light is past;
 And spiry vapours, rising o'er the scene,
 Mark where the terrors of their wrath have been.
 And now his feet have reached that lonely pile,
 Where grief and terror may repose awhile;
 Embowered it stands 'midst wood and cliff on high,
 Through the grey rocks a torrent sparkling nigh.
 He hails the scene where every care should cease,
 And all—except the heart he brings—is peace.

There is deep stillness in those halls of state
 Where the loud cries of conflict rang so late;
 Stillness like that, when fierce the Kamsin's* blast
 Hath o'er the dwellings of the Desert passed.
 Fearful the calm—nor voice, nor step, nor breath
 Disturbs that scene of beauty and of death:
 Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a sound,
 Save the wild gush of waters—murmuring round
 In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,
 Through chambers peopled by the dead alone.
 O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage red,
 Breastplate and shield and cloven helm are spread
 In mingled fragments—glittering to the light
 Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet softly bright,
 Their streaming lustre tremulously shed,
 And smile in placid beauty o'er the dead;
 O'er features where the fiery spirit's trace
 Even death itself is powerless to efface;
 O'er those who, flushed with ardent youth, awoke
 When glowing morn in bloom and radiance broke,
 Nor dreamt how near the dark and frozen sleep
 Which hears not Glory call, nor Anguish weep;
 In the low silent house, the narrow spot,
 Home of forgetfulness—and soon forgot.

But slowly fade the stars—the night is o'er—
 Morn beams on those who had her light no more;
 Slumberers who ne'er shall wake on earth again,
 Mourners, who call the loved, the lost, in vain.
 Yet smiles the day—oh! not for mortal tear
 Doth Nature deviate from her calm career:
 Nor is the earth less laughing or less fair,
 Though breaking hearts her gladness may not share
 O'er the cold urn the beam of summer glows,
 O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly blows;
 Bright shines the sun, though all be dark below,

* The burning wind of the Desert.

And skies arch cloudless o'er a world of woe;
And flowers renewed in spring's green pathway bloom,
Alike to grace the banquet and the tomb.

Within Granada's walls the funeral rite
Attends that day of loveliness and light:
And many a chief, with dirges and with tears,
Is gathered to the brave of other years;
And Hamet, as beneath the cypress shade
His martyred brother and his sire are laid,
Feels every deep resolve and burning thought
Of ampler vengeance even to passion wrought.
Yet is the hour afar—and he must brood
O'er those dark dreams awhile in solitude.

Tamult and rage are hushed—another day
In still solemnity hath passed away,
In that deep slumber of exhausted wrath,
The calm that follows in the tempest's path.
—And now Abdallah leaves yon peaceful fane,
His ravaged city traversing again.
No sound of gladness his approach precedes,
No splendid pageant the procession leads;
Where'er he moves the silent streets along,
Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen throng.
No voice is heard; but in each altered eye,
Once brightly beaming when his steps were nigh,
And in each look of those whose love hath fled
From all on earth to slumber with the dead,
Those by his guilt made desolate and thrown
On the bleak wilderness of life alone—
In youth's quick glance of scarce-dissembled rage,
And the pale mien of calmly-mournful age,
May well be read a dark and fearful tale
Of thought that ill the indignant heart can veil,
And passion, like the hushed volcano's power,
That waits in stillness its appointed hour.

II.

No more the clarion from Granada's walls,
Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney calls;
No more her graceful daughters, throned on high,
Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant eye:
Silence and gloom her palaces o'erspread,
And song is hushed, and pageantry is fled.
—Weep, faded city! o'er thy heroes weep—
Low in the dust the sons of glory sleep!
Furled are their banners in the lonely hall,
Their trophied shields hang mouldering on the wall;
Wildly their chargers range the pastures o'er,

Their voice in battle shall be heard no more.
 And they, who still thy tyrant's wrath survive,
 Whom he hath wronged too deeply to forgive,
 That race of lineage high, of worth approved,
 The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved—
 Thine Aben-Zarrahs—they no more shall wield
 In thy proud cause the conquering lance and shield
 Condemned to bid the cherished scenes farewell
 Where the loved ashes of their fathers dwell,
 And far o'er foreign plains as exiles roam,
 Their land the desert, and the grave their home.
 Yet there is one shall see that race depart
 In deep though silent agony of heart :
 One whose dark fate must be to mourn alone,
 Unseen her sorrows and their cause unknown ;
 And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to wear
 That smile in which the spirit hath no share—
 Like the bright beams that shed their fruitless glow
 O'er the cold solitudes of Alpine snow.

Soft, fresh, and silent is the midnight hour,
 And the young Zegri seeks her lonely bower ;
 That Zegri maid, within whose gentle mind
 One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.
 That name in vain stern reason would efface :
 Hamet ! 'tis thine, thou foe to all her race !
 And yet not hers in bitterness to prove
 The sleepless pangs of unrequited love—
 Pangs which the rose of wasted youth consume,
 And make the heart of all delight the tomb ;
 Check the free spirit in its eagle flight,
 And the spring-morn of early genius bright :
 Not such her grief—though now she wakes to weep,
 While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews of sleep.

A step treads lightly through the citron-shade,
 Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betrayed—
 Doth her young hero seek that well-known spot,
 Scene of past hours that ne'er may be forgot ?
 'Tis he—but changed that eye, whose glance of fire
 Could like a sunbeam hope and joy inspire,
 As, luminous with youth, with ardour fraught,
 It spoke of glory to the inmost thought.
 Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled,
 And in its wild expression may be read
 Stern thoughts and fierce resolves—now veiled in shade,
 And now in characters of fire portrayed.
 Changed even his voice—as thus its mournful tone
 Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

"Zayda! my doom is fixed—another day
 And the wronged exile shall be far away;
 Far from the scenes where still his heart must be,
 His home of youth, and, more than all—from thee.
 Oh! what a cloud hath gathered o'er my lot
 Since last we met on this fair tranquil spot!
 Lovely as then the soft and silent hour,
 And not a rose hath faded from thy bower;
 But I—my hopes the tempest hath o'erthrown,
 And changed my heart to all but thee alone.
 Farewell, high thoughts! inspiring hopes of praise!
 Heroic visions of my early days!
 In me the glories of my race must end—
 The exile hath no country to defend!
 Even in life's morn my dreams of pride are o'er,
 Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me no more;
 And one wild feeling in my altered breast
 Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the rest.
 Yet fear not thou—to thee, in good or ill,
 The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful still!
 But when my steps are distant, and my name
 Thou hear'st no longer in the song of fame:
 When Time steals on, in silence to efface
 Of early love each pure and sacred trace,
 Causing our sorrows and our hopes to seem
 But as the moonlight pictures of a dream—
 Still shall thy soul be with me, in the truth
 And all the fervour of affection's youth?
 If such thy love, one beam of heaven shall play
 In lonely beauty o'er thy wanderer's way."

"Ask not if such my love! Oh! trust the mind
 To grief so long, so silently resigned!
 Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught
 The pure and lofty constancy of thought,
 Its fleeting trials eager to forget,
 Rise with elastic power o'er each regret!
 Fostered in tears, our young affections grew,
 And I have learned to suffer and be true.
 Deem not my love a frail ephemeral flower,
 Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy shower;
 No! 'tis the child of tempests, and defies,
 And meets unchanged, the anger of the skies!
 Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic heart,
 That ne'er to meet in happier days we part.
 We part! and even this agonising hour,
 When love first feels his own o'erwhelming power,
 Shall soon to memory's fixed and tearful eye
 Seem almost happiness—for thou wert nigh!
 Yes! when this heart in solitude shall bleed,

As days to days all wearily succeed,
 When doomed to weep in loneliness, 'twill be
 Almost like rapture to have wept with thee!
 —But thou, my Hamet! thou canst yet bestow
 All that of joy my blighted lot can know.
 Oh! be thou still the high-souled and the brave,
 To whom my first and fondest vows I gave!
 In thy proud fame's untarnished beauty still
 The lofty visions of my youth fulfil.
 So shall it soothe me, 'midst my heart's despair,
 To hold undimmed one glorious image there!"

"Zayda, my best-beloved! my words too well,
 Too soon, thy bright illusions must dispel;
 Yet must my soul to thee unveiled be shown,
 And all its dreams and all its passions known.
 Thou shalt not be deceived—for pure as heaven
 Is thy young love, in faith and fervour given.
 I said my heart was changed—and would thy thought
 Explore the ruin by thy kindred wrought,
 In fancy trace the land whose towers and fanes,
 Crushed by the earthquake, strew its ravaged plains;
 And such that heart where desolation's hand
 Hath blighted all that once was fair or grand!
 But Vengeance, fixed upon her burning throne,
 Sits 'midst the wreck in silence and alone;
 And I, in stern devotion at her shrine,
 Each softer feeling, but my love resign.
 Yes! they whose spirits all my thoughts control,
 Who hold dread converse with my thrilling soul;
 They, the betrayed, the sacrificed, the brave,
 Who fill a blood-stained and untimely grave,
 Must be avenged! and pity and remorse
 In that stern cause are banished from my course.
 Zayda! thou tremblest—and thy gentle breast
 Shrinks from the passions that destroy my rest;
 Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy hour,
 Pass brightly o'er my soul with softening power,
 And, oft recalled, thy voice beguile my lot,
 Like some sweet lay, once heard, and ne'er forgot.
 —But the night wanes—the hours too swiftly fly,
 The bitter moment of farewell draws nigh;
 Yet, loved one! weep not thus—in joy or pain,
 Oh! trust thy Hamet, we shall meet again!
 Yes, we shall meet! and haply smile at last
 On all the clouds and conflicts of the past.
 On that fair vision teach thy thoughts to dwell,
 Nor deem these mingling tears our last farewell!"
 Is the voice hushed, whose loved expressive tone
 Thrilled to her heart—and doth she weep alone?

Alone she weeps; that hour of parting o'er,
 When shall the pang it leaves be felt no more?
 The gale breathes light, and fans her bosom fair.
 Showering the dewy rose-leaves o'er her hair;
 But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving power
 In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fragrant flower,
 To wake once more that calm, serene delight, [blight—
 The soul's young bloom, which passion'd breath could
 The smiling stillness of life's morning hour,
 Ere yet the day-star burns in all his power.

Meanwhile, through groves of deep luxurious shade,
 In the rich foliage of the South arrayed,
 Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush of day,
 Bends to the Vale of Tombs his pensive way.
 Fair is that scene where palm and cypress wave
 On high o'er many an *Aben-Zurrah's* grave.
 Lonely and fair, its fresh and glittering leaves
 With the young myrtle there the laurel weaves,
 To canopy the dead; nor wanting there
 Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to the air,
 Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of plaintive stream—
 Wild music, soothing to the mourner's dream.
 There sleep the chiefs of old—their combats o'er,
 The voice of glory thrills their hearts no more.
 Unheard by them the awakening clarion blows;
 The sons of war at length in peace repose.
 No martial note is in the gale that sighs
 Where proud their trophied sepulchres arise,
 'Mid founts, and shades, and flowers of brightest bloom—
 As in his native vale some shepherd's tomb.

There, where the trees their thickest foliage spread
 Dark o'er that silent Valley of the Dead;
 Where two fair pillars rise, embowered and lone,
 Not yet with ivy clad, with moss o'ergrown.
 Young Hamet kneels—while thus his vows are poured
 The fearful vows that consecrate his sword:
 —“Spirit of him who first within my mind
 Each loftier aim, each nobler thought enshrined,
 And taught my steps the line of life to trace
 Left by the glorious fathers of my race,
 Hear thou my voice!—for thine is with me still;
 In every dream its tones my bosom thrill,
 In the deep calm of midnight they are near,
 'Midst busy throngs they vibrate on my ear,
 Still murmuring *Vengeance!* Nor in vain the call:
 Few, few shall triumph in a hero's fall!
 Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,
 Within my heart there lives one only aim;

There, till the oppressor for thy fate atone,
 Concentring every thought, it reigns alone.
 I will not weep—revenge, not grief, must be,
 And blood, not tears, an offering meet for thee;
 But the dark hour of stern delight will come,
 And thou shalt triumph, warrior, in thy tomb!

“Thou, too, my brother! thou art passed away,
 Without thy fame, in life’s fair dawning day.
 Son of the brave! of thee no trace will shine
 In the proud annals of thy lofty line;
 Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in the lays
 That hold communion with the after-days.
 Yet, by the wreaths thou mightst have nobly won,
 Hadst thou but lived till rose thy noontide sun—
 By glory lost, I swear! by hope betrayed,
 Thy fate shall amply, dearly be repaid:
 War with thy foes I deem a holy strife,
 And to avenge thy death devote my life.
 —Hear ye my vows, O spirits of the slain!
 Hear, and be with me on the battle-plain!
 At noon, at midnight, still around me bide,
 Rise on my dreams, and tell me how ye died!”

CANTO SECOND.

“Oh! ben provvide il Cielo
 Ch’ Uom per delitti mai lieto non sia.”
 ALFIERI.

I

FAIR land! of chivalry the old domain—
 Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!
 Though not for thee with classic shores to vie
 In charms that fix the enthusiast’s pensive eye;
 Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught
 With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought—
 Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name
 High deeds have raised to mingle with their fame.
 Those scenes are peaceful now: the citron blows,
 Wild spreads the myrtle, where the brave repose.
 No sound of battle swells on Douro’s shore,
 And banners wave on Ebro’s banks no more.
 But who, unmoved, unawed, shall coldly tread
 Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty dead?
 Blest be that soil! where England’s heroes share
 The grave of chiefs, for ages slumbering there;
 Whose names are glorious in romantic lays,
 The wild sweet chronicles of elder days—
 By goatherd lone and rude serrano sung,
 The cypress dells and vine-clad rocks among.

How oft those rocks have echoed to the tale
 Of knights who fell in Roncevalles' vale;
 Of him, renowned in old heroic lore,
 First of the brave, the gallant Campeador;
 Of those, the famed in song, who proudly died
 When Rio Verde rolled a crimson tide;
 Or that high name, by Garcilaso's might
 On the Green Vega won in single fight!

Round fair Granada, deepening from afar,
 O'er that Green Vega rose the din of war.
 At morn or eve no more the sunbeams shone
 O'er a calm scene, in pastoral beauty lone;
 On helm and corslet tremulous they glanced,
 On shield and spear in quivering lustre danced.
 Far as the sight by clear Xenil could rove,
 Tents rose around, and banners glanced above;
 And steeds in gorgeous trappings, armour bright
 With gold, reflecting every tint of light,
 And many a floating plume and blazoned shield
 Diffused romantic splendour o'er the field.
 There swells those sounds that bid the life-blood start
 Swift to the mantling cheek and breathing heart:
 The clang of echoing steel, the charger's neigh
 The measured tread of hosts in war's array;
 And oh! that music, whose exulting breath
 Speaks but of glory on the road to death;
 In whose wild voice there dwells inspiring power
 To wake the stormy joy of danger's hour;
 To nerve the arm, the Spirit to sustain,
 Rouse from despondence, and support in pain;
 And 'midst the deepening tumults of the strife,
 Teach every pulse to thrill with more than life.
 —High o'er the camp, in many a brodered fold,
 Floats to the wind a standard rich with gold:
 There, imaged on the Cross, *His* form appears
 Who drank for man the bitter cup of tears—
His form, whose word recalled the spirit fled,
 Now borne by hosts to guide them o'er the dead!
 O'er yon fair walls to plant the Cross on high,
 Spain hath sent forth her flower of chivalry.
 Fired with that ardour which in days of yore
 To Syrian plains the bold Crusaders bore—
 Elate with lofty hope, with martial zeal,
 They come, the gallant children of Castile—
 The proud, the calmy dignified:—and there
 Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien repair,

* Garcilaso de la Vega derived his surname from vanquishing a Moor in single combat on the Vega of Granada.

And those who guide the fiery steed of war
From yon rich province of the western star.*

But thou, conspicuous' midst the glittering scene,
Stern grandeur stamped upon thy princely mien;
Known by the foreign garb, the silvery vest,
The snow-white charger, and the azure crest,
Young *Aben-Zurrah!* 'midst that host of foes,
Why shines *thy* helm, thy Moorish lance? Disclose!
Why rise the tents where dwell thy kindred train,
O son if *Afric!* 'midst the sons of *Spain?*
Hast thou with these thy nation's fall conspired,
Apostate chief! by hope of vengeance fired?
How art thou changed! still first in every fight,
Hamet the Moor! *Castile's* devoted knight!
There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,
But not the light that shone in days gone by;
There is wild ardour in thy look and tone,
But not the soul's expression once thine own,
Nor aught like peace within. Yet who shall say
What secret thoughts thine inmost heart may sway?
No eye but *Heaven's* may pierce that curtained breast,
Whose joys and griefs alike are unexpressed.

There hath been combat on the tented plain;
The *Vega's* turf is red with many a stain.
And, rent and trampled, banner, crest, and shield
Tell of a fierce and well-contested field.
But all is peaceful now: the west is bright
With the rich splendour of departing light;
Mulbacen's peak,† half lost amidst the sky,
Glow's like a purple evening cloud on high,
And tints, that mock the pencil's art; o'erspread
The eternal snow that crowns *Veleta's* head;
While the warm sunset o'er the landscape throws
A solemn beauty and a deep repose.
Closed are the toils and tumults of the day,
And *Hamet* wanders from the camp away,
In silent musings rapt:—the slaughtered brave
Lie thickly strewn by *Darro's* rippling wave.
Soft falls the dews—but other drops have dyed
The scented shrubs that fringe the river side,
Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life retired,
The wounded sought a shelter—and expired.
Lonely, and lost in thoughts of other days,
By the bright windings of the stream he strays,
Till, more remote from battle's ravaged scene,
All is repose and solitude serene.

* Region of the West is the Arabic significance of *Andalusia*.

† Highest summit of the *Sierra Nevada*.

There 'neath an olive's ancient shade reclined,
 Whose rustling foliage waves in evening's wind,
 The harassed warrior, yielding to the power,
 The mild sweet influence of the tranquil hour,
 Feels by degrees a long-forgotten calm
 Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted balm;
 His wrongs, his woes, his dark and dubious lot,
 The past, the future, are awhile forgot;
 And Hope, scarce owned, yet stealing o'er his breast,
 Half dares to whisper, "Thou shalt yet be blest!"

Such his vague musings—but a plaintive sound
 Breaks on the deep and solemn stillness round;
 A low, half-stifled moan, that seems to rise
 From life and death's contending agonies,
 He turns: Who shares with him that lonely shade?
 —A youthful warrior on his deathbed laid.
 All rent and stained his brodered Moorish vest,
 The corslet shattered on his bleeding breast;
 In his cold hand the broken falchion strained,
 With life's last force convulsively retained;
 His plumage soiled with dust, with crimson dyed,
 And the red lance in fragments by his side:
 He lies forsaken, pillowed on his shield,
 His helmet raised, his lineaments revealed.
 Pale is that quivering lip, and vanished now
 The light once throned on that commanding brow;
 And o'er that fading eye, still upward cast,
 The shades of death are gathering dark and fast.
 Yet, as yon rising moon her light serene
 Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs between,
 Too well can Hamet's conscious heart retrace,
 Though changed thus fearfully, that pallid face,
 Whose every feature to his soul conveys
 Some bitter thought of long-departed days.
 —"Oh! is it thus," he cries, "we meet at last?
 Friend of my soul in years for ever past!
 Hath fate but led me hither to behold
 The last dread struggle, ere that heart is cold—
 Receive thy latest agonising breath.
 And with vain pity soothe the pangs of death!
 Yet let me bear thee hence—while life remains,
 Even though thus feebly circling through thy veins,
 Some healing balm thy sense may still revive;
 Hope is not lost—and Osmyn yet may live!
 And blest were he whose timely care should save
 A heart so noble, even from glory's grave."

Roused by those accents, from his lowly bed
 The dying warrior faintly lifts his head;

O'er Hamet's mien, with vague uncertain gaze,
 His doubtful glance awhile bewildered strays;
 Till by degrees a smile of proud disdain
 Lights up those features late convulsed with pain;
 A quivering radiance flashes from his eye,
 That seems too pure, too full of soul, to die;
 And the mind's grandeur, in its parting hour,
 Looks from that brow with more than wonted power.
 —"Away!" he cries, in accents of command,
 And proudly waves his cold and trembling hand.
 "Apostate, hence! my soul shall soon be free—
 Even now it soars, disdaining aid from thee.
 'Tis not for thee to close the fading eyes
 Of him who faithful to his country dies;
 Not for *thy* hand to raise the drooping head
 Of him who sinks to rest on glory's bed.
 Soon shall these pangs be closed, this conflict o'er,
 And worlds be mine where thou canst never soar.
 Be thine existence with a blighted name,
 Mine the bright death which seals a warrior's fame!"

The glow hath vanished from his cheek—his eye
 Hath lost that beam of parting energy;
 Frozen and fixed it seems—his brow is chill,
 One struggle more—that noble heart is still.
 Departed warrior! were thy mortal throes,
 Were thy last pangs, ere nature found repose,
 More keen, more bitter, than the envenomed dart
 Thy dying words have left in Hamet's heart?
 Thy pangs were transient; *his* shall sleep no more,
 Till life's delirious dream itself be o'er;
 But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy grave
 Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.
 Oh! what a change that little hour hath wrought
 In the high spirit and unbending thought!
 Yet, from himself each keen regret to hide,
 Still Hamet struggles with indignant pride;
 While his soul rises, gathering all his force,
 To meet the fearful conflict with Remorse.
 —To thee, at length, whose artless love hath been
 His own, unchanged, through many a stormy scene—
 Zayda! to thee his heart for refuge flies;
 Thou still art faithful to affection's ties.
 Yes! let the world upbraid, let foes contemn,
 Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly stem;
 And soon thy smile and soft consoling voice
 Shall bid his troubled soul again rejoice.

II.

Within Granada's walls are hearts and hands
 Whose aid in secret Hamet yet commands;

Nor hard the task, at some propitious hour,
 To win his silent way to Zayda's bower,
 When night and peace are brooding o'er the world,
 When mute the clarions, and the banners furled,
 That hour is come—and, o'er the arms he bears,
 A wandering Fakir's garb the chieftain wears:
 Disguise that ill from piercing eye could hide
 The lofty port and glance of martial pride;
 But night befriends. Through path obscure he passed,
 And hailed the lone and lovely scene at last;
 Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the fair alcove,
 The sparkling fountain, and the orange grove:
 Calm in the moonlight smiles the still retreat,
 As formed alone for happy hearts to meet.
 For happy hearts!—not such as hers, who there
 Bends o'er her lute with dark unbraided hair;
 That maid of Zegri race, whose eyes, whose mien
 Tell that despair her bosom's guest hath been.
 So lost in thought she seems, the warrior's feet
 Unheard approach her solitary seat,
 Till his known accents every sense restore—
 “My own loved Zayda! do we meet once more?”
 She starts, she turns—the lightning of surprise,
 Of sudden rapture, flashes from her eyes;
 But that is fleeting—it is past—and now
 Far other meaning darkens o'er her brow:
 Changed is her aspect, and her tone severe—
 “Hence, Aben-Zurrah! death surrounds thee here!”

“Zayda! what means that glance, unlike thine own?
 What mean those words, and that unwonted tone?
 I will not deem thee changed—but in thy face,
 It is not joy, it is not love I trace!
 It was not thus in other days we met:
 Hath time, hath absence, taught thee to forget?
 Oh! speak once more—these rising doubts dispel:
 One smile of tenderness, and all is well!”

“Not thus we met in other days!—oh, no!
 Thou wert not, warrior! then thy country's foe.
 Those days are past—we ne'er shall meet again
 With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as then.
 But *thy* dark soul no gentler feelings sway,
 Leader of hostile bands! away, away!
 Or in thy path of triumph and of power,
 Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted flower.”

“And *thou*, too, changed! thine earthly vow forgot!
 This, this alone, was wanting to my lot!
 Exiled and scorned, of every tie bereft,

Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was left;
 And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering beam,
 Thou! the good angel of each brighter dream,
 Wert all the barrenness of life possessed
 To wake one soft affection in my breast!
 That vision ended, faith hath naught in store
 Of joy or sorrow e'er to touch me more.
 Go, Zegri maid! to scenes of sunshine fly,
 From the stern pupil of adversity!
 And now to hope, to confidence adieu!
 If thou art faithless, who shall e'er be true?"

"Hamet! oh, wrong me not! I too could speak
 Of sorrows. Trace them on my faded cheek,
 In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form,
 That tell the heart hath nursed a canker-worm!
 But words were idle—read my sufferings there,
 Where grief is stamped on all that once was fair.
 —Oh! wert thou still what once I fondly deemed
 All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit seemed,
 My love had been devotion!—till in death
 Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.
 But not the chief who leads a lawless band
 To crush the altars of his native land;
 The apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace
 Hath stained the trophies of a glorious race;
 Not *him* I loved—but one whose youthful name
 Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.
 Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonour's cloud,
 O'er that young name had gathered as a shroud,
 I then had mourned thee proudly, and my grief
 In its own loftiness had found relief;
 A noble sorrow, cherished to the last,
 When every meaner woe had long been past.
 Yes! let affection weep—no common tear
 She sheds when bending o'er a hero's bier.
 Let Nature mourn the dead—a grief like this
 To pang that rend my bosom had been bliss!"

"High-minded maid! the time admits not now
 To plead my cause, to vindicate my vow.
 That vow, too dread, too solemn to recall,
 Hath urged me onward, haply to my fall.
 Yet this believe—no meaner aim inspires
 My soul, no dream of power ambition fires.
 No! every hope of power, of triumph, fled,
 Behold me but the avenger of the dead!
 One whose changed heart no tie, no kindred knows,
 And in thy love alone hath sought repose.
 Zayda! wilt *thou* his stern accuser be?"

False to his country, he is true to thee!
 Oh, hear me yet!—if Hamet e'er was dear,
 By our first vows, our young affection, hear!
 Soon must this fair and royal city fall,
 Soon shall the Cross be planted on her wall;
 Then who can tell what tides of blood may flow,
 While her fanes echo to the shrieks of woe?
 Fly, fly with me, and let me hear thee far
 From horrors thronging in the path of war:
 Fly, and repose in safety—till the blast
 Hath made a desert in its course—and passed!"

"Thou that wilt triumph when the hour is come,
 Hastened by thee to seal thy country's doom,
 With thee from scenes of death shall Zayda fly,
 To peace and safety?—Woman, too, can die!
 And die exulting, though unknown to fame,
 In all the stainless beauty of her name!
 Be mine, unmurmuring, undismayed, to share
 The fate my kindred and my sire must bear.
 And deem thou not my feeble heart shall fail,
 When the clouds gather and the blasts assail,
 Thou hast but known me ere the trying hour
 Called into life my spirit's latent power;
 But I have energies that idly slept,
 While withering o'er my silent woes I wept;
 And now, when hope and happiness are fled,
 My soul is firm—for what remains to dread?
 Who shall have power to suffer and to bear
 If strength and courage dwell not with Despair?"

"Hamet, farewell!—retrace thy path again,
 To join thy brethren on the tented plain.
 There wave and wood in mingling murmurs tell
 How, in far other cause, thy father fell!
 Yes! on that soil hath Glory's footsteps been,
 Names unforgotten consecrate the scene!
 Dwell not the souls of heroes round thee there,
 Whose voices call thee in the whispering air
 Unheard, in vain they call—their fallen son
 Hath stained the name those mighty spirits won,
 And to the hatred of the brave and free
 Bequeathed his own through ages yet to be!"

Still as she spoke, the enthusiast's kindling eye
 Was lighted up with inborn majesty,
 While her fair form and youthful features caught
 All the proud grandeur of heroic thought,
 Severely beauteous. Awe-struck and amazed,
 In silent trance awhile the warrior gazed,
 As on some lofty vision—for she seemed

One all-inspired—each look with glory beamed,
 While brightly bursting through its clouds of woes,
 Her soul at once in all its light arose.
 Oh! ne'er had Hamet deemed there dwelt enshrined
 In form so fragile that unconquered mind;
 And fixed, as by some high enchantment, there
 He stood—till wonder yielded to despair.

“The dream is vanished—daughter of my foes!
 Reft of each hope the lonely wanderer goes.
 Thy words have pierced his soul; yet deem thou not
 Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er forgot!
 Oh! formed for happier love, heroic maid!
 In grief sublime, in danger undismayed,
 Farewell, and be thou blest!—all words were vain
 From him who ne'er may view that form again—
 Him, whose sole thought resembling bliss must be,
 He *hath* been loved, once fondly loved by thee!”

And is the warrior gone!—doth Zayda hear
 His parting footstep, and without a tear?
 Thou weep'st not, lofty maid!—yet who can tell
 What secret pangs within thy heart may dwell?
 They feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,
 Who best each feeling's agony control.
 Yes! we may judge the measure of the grief
 Which finds in misery's eloquence relief;
 But who shall pierce those depths of silent woe
 Whence breathes no language, whence no tears may flow,
 The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,
 Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved?
 He, He alone, the inmost heart who knows,
 Views all its weakness, pities all its throes:
 He who hath mercy when mankind contemn,
 Beholding anguish—all unknown to them.

III.

Fair City! thou that 'midst thy stately fanes
 And gilded minarets, towering o'er the plains,
 In Eastern grandeur proudly dost arise
 Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies;
 While streams that bear thee treasures in their wave,*
 The citron-groves and myrtle-gardens lave:
 Mourn, for thy doom is fixed—the days of fear,
 Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness are near!
 Within, around thee, are the trophied graves
 Of kings and chiefs—their children shall be slaves.

* Granada stands upon two hills, separated by the Darro. The Xenil runs under the walls. The Darro is said to carry with its streams small particles of gold, and the Xenil of silver.

Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,
 But there a race that reared them not shall dwell :
 For 'midst thy councils discord still presides,
 Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch guides—
 Last of a line whose regal spirit flown
 Hath to her offspring but bequeathed a throne,
 Without one generous thought, or feeling high,
 To teach his soul how kings should live and die

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,
 The hearts of warriors echo to its call.
 Whose are those tones, with power electric fraught
 To reach the source of pure exalted thought ?
 —See on a fortress tower, with beckoning hand,
 A form, majestic as a prophet, stand !
 His mien is all impassioned, and his eye
 Filled with a light whose fountain is on high ;
 Wild on the gale his silvery tresses flow,
 And inspiration beams upon his brow ;
 While, thronging round him, breathless thousands gaze
 As on some mighty seer of elder days.

“Saw ye the banners of Castile displayed,
 The helmets glittering, and the line arrayed ?
 Heard ye the march of steel-clad hosts ?” he cries ;
 “Children of conquerors ! in your strength arise !
 O high-born tribes ! O names unstained by fear !
 Azarques, Zegris, Almoradis,* hear !
 Be every feud forgotten, and your hands
 Dyed with no blood but that of hostile bands.
 Wake, princes of the land ! the hour is come,
 And the red sabre must decide your doom.
 Were is that spirit which prevailed of yore,
 When Tarik's band o'erspread the western shore ?
 When the long combat raged on Xeres' plain,
 And Afric's teebirt† swelled through yielding Spain ?
 Is the lance broken, is the shield decayed,
 The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart dismayed ?
 Shall no high spirit of ascendant worth
 Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth ?
 To guard the regions where our fathers' blood
 Hath bathed each plain, and mingled with each flood ;
 Where long their dust hath blended with the soil
 Won by their swords, made fertile by their toil ?
 —O ye Sierras of eternal snow !
 Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes flow !
 Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain ! ye saw their might
 In many a fierce and unforgotten fight—

* Tribes of the Moors of Granada, all of high distinction.

† The shout of onset used by the Saracens in battle.

Shall ye behold their lost degenerate race
 Dwell 'midst your scenes in fetters and disgrace,
 With each memorial of the past around,
 Each mighty monument of days renowned?
 May this indignant heart ere then be cold,
 This frame be gathered to its kindred mould,
 And the last life-drop circling through my veins
 Have tinged a soil untainted yet by chains!
 —And yet one struggle ere our doom is sealed,
 One mighty effort, one deciding field!
 If vain each hope, we still have choice to be
 In life the fettered, or in death the free!”

Still while he speaks each gallant heart beats high,
 And ardour flashes from each kindling eye;
 Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired, have caught
 The glow of lofty hope and daring thought;
 And all is hushed around—as every sense
 Dwelt on the tones of that wild eloquence.
 But when his voice had ceased, the impetuous cry
 Of eager thousands burst at once on high;
 Rampart, and rock, and fortress rung around,
 And fair Alhambra's inmost halls resound.
 “Lead us, O chieftain! lead us to the strife—
 To fame in death, or liberty in life!”
 —O zeal of noble hearts! in vain displayed;
 O chainless valour! roused too late to aid!
 Now, while the burning spirit of the brave
 Is roused to energies that yet might save—
 Even now, enthusiasts! while ye rush to claim
 Your glorious trial on the field of fame,
 Your king hath yielded! Valour's dream is o'er;
 Power, wealth, and freedom are your own no more;
 And for your children's portion, but remains
 That bitter heritage—the stranger's chains.

CANTO THIRD.

“Fermossi ai fin il cor che balzo tanto.”

HEROES of elder days! untaught to yield,
 Who bled for Spain on many an ancient field;
 Ye that around the Oaken Cross* of yore
 Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's shore,
 And with your spirit, ne'er to be subdued,
 Hallowed the wild Cantabrian solitude!
 Rejoice!—for Spain, arising in her strength,
 Hath burst the remnant of their yoke at length;

* The oaken cross, carried by Pelagius in battle.

And they, in turn, the cup of woe must drain,
 And bathe their fetters with their tears in vain.
 And thou, the warrior born in happy hour,*
 Valencia's lord, whose name alone was power,
 Theme of a thousand songs in days gone by,
 Conqueror of kings! exult, O Cid, on high!
 For still 'twas thine to guard thy country's weal,
 In life, in death, the watcher for Castile!
 Thou, in that hour when Mauritania's bands
 Rushed from their palmy groves and burning lands,
 Even in the realm of spirits didst retain,
 A patriot's vigilance, remembering Spain!
 Then at deep midnight rose the mighty sound,
 By Leon heard in shuddering awe profound,
 As through her echoing streets, in dread array,
 Being once mortal held their viewless way—
 Voices from worlds we know not—and the tread
 Of marching hosts, the armies of the dead,
 Thou and thy buried chieftains. From the grave
 Then did thy summons rouse a king to save,
 And join thy warriors with unearthly might
 To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.

Those days are past—the Crescent on thy shore,
 O Realm of Evening!† sets, to rise no more.
 What banner streams afar from Vela's tower?
 The Cross, bright ensign of Iberia's power!
 What the glad shout of each exulting voice?
 "Castile and Aragon! rejoice, rejoice!"
 Yielding free entrance to victorious foes,
 The Moorish city sees her gates unclose,
 And Spain's proud host, with pennon, shield, and lance,
 Through her long streets in knightly garb advance.
 —Oh, ne'er in lofty dreams hath Fancy's eye
 Dwelt on a scene of statelier pageantry,
 At joust or tourney, theme of poet's lore,
 High masque or solemn festival of yore.
 The gilded cupolas, that proudly rise
 O'erarched by cloudless and cerulean skies;
 Tall minarets, shining mosques, barbaric towers,
 Fountains and palaces, and cypress bowers:
 And they, the splendid and triumphant throng,
 With helmets glittering as they move along.
 With brodered scarf and gem-bestudded mail,
 And graceful plumage streaming on the gale,

* In Southey's "Chronicles of the Cid," Ruy Diaz is frequently so styled.

† The name of Andalusia, the *Region of Evening*, or of the *West*, was applied by the Arabs to the whole Peninsula, as well as to the Southern Province.

Shields gold-embossed, and pennons floating far,
 And all the gorgeous blazoury of war,
 All brightened by the rich transparent hues
 That southern suns o'er heaven and earth diffuse—
 Blend in one scene of glory, formed to throw
 O'er memory's page a never-fading glow.
 And there, too, foremost 'midst the conquering brave,
 Your azure plumes, O Aben-Zurrahs! wave.
 There Hamet moves; the chief whose lofty port
 Seems nor reproach to shun, nor praise to court;
 Calm, stern, collected—yet within his breast
 Is there no pang, no struggle unconfessed?
 If such there be, it still must dwell unseen,
 Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn, yet exulting sound,
 Of the deep anthem floating far around?
 The choral voices, to the skies that raise
 The full majestic harmony of praise?
 Lo! where, surrounded by their princely train,
 They come, the sovereigns of rejoicing Spain,
 Borne on their trophied car—lo! bursting thence
 A blaze of chivalrous magnificence!
 Onward their slow and stately course they bend
 To where the Alhambra's ancient towers ascend,
 Reared and adorned by Moorish kings of yore,
 Whose lost descendants there shall dwell no more,
 —They reach those towers: irregularly vast,
 And rude they seem, in mould barbaric cast.
 They enter: to their wondering sight is given
 A Genii palace—an Arabian heaven!
 A scene by magic raised, so strange, so fair,
 Its forms and colour seem alike of air.
 Here, by sweet orange-boughs half shaded o'er,
 The deep clear bath reveals its marble floor,
 Its margin fringed with flowers, whose glowing hues,
 The calm transparence of its waves suffuse.
 There round the court, where Moorish arches bend,
 Aërial columns, richly decked, ascend;
 Unlike the models of each classic race,
 Of Doric grandeur or Corinthian grace,
 But answering well each vision that portrays
 Arabian splendour to the poet's gaze.
 Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all—a mingling glow
 Of rainbow-tints, above, around, below;
 Bright streaming from the many-tinctured veins
 Of precious marble, and the vivid stains
 Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,
 In gay festoons and fairy knots displayed.
 On through the enchanted realm, that only seems

Meet for the radiant creatures of our dreams,
 The royal conquerors pass—while still their sight
 On some new wonder dwells with fresh delight.
 Here the eye roves through slender colonnades,
 O'er bowery terraces and myrtle shades;
 Dark olive-woods beyond, and far on high
 The vast Sierra mingling with the sky.
 There, scattering far around their diamond spray,
 Clear streams from founts of alabaster play,
 Through pillar'd halls, where exquisitely wrought,
 Rich arabesques, with glittering foliage fraught,
 Surmount each fretted arch, and lend the scene
 A wild, romantic, Oriental mien:
 While many a verse, from Eastern bards of old,
 Borders the walls in characters of gold.
 Here Moslem luxury, in her own domain,
 Hath held for ages her voluptuous reign,
 'Midst gorgeous domes, where soon shall silence brood,
 And all be lone—a splendid solitude.
 Now wake their echoes to a thousand songs,
 From mingling voices of exulting throngs;
 Tambour, and flute, and atabal* are there,
 And joyous clarions pealing on the air;
 While every hall resounds, "Granada won!
 Granada! for Castile and Aragon!"

II.

'Tis night. From dome and tower, in dazzling maze,
 The festal lamps innumerable blaze;
 Through long arcades their quivering lustre gleams,
 From every lattice tremulously streams,
 'Midst orange gardens plays on fount and rill,
 And gilds the waves of Darro and Xenil.
 Red flame the torches on each minaret's height,
 And shines each street an avenue of light;
 And midnight feasts are held and music's voice
 Through the long night still summons to rejoice.
 Yet there, while all would seem to heedless eye
 One blaze of pomp, one burst of revelry,
 Are hearts unsoothed by those delusive hours,
 Galled by the chain, though decked awhile with flowers;
 Stern passions working in the indignant breast,
 Deep pangs untold, high feelings unexpressed,
 Heroic spirits unsubmitting yet—
 Vengeance, and keen remorse, and vain regret.

From yon proud height whose olive-shaded brow
 Commands the wide luxuriant plains below

* Atabal, a kind of Moorish drum.

Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely scene,
 Anguish and shame contending in his mien ?
 He who, of heroes and of kings the son,
 Hath lived to lose whate'er his fathers won :
 Whose doubts and fears his people's fate hath sealed,
 Wavering alike in council and in field ;
 Weak timid ruler of the wise and brave,
 Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.
 Far from these vine-clad hills, and azure skies,
 To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies ;
 Yet pauses on his way to weep in vain
 O'er all he never must behold again.
 Fair spreads the scene around—for him *too* fair ;
 Each glowing charm but deepens his despair.
 The Vega's meads, the city's glittering spires,
 The old majestic palace of his sires ;
 The gay pavilions and retired alcoves,
 Bosomed in citron and pomegranate groves ;
 Tower-crested rocks, and streams that wind in light,
 All in one moment bursting on his sight,
 Speak to his soul of glory's vanished years,
 And wake the source of unavailing tears.
 — Weep'st thou, Abdallah ! Thou dost well to weep,
 O feeble heart ! o'er all thou couldst not keep !
 Well do a woman's tears befit the eye
 Of him who knew not as a man to die.

The gale sighs mournfully through Zayda's bower ;
 The hand is gone that nursed each infant flower.
 No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,
 Mute are the echoes of their marble walls ;
 No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,
 But all is hushed, and void and desolate.
 There, through each tower and solitary shade,
 In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid.
 Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,
 Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown.
 And through the scenes she loved, unheeded flows
 The stream whose music lulled her to repose.
 — But oh ! to him whose self-accusing thought
 Whispers 'twas he that desolation wrought ;
 He who his country and his faith betrayed,
 And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid ;
 A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,
 Each wave low rippling tells a mournful tale ;
 And as the shrubs untended, unconfined,
 In wild exuberance rustle to the wind,
 Each leaf hath language to his startled sense
 And seems to murmur—“ Thou has driven her hence !
 And well he feels to trace her flight were vain—

Where hath lost love been once recalled again?
 In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,
 His name can rouse no feeling now but scorn.

O bitter hour! when first the shuddering heart
 Wakes to behold the void within—and start
 To feel its own abandonment, and brood
 O'er the chill bosom's depths of solitude!
 The stormy passions that in Hamet's breast
 Have swayed so long, so fiercely, are at rest.
 The avenger's task is closed:—he finds too late
 It hath not changed his feelings, but his fate.
 His was a lofty spirit, turned aside
 From its bright path by woes, and wrongs, and pride,
 And onward in its new tumultuous course,
 Borne with too rapid and intense a force
 To pause one moment in the dread career,
 And ask if such could be its native sphere.
 Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,
 Their fears and hopes excite his soul no more;
 The feverish energies of passion close,
 And his heart sinks in desolate repose,
 Turns sickening from the world, yet shrinks not less
 From its own deep and utter loneliness.

III.

There is a sound of voices on the air,
 A flash of armour to the sunbeam's glare,
 'Midst the wild Alpuxarrus. There on high,
 Where mountain snows are mingling with the sky,
 A few brave tribes, with spirits yet unbroke,
 Have fled indignant from the Spaniard's yoke.
 O ye dread scenes! where Nature dwells alone,
 Severely glorious on her craggy throne;
 Ye citadels of rock! gigantic forms
 Veiled by the mists and girdled by the storms—
 Ravines, and glens, and deep resounding caves!
 That hold communion with the torrent waves;
 And ye, the unstained and everlasting snows!
 That dwell above in bright and still repose;
 To you, in every clime, in every age,
 Far from the tyrant's or the conqueror's rage,
 Hath Freedom led her sons—untired to keep
 Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.
 She, like the mountain eagle, still delights
 To gaze exulting from unconquered heights,
 And build her eyrie in defiance proud,
 To dare the wind, and mingle with the cloud.

Now her deep voice, the soul's awakener, swells,
 Wild Alpuxarras! through your inmost bells.

There, the dark glens and lonely rocks among,
 As at the clarion's call, her children throng,
 She with enduring strength has nerved each frame,
 And made each heart the temple of her flame,
 Her own resisting spirit, which shall glow
 Unquenchably, surviving all below.
 There high-born maids, that moved upon the earth
 More like bright creatures of ærial birth,
 Nurslings of palaces, have fled to share
 The fate of brothers and of sires; to bear,
 All undismayed, privation and distress,
 And smile, the roses of the wilderness:
 And mothers with their infants, there to dwell
 In the deep forest or the cavern cell,
 And rear their offspring 'midst the rocks to be,
 If now no more the mighty, still the free.
 And midst that band are veterans, o'er whose head
 Sorrows and years their mingled snows have shed.
 They saw thy glory, they have wept thy fall,
 O royal city! and the wreck of all
 They loved and hallowed most:—doth aught remain
 For these to prove of happiness or pain?
 Life's cup is drained—earth fades before their eye:
 Their task is closing—they have but to die.
 Ask ye why fled they hither?—that their doom
 Might be, to sink unfettered to the tomb.
 And youth, in all its pride of strength, is there,
 And buoyancy of spirit, formed to dare
 And suffer all things—fallen on evil days,
 Yet darting o'er the world an ardent gaze,
 As on the arena where its powers may find
 Full scope to strive for glory with mankind.
 Such are the tenants of the mountain-hold,
 The high in heart, unconquered, uncontrolled,
 By day, the huntsman of the wild—by night
 Unwearied guardians of the watch-fire's light,
 They from their bleak majestic home have caught
 A sterner tone of unsubmitting thought,
 While all around them bids the soul arise
 To blend with Nature's dread sublimities.

But these are lofty dreams, and must not be
 Where tyranny is near. The bended knee,
 The eye whose glance no inborn grandeur fires,
 And the tamed heart, are tributes she requires;
 Nor must the dwellers of the rock look down
 On regal conquerors, and defy their frown.
 What warrior-band is toiling to explore
 The mountain-pass, with pine-wood shadowed o'er,
 Startling with martial sounds each rude recess,

Where the deep echo slept in loneliness ?
These are the sons of Spain ! - Your foes are near,
O exiles of the wild Sierra ! hear !
Hear ! wake ! arise ! and from your inmost caves
Pour like the torrent in its might of waves !

Who leads the invaders on ? His features bear
The deep-worn traces of a calm despair ;
Yet his dark brow is haughty, and his eye
Speaks of a soul that asks not sympathy.
'Tis he ! 'tis he again ! the apostate chief ;
He comes in all the sternness of his grief.
He comes, but changed in heart, no more to wield
Falchions for proud Castile in battle-field :
Against his country's children though he leads
Castilian bands again to hostile deeds,
His hope is but from ceaseless pangs to fly,
To rush upon the Moslem spears, and die.
So shall remorse and love the heart release,
Which dares not dream of joy, but sighs for peace.
—The mountain-echoes are awake ! A sound
Of strife is ringing through the rocks around—
Within the steep defile that winds between
Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark terrific scene,
Where Moorish exile and Castilian knight
Are wildly mingling in the serried fight.
Red flows the foaming streamlet of the glen,
Whose bright transparency ne'er was stained till then ;
While swell the war-note and the clash of spears
To the bleak dwellings of the mountaineers,
Where thy sad daughters, lost Granada ! wait
In dread suspense the tidings of their fate.
But he—whose spirit, panting for its rest,
Would fain each sword concentrate in his breast—
Who, where a spear is pointed, or a lance
Aimed at another's breast, would still advance—
Courts death in vain ; each weapon glances by,
As if for him 'twere bliss too great to die.
Yes, Aben-Zurrah ! there are deeper woes
Reserved for thee ere nature's last repose ;
Thou know'st not yet what vengeance fate can wreak,
Nor all the heart can suffer ere it break.
Doubtful and long the strife, and bravely fell
The sons of battle in that narrow dell ;
Youth in its light of beauty there hath passed,
And age, the weary, found repose at last ;
Till, few and faint, the Moslem tribes recoil,
Borne down by numbers, and o'erpowered by toil.
Dispersed, disheartened, through the pass they fly,
Pierce the deep wood, or mount the cliff on high ;

While Hamet's band in wonder gaze, nor dare
Track o'er their dizzy path the footsteps of despair.

Yet he, to whom each danger hath become
A dark delight, and every wild a home,
Still urges onward—undismayed to tread
Where life's fond lovers would recoil with dread.
But fear is for the happy. *They* may shrink
From the steep precipice or torrent's brink—
They to whom earth is paradise: their doom
Lends no stern courage to approach the tomb.
Not such his lot, who, schooled by fate severe,
Were but too blest if aught remained to fear,
Up the rude crags, whose giant masses throw
Eternal shadows o'er the glen below;
And by the fall, whose many-tinctured spray
Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,
He holds his venturous track:—supported now
By some o'erhanging pine or ilex bough;
Now by some jutting stone, that seems to dwell
Half in mid-air, as balanced by a spell.
Now hath his footstep gained the summit's head,
A level span, with emerald verdure spread,
A fairy circle. There the heath-flowers rise,
And the rock-rose unnoticed blooms and dies;
And brightly plays the stream, ere yet its tide
In foam and thunder cleave the mountain-side.
But all is wild beyond—and Hamet's eye
Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity.
That dell beneath, where even at noon of day
Earth's chartered guest, the sunbeam, scarce can stray;
Around, untrodden woods; and far above,
Where mortal footsteps ne'er may hope to rove,
Bare granite cliffs, whose fixed inherent dyes
Rival the tints that float o'er summer skies:
And the pure glittering snow-realm, yet more high,
That seems a part of heaven's eternity.

There is no track of man where Hamet stands,
Pathless the scene as Lybia's desert sands;
Yet on the calm, still air a sound is heard
Of distant voices, and the gathering-word
Of Islam's tribes, now faint and fainter grown,
Now but the lingering echo of a tone.
That sound, whose cadence dies upon his ear,
He follows, reckless if his bands are near.
On by the rushing stream his way he bends,
And through the mountain's forest-zone ascends
Piercing the still and solitary shades
Of ancient pine and dark luxuriant glades,

Eternal twilight's reign. Those mazes past,
The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes at last,
And the lone wanderer now hath reached the source
Whence the wave gushes, foaming on its course.
But there he pauses—for the lonely scene
Towers in such dread magnificence of mien,
And, mingled oft with some wild eagle's cry,
From rock-built eyrie rushing to the sky,
So deep the solemn and majestic sound
Of forests, and of waters murmuring round—
That, rapt in wondering awe, his heart forgets
Its fleeting struggles and its vain regrets.
—What earthly feelings unabashed can dwell
In Nature's mighty presence?—'midst the swell
Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,
And frown of rocks, and pomp of waving woods?
These their own grandeur on the soul impress,
And bid each passion feel its nothingness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a lofty cave
Rears its broad arch beside the rushing wave
Shadowed by giant oaks, and rude and lone,
It seems the temple of some power unknown,
Where earthly being may not dare intrude
To pierce the secrets of the solitude.
Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail
Is rising, wild and solemn, on the gale.
Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet! at the tone?
Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's moan—
As some loved sound that long from earth hath fled,
The unforgotten accents of the dead?
Even thus it rose—and springing from his trance
His eager footsteps to the sound advance.
He mounts the cliffs, he gains the cavern floor;
Its dark-green moss with blood is sprinkled o'er:
He rushes on—and lo! where Zayda rends
Her locks, as o'er her slaughtered sire she bends,
Lost in despair. Yet, as a step draws nigh,
Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,
She lifts her head, and all-subdued by grief,
Views with a wild sad smile the once-loved chief:
While rove her thoughts unconscious of the past,
And every woe forgetting—but the last.

"Com'st thou to weep with me?—for I am left
Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.
Lone lies the warrior on his blood-stained bier;
His child may call, but he no more shall hear.
He sleeps—but never shall those eyes uncloze:
'Twas not my voice that lulled him to repose;

Nor can it break his slumbers. Dost thou mourn?
 And is thy heart, like mine, with anguish torn?
 Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall know,
 That o'er his grave my tears with Hamet's flow!"

But scarce her voice had breathed that well-known
 name
 When, swiftly rushing o'er her spirit, came
 Each dark remembrance—by affliction's power
 Awhile effaced in that o'erwhelming hour,
 To wake with tenfold strength. 'Twas then her eye
 Resumed its light, her mien its majesty,
 And o'er her wasted cheek a burning glow
 Spreads, while her lips' indignant accents flow.

"Away! I dream! Oh, how hath sorrow's might
 Bowed down my soul, and quenched its native light—
 That I should thus forget! and bid *thy* tear
 With mine be mingled o'er a father's bier!
 Did he not perish haply by thy hand,
 In the last combat, with thy ruthless band?
 The morn beheld that conflict of despair:—
 'Twas then he fell—he fell!—and thou wert there!
 Thou! who thy country's children hast pursued
 To their last refuge 'midst these mountains rude.
 Was it for this I loved thee? Thou hast taught
 My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought!
 'Twill soon be past. I bow to Heaven's decree,
 Which bade each pang be ministered by thee."

"I had not deemed that aught remained below
 For me to prove of yet untasted woe;
 But thus to meet thee, Zayda, can impart
 One more, one keener agony of heart.
 Oh hear me yet!—I would have died to save
 My foe, but still thy father, from the grave;
 But in the fierce confusion of the strife,
 In my own stern despair and scorn of life,
 Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught,
 Save that to perish there in vain I sought.
 —And let me share thy sorrows! Hadst thou known
 All I have felt in silence and alone,
 Even *thou* mightst then relent, and deem, at last,
 A grief like mine might expiate all the past.
 But oh! for thee, the loved and precious flower,
 So fondly reared in luxury's guarded bower,
 From every danger, every storm secured,
 How hast *thou* suffered! what hast thou endured
 Daughter of palaces! and can it be
 That this bleak desert is a home for thee!

These rocks *thy* dwelling; thou who shouldst have known
Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone!
Oh, yet forgive!—be all my guilt forgot,
Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot!”

“That lot is fixed—’twere fruitless to repine:
Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.
I may forgive; but not at will the heart
Can bid its dark remembrances depart.
No, Hamet, no!—too deeply are these traced;
Yet the hour comes when all shall be effaced!
Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda keep
Her lonely vigils o’er the grave to weep.
Even now, prophetic of my early doom,
Speaks to my soul a prestage of the tomb!
And ne’er in vain did hopeless mourner feel
That deep foreboding o’er the bosom steal.
Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side
Of him for whom I lived, and would have died:
Till then, one thought shall soothe my orphan lot
In pain and peril—I forsook him not.
—And now, farewell! Behold the summer day
Is passing like the dreams of life away.
Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw nigh,
With the last rites his bier to sanctify.
Oh, yet in time, away!—’twere not my prayer
Could move their hearts a foe like thee to spare!
This hour they come—and dost thou scorn to fly?
Save me that one last pang to see thee die!”

Even while she speaks is heard their echoing tread;
Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.
They reach the cave—they enter: slow their pace,
And calm, deep sadness marks each mourner’s face.
And all is hushed, till he who seems to wait
In silent stern devotedness his fate,
Hath met their glance—then grief to fury turns;
Each mien is changed, each eye indignant burns,
And voices rise, and swords have left their sheath;
Blood must atone for blood, and death for death!
They close around him: lofty still his mien,
His cheek unaltered, and his brow serene.
Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda’s cry;
Fruitless her prayer, unmarked her agony.
But as his foremost foes their weapons bend
Against the life he seeks not to defend,
Wildly she darts between—each feeling past,
Save strong affection, which prevails at last.
Oh, not in vain its daring!—for the blow
Aimed at his heart hath bade her life-blood flow;

And she hath sunk a martyr on the breast
 Where in that hour her head may calmly rest—
 For he is saved! Behold the Zegri band,
 Pale with dismay and grief, around her stand :
 While, every thought of hate and vengeance o'er,
 They weep for her who soon shall weep no more.
 She, she alone is calm :—a fading smile,
 Like sunset, passes o'er her cheek the while,
 And in her eye, ere yet it closes, dwell
 Those last faint rays, the parting soul's farewell.
 —“Now is the conflict past ; and I have proved
 How well, how deeply thou hast been beloved!
 Yes! in an hour like this 'twere vain to hide
 The heart so long and so severely tried:
 Still to thy name that heart hath fondly thrilled,
 But sterner duties called—and were fulfilled.
 And I am blest! to every holier tie
 My life was faithful,—and for thee I die!
 Nor shall the love so purified be vain;
 Severed on earth, we yet shall meet again.
 Farewell!—And ye, at Zayda's dying prayer,
 Spare him, my kindred tribe! forgive and spare!
 Oh! be his guilt forgotten in his woes,
 While I beside my sire in peace repose.”

Now fades her cheek, her voice hath sunk, and death
 Sits in her eye and struggles in her breath.
 One pang—'tis past: her task on earth is done,
 And the pure spirit to its rest hath flown.
 But he for whom she died—oh! who may paint
 The grief to which all other woes were faint?
 There is no power in language to impart
 The deeper pangs, the ordeals of the heart,
 By the dread Searcher of the soul surveyed:
 These have no words—nor are by words portrayed.

IV.

A dirge is rising on the mountain air,
 Whose fitful swells in plaintive murmurs bear
 Far o'er the Alpuxarras. Wild its tone,
 And rocks and caverns echo—*Thou art gone.*

“Daughter of heroes! thou art gone
 To share his tomb who gave thee birth:
 Peace to the lovely spirit flown!
 It was not formed for earth.
 Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,
 Which brightly passed and left no trace.

“But calmly sleep!—for thou art free,
 And hands unchained thy tomb shall raise.

Sleep! they are closed at length for thee,
Life's few and evil days!
Nor shalt thou watch, with tearful eye,
The lingering death of liberty.

"Flower of the Desert! thou thy bloom
Didst early to the storm resign:
We bear it still—and dark *their* doom,
We cannot weep for thine!
For us, whose every hope is fled,
The time is past to mourn the dead.

"The days have been, when o'er thy bier
Far other strains than these had flowed;
Now, as a home from grief and fear,
We hail thy dark abode!
We, who but linger to bequeath
Our sons the choice of chains or death.

"Thou art with those, the free, the brave,
The mighty of departed years;
And for the slumberers of the grave
Our fate hath left no tears.
Thou loved and lost! to weep were vain
For thee, who ne'er shalt weep again.

"Have we not seen despoiled by foes
The land our fathers won of yore?
And is there yet a pang for those
Who gaze on *this* no more?
Oh! that like them 'twere ours to rest!
Daughter of heroes! thou art blest."

A few short years, and in the lonely cave
Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is Hamet's grave,
Severed in life, united in the tomb—
Such, of the hearts that loved so well, the doom.
Their dirge, of woods and waves the eternal moan;
Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks alone.
And oft beside the midnight watch-fire's blaze
Amidst those rocks, in long-departed days
(When Freedom fled, to hold, sequestered there,
The stern and lofty councils of despair),
Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the wild,
Who the lone hours with mournful strains beguiled,
Hath taught his mountain-home the tale of those
Who thus have suffered, and who thus repose.

1819.

E*

THE WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS.

[In the reign of Otho III., Emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul Crescentius, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the Popes. The Consul was besieged by Otho, in the Mole of Hadrian, which long afterwards continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations; and, pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans. Stephanina, his widow, concealing her affliction and her resentment for the insults to which she had been exposed, secretly resolved to revenge her husband and herself. On the return of Otho from a pilgrimage to Mount Gargano, which perhaps a feeling of remorse had induced him to undertake, she found means to be introduced to him and to gain his confidence; and a poison administered by her was soon afterwards the cause of his painful death.]

PART FIRST.

I.

'MIDST Tivoli's luxuriant glades,
Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,
Where dwelt in days departed long
The sons of battle and of song,
No tree, no shrub, its foliage rears
But o'er the wrecks of other years,
Temples and domes, which long have been
The soil of that enchanted scene.
There the wild fig-tree and the vine
O'er Hadrian's mouldering Villa twine;
The cypress, in funereal grace,
Usurps the vanished columns place;
O'er fallen shrine and ruined frieze
The wallflower rustles in the breeze;
Acanthus-leaves the marble hide
They once adorned in sculptured pride;
And Nature hath resumed her throne
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,
Pride of Ilissus and of Nile,
To Anio's banks the image lent
Of each imperial monument ?*
Now Athens weeps her shattered fanes,
Thy temples, Egypt! strew thy plains;
And the proud fabrics Hadrian reared
From Tiber's vale have disappeared.

* The gardens and buildings of Hadrian's Villa were copies of the most celebrated scenes and edifices in his dominions.

We need no prescient sibyl there
 The doom of grandeur to declare.
 Each stone, where weeds and ivy climb,
 Reveals some oracle of Time ;
 Each relic utters Fate's decree—
 The future as the past shall be.
 Halls of the dead! in Tiber's vale,
 Who now shall tell your lofty tale—
 Who trace the high patrician's dome,
 The bard's retreat, the hero's home—
 When moss-clad wrecks alone record
 There dwelt the world's departed lord,
 In scenes where vendure's rich array
 Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,
 And sunshine on each glowing hill
 'Midst ruins finds a dwelling still!
 Sunk is thy palace—but thy Tomb,
 Hadrian, hath shared a prouder doom.
 Though vanished with the days of old
 Its pillars of Corinthian mould ;
 Though the fair forms of sculpture wrought
 Each bodying some immortal thought,
 Which o'er that temple of the dead
 Serene but solemn beauty shed,
 Have found, like Glory's self, a grave
 In Time's abyss or Tiber's wave ;
 Yet dreams more lofty and more fair
 Than Art's bold hand hath imaged e'er—
 High thoughts of many a mighty mind
 Expanding when all else declined,
 In twilight years, when only they
 Recalled the radiance passed away,
 Have made that ancient pile their home,
 Fortress of Freedom and of Rome.

There he who strove in evil days
 Again to kindle Glory's rays,
 Whose spirit sought a path of light
 For those dim ages far too bright—
 Crescentius—long maintained the strife
 Which closed but with its martyr's life,
 And left the imperial tomb a name,
 A heritage of holier fame.
 There closed De Brescia's* mission high,
 From thence the patriot came to die,
 And thou, whose Roman soul the last
 Spoke with the voice of ages past,

* Arnold de Brescia, after his unavailing efforts to restore the ancient Roman republic, was put to death by Hadrian IV.

Whose thoughts so long from earth had fled
 To mingle with the glorious dead,
 That 'midst the world's degenerate race
 They vainly sought a dwelling-place,
 Within that house of death didst brood
 O'er visions to thy ruin wooed.
 Yet, worthier of a brighter lot,
 Rienzi! be thy faults forgot.
 For thou, when all around thee lay
 Chained in the slumbers of decay—
 So sunk each heart, that mortal eye
 Had scarce a *tear* for liberty—
 Alone, amidst the darkness there,
 Couldst gaze on Rome—yet not despair!

II.

'Tis morn—and Nature's richest dyes
 Are floating o'er Italian skies;
 Tints of transparent lustre shine
 Along the snow-clad Apennine;
 The clouds have left Soracte's height,
 And yellow Tiber winds in light,
 Where tombs and fallen fauces have strewed
 The wide Campagna's solitude.
 'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace
 Those relics of a vanished race;
 Yet, o'er the ravaged path of Time
 Such glory sheds that brilliant clime—
 Where Nature still, though empires fall,
 Holds her triumphant festival—
 Even desolation wears a smile,
 Where skies and sunbeams laugh the while;
 And heaven's own light, earth's richest bloom,
 Arrays the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent tower
 Breathes the pure freshness of the hour;
 She, whose rich flow of raven hair
 Streams wildly on the morning air,
 Heeds not how fair the scene below,
 Robed in Italia's brightest glow.
 Though throned 'midst Latium's classic plains,
 The Eternal City's towers and fanes,
 And they, the Pleiades of earth,
 The seven proud hills of Empire's birth,
 Lie spread beneath; not now her glance
 Roves o'er that vast sublime expanse.
 Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis thrown
 On Hadrian's massy tomb alone.
 There, from the storm when Freedom fled,

His faithful few Crescentius led ;
 While she, his anxious bride, who now
 Bends o'er the scene her youthful brow,
 Sought refuge in the hallowed fane,
 Which then could shelter, not in vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,
 And Liberty shall weep no more.
 At length imperial Otho's voice
 Bids her devoted sons rejoice ;
 And he, who battled to restore
 The glories and the rights of yore,
 Whose accents, like the clarion's sound,
 Could burst the dead repose around,
 Again his native Rome shall see
 The sceptred city of the free !
 And young Stephanía waits the hour
 When leaves her lord his fortress-tower—
 Her ardent heart with joy elate,
 That seems beyond the reach of fate ;
 Her mien, like creature from above,
 All vivified with hope and love.

Fair is her form, and in her eye
 Lives all the soul of Italy ;
 A meaning lofty and inspired,
 As by her native day-star fired ;
 Such wild and high expression, fraught
 With glances of impassioned thought,
 As fancy sheds in visions bright
 O'er priestess of the God of Light ;
 And the dark locks that lend her face
 A youthful and luxuriant grace,
 Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling dyes
 Seem from the fire within to rise,
 But deepened by the burning heaven
 To her own land of sunbeams given.
 Italian art that fervid glow
 Would o'er ideal beauty throw,
 And with such ardent life express
 Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness—
 Dreams which, surviving Empire's fall,
 The shade of glory still recall.

But see !—the banner of the brave
 O'er Hadrian's tomb hath ceased to wave.
 'Tis lowered—and now Stephanía's eye
 Can well the martial train descry,
 Who, issuing from that ancient dome,
 Pour through the crowded streets of Rome.

Now from her watch-tower on the height,
 With step as fabled wood-nymph's light,
 She flies—and swift her way pursues
 Through the lone convent's avenues.
 Dark cypress groves, and fields o'erspread
 With records of the conquering dead,
 And paths which track a glowing waste,
 She traverses in breathless haste;
 And by the tombs where dust is shrined
 Once tenanted by loftiest mind,
 Still passing on, hath reached the gate
 Of Rome, the proud, the desolate!
 Thronged are the streets, and, still renewed,
 Rush on the gathering multitude.
 —Is it their high-souled chief to greet
 That thus the Roman thousands meet—
 With names that bid their thoughts ascend,
 Crescentius! thine in song to blend;
 And of triumphal days gone by
 Recall the inspiring pageantry?
 —There is an air of breathless dread,
 An eager glance, a hurrying tread;
 And now a fearful silence round,
 And now a fitful murmuring sound,
 'Midst the pale crowds, that almost seem
 Phantoms of some tumultuous dream.
 Quick is each step, and wild each mien,
 Portentous of some awful scene.
 Bride of Crescentius! as the throng,
 Bore thee with whelming force along,
 How did thine anxious heart beat high,
 Till rose suspense to agony!—
 Too brief suspense, that soon shall close,
 And leave thy heart to deeper woes.

Who 'midst yon guarded precincts stands,
 With fearless mien but fettered hands?
 The ministers of death are nigh,
 Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye;
 And in his glance there lives a mind
 Which was not formed for chains to bind,
 But cast in such heroic mould
 As theirs; the ascendant ones of old.
 Crescentius! Freedom's daring son,
 Is this the guerdon thou hast won?
 Oh! worthy to have lived and died
 In the bright days of Latium's pride!
 Thus must the beam of glory close
 O'er the seven hills again that rose,
 When at thy voice, to burst the yoke,

The soul of Rome indignant woke?
Vain dream! the sacred shields are gone,*
Sunk in the crowning city's throne:
The illusions, that around her cast
Their guardian spells, have long been past.
Thy life hath been a shot-star's ray
Shed on her midnight of decay;
Thy death at Freedom's ruined shrine
Must rivet every chain—but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye
Now fixed upon the deep blue sky,
Now on those wrecks of ages fled
Around in desolation spread—
Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,
Recording triumphs passed away;
Works of the mighty and the free,
Whose steps on earth no more shall be,
Though their bright course hath left a trace
Nor years nor sorrow can efface.
Why changes now the patriot's mien,
Erewhile so loftily serene?
Thus can approaching death control
The might of that commanding soul?
No!—Heard ye not that thrilling cry
Which told of bitterest agony?
He heard it, and at once, subdued,
Hath sunk the hero's fortitude.
He heard it, and his heart too well
Whence rose that voice of woe can tell:
And 'midst the gazing throngs around
One well-known form his glance hath found—
One fondly loving and beloved,
In grief, in peril, faithful proved.
Yes! in the wildness of despair,
She, his devoted bride, is there.
Pale, breathless, through the crowd she flies,
The light of frenzy in her eyes:
But ere her arms can clasp the form
Which life ere long must cease to warm—
Ere on his agonising breast
Her heart can heave, her head can rest—
Checked in her course by ruthless hands,
Mute, motionless, at once she stands:
With bloodless cheek and vacant glance,
Frozen and fixed in horror's trance;
Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,
And thought o'erwhelmed, and feeling dead,

* The *Ancilia*, or sacred bucklers, which were kept in the temple of Mars.

And the light waving of her hair,
 And veil, far floating on the air,
 Alone, in that dread moment, show
 She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,
 The patriot's heart shall throb no more ;
 But *hers*—so vainly formed to prove
 The pure devotedness of love,
 And draw from fond affection's eye—
 All thought sublime, all feeling high—
 When consciousness again shall wake,
 Hath now no refuge but to break.
 The spirit long inured to pain
 May smile at fate in calm disdain,
 Survive its darkest hour, and rise
 In more majestic energies.
 But in the glow of vernal pride,
 If each warm hope *at once* hath died,
 Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,
 Dead to the sunbeam and the shower—
 A broken gem, whose inborn light
 Is scattered—ne'er to reunite.

PART SECOND.

HAST thou a scene that is not spread
 With records of thy glory fled,
 A monument that doth not tell
 The tale of Liberty's farewell,
 Italia? Thou art but a grave
 Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,
 And Nature gives her treasures birth
 O'er all that hath been great on earth.
 Yet smile thy heavens as once they smiled
 When thou wert Freedom's favoured child :
 Though fane and tomb alike are low,
 Time hath not dimmed thy sunbeam's glow ;
 And, robed in that exulting ray,
 Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay—
 Oh! yet, though by thy sorrow bent,
 In Nature's pomp magnificent!
 What marvel if, when all was lost,
 Still on thy bright enchanted coast,
 Though many an omen warned him thence,
 Lingered the lord of eloquence,*
 Still gazing on the lovely sky,
 Whose radiance wooed him—but to die!

* Cicero.

Like him, who would not linger there,
 Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are fair?
 Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could dwell,
 Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell?
 Hath not thy pure and genial air
 Balm for all sadness but despair?

No! there are pangs whose deep-worn trace
 Not all thy magic can efface!
 Heart by unkindness wrung may learn
 The world and all its gifts to spurn;
 Time may steal on with silent tread,
 And dry the tear that mourns the dead—
 May change fond love, subdue regret,
 And teach even vengeance to forget;
 But thou, Remorse! there is no charm
 Thy sting, avenger, to disarm!
 Vain are bright suns and laughing skies
 To soothe thy victim's agonies;
 The heart once made thy burning throne,
 Still, while it beats, is thine alone.
 —In vain for Otho's joyless eye
 Smile the fair scenes of Italy,
 As through her landscapes' rich array
 The imperial pilgrim bends his way.
 Thy form, Crescentius! on his sight
 Rises when Nature laughs in light,
 Glides round him at the midnight hour,
 Is present in his festal bower,
 With awful voice and frowning mien,
 By all but him unheard, unseen.
 Oh! thus to shadows of the grave
 Be every tyrant still a slave!

Where, through Gargano's woody dells,
 O'er bending oaks the north wind swells,
 A sainted hermit's lowly tomb
 Is bosomed in umbrageous gloom,
 In shades that saw him live and die
 Beneath their waving canopy.
 'Twas his, as legends tell, to share
 The converse of immortals there;
 Around that dweller of the wild
 There "bright appearances" have smiled,
 And angel-wings at eve have been
 Gleaming the shadowy boughs between.
 And oft from that secluded bower
 Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer hour,
 A swell of viewless harps, a sound
 Of warbled anthems pealing round.

Oh! none but voices of the sky
 Might wake that thrilling harmony,
 Whose tones, whose very echoes made
 An Eden of the lonely shade!
 Years have gone by; the hermit sleeps
 Amidst Gargano's woods and steeps;
 Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown
 And veiled his low sepulchral stone:
 Yet still the spot is holy, still
 Celestial footsteps haunt the hill;
 And oft the awe-struck mountaineer
 Aërial vesper hymns may hear
 Around those forest-precincts float,
 Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.
 Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint
 To that rude shrine's departed saint,
 And deem that spirits of the blest
 There shed sweet influence o'er her breast.
 —And thither Otho now repairs,
 To soothe his soul with vows and prayers;
 And if for him, on holy ground,
 The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,
 'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed
 Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,
 She dwells, remote from heedless eye,
 With Nature's lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search!—his troubled breast
 Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest;
 The weary pilgrimage is o'er,
 The hopes that cheered it are no more.
 Then sinks his soul, and day by day
 Youth's buoyant energies decay.
 The light of health his eye hath flown,
 The glow that tinged his cheek is gone.
 Joyless as one on whom is laid
 Some baleful spell that bids him fade,
 Extending its mysterious power
 O'er every scene, o'er every hour:
 Even thus he withers: and to him
 Italia's brilliant skies are dim.
 He withers—in that glorious clime
 Where Nature laughs in scorn of Time!
 And suns, that shed on all below
 Their full and vivifying glow,
 From him alone their power withhold,
 And leave his heart in darkness cold.
 Earth blooms around him, heaven is fair—
 He only seems to perish there.
 —Yet sometimes will a transient smile

Play o'er his faded cheek awhile,
 When breathes his minstrel boy a strain
 Of power to lull all earthly pain—
 So wildly sweet, its notes might seem
 The ethereal music of a dream,
 A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,
 Deep thrilling power in every tone!
 Sweet is that lay! and yet its flow
 Hath language only given to woe;
 And if at times its wakening swell
 Some tale of glory seems to tell,
 Soon the proud notes of triumph die,
 Lost in a dirge's harmony.
 Oh! many a pang the heart hath proved,
 Hath deeply suffered, fondly loved,
 Ere the sad strain could catch from thence
 Such deep impassioned eloquence!

Yes! gaze on him, that minstrel boy—
 He is no child of hope and joy!
 Though few his years, yet have they been
 Such as leave traces on the mien,
 And o'er the roses of our prime
 Breathe other blights than those of time.
 Yet seems his spirit wild and proud,
 By grief unsoftened and unbowed.
 Oh! there are sorrows which impart
 A sternness foreign to the heart,
 And, rushing with an earthquake's power,
 That makes a desert in an hour,
 Rouse the dread passions in their course,
 As tempests wake the billow's force!
 'Tis sad, on youthful Guido's face
 The stamp of woes like these to trace.
 Oh! where can ruins awe mankind,
 Dark as the ruins of the mind?
 —His mien is lofty, but his gaze
 Too well a wandering soul betrays;
 His full dark eye at times is bright
 With strange and momentary light,
 Whose quick uncertain flashes throw
 O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow:
 And oft his features and his air
 A shade of troubled mystery wear,
 A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
 With some unfathomable thought:
 Whate'er that thought, still unexpressed
 Dwells the sad secret in his breast;
 The pride his haughty brow reveals
 All other passion well conceals—

He breathes each wounded feeling's tone
In music's eloquence alone ;
His soul's deep voice is only poured
Through his full song and swelling chord.

He seeks no friend, but shuns the train
Of courtiers with a proud disdain ;
And, save when Otho bids his lay
Its half unearthly power essay
In hall or bower the heart to thrill,
His haunts are wild and lonely still.
Far distant from the heedless throng,
He roves old Tiber's banks along,
Where Empire's desolate remains
Lie scattered o'er the silent plains ;
Or, lingering 'midst each ruined shrine
That strews the desert Palatine,
With mournful yet commanding mien,
Like the sad Genius of the scene,
Entranced in awful thought, appears
To commune with departed years.
Or at the dead of night, when Rome
Seems of heroic shades the home ;
When Tiber's murmuring voice recalls
The mighty to their ancient halls ;
When hushed is every meaner sound,
And the deep moonlight-calm around
Leaves to the solemn scene alone
The majesty of ages flown—
A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,
He wanders through the sacred gloom ;
And 'midst those dwellings of decay
At times will breathe so sad a lay,
So wild a grandeur in each tone,
'Tis like a dirge for empires gone !

Awake thy pealing harp again,
But breathe a more exulting strain,
Young Guido ! for awhile forgot
Be the dark secrets of thy lot ;
And rouse the inspiring soul of song
To speed the banquet's hour along !—
The feast is spread, the music's call
Is echoing through the royal hall,
And banners wave and trophies shine
O'er stately guests in glittering line ;
And Otho seeks awhile to chase
The thoughts he never can erase,
And bid the voice, whose murmurs deep
Rise like a spirit on his sleep—

The still small voice of conscience—die,
Lost in the din of revelry.
On his pale brow dejection lours,
But that shall yield to festal hours;
A gloom is in his faded eye,
But that from music's power shall fly;*
His wasted cheek is wan with care,
But mirth shall spread fresh crimson there.
Wake, Guido! wake thy numbers high,
Strike the bold chord exultingly;
And pour upon the enraptured ear
Such strains as warriors love to hear!
Let the rich mantling goblet flow,
And banish aught resembling woe;
And if a thought intrude, of power
To mar the bright convivial hour,
Still must its influence lurk unseen,
And cloud the heart—but not the mien!

Away, vain dream! On Otho's brow
Still darker lour the shadows now;
Changed are his features, now o'erspread
With the cold paleness of the dead;
Now crimsoned with a hectic dye,
The burning flush of agony!
His lip is quivering, and his breast
Heaves with convulsive pangs oppressed;
Now his dim eye seems fixed and glazed,
And now to heaven in anguish raised;
And as, with unavailing aid
Around him throng his guests dismayed,
He sinks—while scarce his struggling breath
Hath power to falter—"This is death!"

Then rushed that haughty child of song,
Dark Guido, through the awe-struck throng.
Filled with a strange delirious light,
His kindling eye shone wildly bright;
And on the sufferer's mien awhile
Gazing with stern vindictive smile,
A feverish glow of triumph dyed
His burning cheek, while thus he cried:—
"Yes! these are death-pangs - on thy brow
Is set the seal of vengeance now!
Oh! well was mixed the deadly draught,
And long and deeply hast thou quaffed!
And bitter as thy pangs may be,
They are but guerdons meet from me!
Yet these are but a moment's throes—
Howe'er intense, they soon shall close.

Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting breath—
My life hath been a lingering death,
 Since one dark hour of woe and crime,
 A blood-spot on the page of time!

“Deem'st thou my mind of reason void?
 It is not frenzied—but destroyed!
 Ay! view the wreck with shuddering thought!
 That work of ruin thou hast wrought!
 The secret of thy doom to tell
 My name alone suffices well—
 Stephania! once a hero's bride!
 Otho! thou know'st the rest: *he died*.
 Yes! trusting to a monarch's word,
 The Roman fell, untried, unheard.
 And thou, whose every pledge was vain,
 How couldst *thou* trust in aught again?

“He died, and I was changed—my soul,
 A lonely wanderer, spurned control.
 From peace, and light, and glory hurled,
 The outcast of a purer world,
 I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,
 And lived for one dread task alone.
 The task is closed, fulfilled the vow—
 The hand of death is on thee now.
 Betrayer! in thy turn betrayed,
 The debt of blood shall soon be paid.
 Thine hour is come. The time hath been
 My heart hath shrunk from such a scene:
That feeling long is past—my fate
 Hath made me stern as desolate.

“Ye that around me shuddering stand
 Ye chiefs and princes of the land!
 Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom?
 Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb!
He sleeps unhonoured—yet be mine
 To share his low neglected shrine.
 His soul with freedom finds a home,
 His grave is that of glory—Rome!
 Are not the great of old with her,
 The city of the sepulchre?
 Lead me to death! and let me share
 The slumbers of the mighty there!”

The day departs—that fearful day
 Fades in calm loveliness away.
 From purple heavens its lingering beam
 Seems melting into Tiber's stream,
 And softly tints each Roman hill
 With glowing light, as clear and still

As if, unstained by crime or woe,
 Its hours had passed in silent flow.
 The day sets calmly—it hath been
 Marked with a strange and awful scene:
 One guilty bosom throbs no more,
 And Otho's pangs and life are o'er,
 And thou, ere yet another sun
 His burning race hath brightly run,
 Released from anguish by thy foes,
 Daughter of Rome! shalt find repose.
 Yes! on thy country's lovely sky
 Fix yet once more thy parting eye.
 A few short hours—and all shall be
 The silent and the past for thee.
 Oh! thus with tempests of a day
 We struggle and we pass away,
 Like the wild billows as they sweep,
 Leaving no vestige on the deep!
 And o'er thy dark and lowly bed
 The sons of future days shall tread,
 The pangs, the conflicts of thy lot
 By them unknown, by thee forgot.

THE LAST BANQUET OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

[“Antony concluding that he could not die more honourably than in battle, determined to attack Cæsar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. . . . At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city—a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day—on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him.”—PLUTARCH.]

THY foes had girt thee with their dread array,
 O stately Alexandria! yet the sound
 Of mirth and music, at the close of day,
 Swelled from thy splendid fabrics far around,
 O'er camp and wave. Within the royal hall
 In gay magnificence the feast was spread;
 And, brightly streaming from the pictured wall,
 A thousand lamps their trembling lustre shed
 O'er many a column, rich with precious dyes,
 That tinge the marble's vein 'neath Afric's burning skies.

And soft and clear that wavering radiance played
 O'er sculptured forms that round the pillared scene
 Calm and majestic rose, by art arrayed
 In godlike beauty, awfully serene.
 Oh! how unlike the troubled guests, reclined
 Round that luxurious board! in every face
 Some shadow from the tempest of the mind,
 Rising by fits, the searching eye might trace,
 Though vainly masked in smiles which are not mirth,
 But the proud spirit's veil thrown o'er the woes of earth.

Their brows are bound with wreaths, whose transient
 bloom
 May still survive the wearers—and the rose
 Perchance be scarcely withered, when the tomb
 Receives the mighty to its dark repose!
 The day must dawn on battle, and may set
 In death—but fill the mantling wine-cup high!
 Despair is fearless, and the Fates even yet
 Lend her one hour for parting revelry.
 They who the empire of the world possessed
 Would taste its joys again, ere all exchanged for rest.

Its joys! oh, mark yon proud Triumvir's mien,
 And read their annals on that brow of care!
 'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his steps have been:
 Earth's brightest pathway led him to despair.
 Trust not the glance that fain would yet inspire
 The buoyant energies of days gone by:
 There is delusion in its meteor-fire,
 And all within is shame, is agony!
 Away! the tears in bitterness may flow,
 But there are smiles which bear a stamp of deeper woe.

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy fame,
 O lost devoted Roman! yet thy brow,
 To that ascendant and undying name,
 Pleads with stern loftiness thy right even now.
 Thy glory is departed, but hath left
 A lingering light around thee; in decay
 Not less than kingly—though of all bereft,
 Thou seem'st as empire had not passed away.
 Supreme in ruin! teaching hearts elate
 A deep prophetic dread of still mysterious fate!

But thou, enchantress queen! whose love hath made
 His desolation—thou art by his side,
 In all thy sovereignty of charms arrayed,
 To meet the storm with still unconquered pride.
 Imperial being! even though many a stain
 Of error be upon thee, there is power

In thy commanding nature, which shall reign
O'er the stern genius of misfortune's hour;
And the dark beauty of thy troubled eye
Even now is all illumed with wild sublimity.

Thine aspect, all impassioned, wears a light
Inspiring and inspired—thy cheek a dye,
Which rises not from joy, but yet is bright
With the deep glow of feverish energy.
Proud Siren of the Nile! thy glance is fraught
With an immortal fire: in every beam
It darts, there kindles some heroic thought,
But wild and awful as a sibyl's dream.
For thou with death hast communed to attain
Dread knowledge of the pangs that ransom from the chain.

And the stern courage by such musings lent,
Daughter of Afric! o'er thy beauty throws
The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent
With all the majesty of mighty woes.
While he, so fondly, fatally adored,
Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee yet,
Till scarce the soul that once exulting soared
Can deem the day-star of its glory set;
Scarce his charmed heart believes that power can be
In sovereign fate, o'er him thus fondly loved by thee.

But there is sadness in the eyes around,
Which mark that ruined leader, and survey
His changeful mien, whence off the gloom profound
Strange triumph chases haughtily away.
"Fill the bright goblet, warrior guests!" he cries;
"Quaff, ere we part, the generous nectar deep!
Ere sunset gild once more the western skies,
Your chief in cold forgetfulness may sleep,
While sounds of revel float o'er shore and sea,
And the red bowl again is crowned—but not for me.

"Yet weep not thus. The struggle is not o'er,
O victors of Philippi! Many a field
Hath yielded palms to us: one effort more!
By one stern conflict must our doom be sealed.
Forget not, Romans! o'er a subject world
How royally your eagle's wing hath spread,
Though, from his eyrie of dominion hurled,
Now bursts the tempest on his crested head.
Yet sovereign still, if banished from the sky,
The sun's indignant bird, he must not droop—but die."

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the dead of night—
Unbroken stillness broods o'er earth and deep;
From Egypt's heaven of soft and starry light

The moon looks cloudless o'er a world of sleep.
 For those who wait the morn's awakening beams,
 The battle-signal to decide their doom,
 Have sunk to feverish rest and troubled dreams ;—
 Rest that shall soon be calmer in the tomb ;
 Dreams dark and ominous, but *there* to cease,
 When sleep the lords of war in solitude and peace.

Wake, slumberer, wake! Hark! heard ye not a sound
 Of gathering tumult? Near and nearer still
 Its murmur swells. Above, below, around,
 Bursts a strange chorus forth, confused and shrill!
 Wake, Alexandria! through thy streets the tread
 Of steps unseen is hurrying, and the note
 Of pipe, and lyre, and trumpet, wild and drear
 Is heard upon the midnight air to float ;
 And voices clamorous as in frenzied mirth,
 Mingle their thousand tones, which are not of the earth.

These are no mortal sounds! Their thrilling strain
 Hath more mysterious power, and birth more high ;
 And the deep horror chilling every vein
 Owns them of stern terrific augury.
 Beings of worlds unknown! ye pass away,
 O ye invisible and awful throng!
 Your echoing footsteps and resounding lay
 To Cæsar's camp exulting move along.
 Thy gods forsake thee, Antony! The sky
 By that dread sign reveals thy doom—Despair, and die!

ALARIC IN ITALY.

[After describing the conquest of Greece and Italy by the German and Scythian hordes united under the command of Alaric, and narrating how they were foiled by a tempest in the first attempt at the invasion of Sicily, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* thus proceeds :—"The whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed ; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."]

HEARD ye the Gothic trumpet's blast,
 The march of hosts, as Alaric passed ?
 His steps have tracked that glorious clime,
 The birthplace of heroic time,

But he, in Northern deserts bred,
Spared not the living for the dead,
Nor heard the voice whose pleading cries
From temple and from tomb arise.
He passed—the light of burning fanes
Hath been his torch o'er Grecian plains;
And woke they not—the brave, the free,
To guard their own Thermopylæ!
And left they not their silent dwelling,
When Scythia's note of war was swelling?
No! where the bold Three Hundred slept,
Sad Freedom battled not—but wept!
For nerveless then the Spartan band,
And Thebes could rouse no Sacred Band;
Nor one high soul from slumber broke
When Athens owned the Northern yoke.

But was there none for *thee* to dare
The conflict, scorning to despair,
O City of the seven proud hills!
Whose name even yet the spirit thrills,
As doth a clarion's battle-call?
Didst thou, too, ancient empress, fall?
Did no Camillus from the chain
Ransom thy Capitol again?
Oh! who shall tell the days to be
No patriot rose to bleed for thee!

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's blast,
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?
That fearful sound, at midnight deep,
Bursts on the Eternal City's sleep.*
How woke the mighty? She whose will
So long had bid the world be still,
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye
The ascendant star of destiny!
She woke—to view the dread array
Of Scythians rushing to their prey—
To hear her streets resound the cries
Poured from a thousand agonies.
While the strange light of flames, that gave
A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,
Bursting in that terrific hour
From fane and palace, dome and tower,
Revealed the throngs, for aid divine
Clinging to many a worshipped shrine.
Fierce fitful radiance wildly shed

*“At the hour of midnight the Salarian Gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet.”

O'er spear and sword, with carnage red,
Shone o'er the suppliant and the flying,
And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! Alas, that e'er
Should tears alone thy wrongs declare!
The time hath been when *thy* distress
Had roused up empires for redress.
Now, her long race of glory run,
Without a combat Rome is won,
And from her plundered temples forth,
Rush the fierce children of the North,
To share beneath more genial skies
Each joy their own rude clime denies.
—Ye who on bright Campania's shore
Bade your fair villas rise of yore,
With all their graceful colonnades
And crystal baths and myrtle shades,
Along the blue Hesperian deep,
Whose glassy waves in sunshine sleep—
Beneath your olive and your vine
Far other inmates now recline;
And the tall plane, whose root ye fed
With rich libations duly shed,
O'er guests, unlike your vanished friends,
Its bowery canopy extends.
For them the southern heaven is glowing,
The bright Falernian nectar flowing;
For them the marble halls unfold,
Where nobler beings dwelt of old,
Whose children for barbarian lords
Touch the sweet lyre's resounding chords,
Or wreaths of Pæstan roses twine
To crown the sons of Elbe and Rhine.
Yet, though luxurious they repose
Beneath Corinthian porticoes—
While round them into being start
The marvels of triumphant art—
Oh! not for them hath Genius given
To Parian stone the fire of heaven,
Enshrining in the forms he wrought
A bright eternity of thought.
In vain the natives of the skies
In breathing marble round them rise,
And sculptured nymphs of fount or glade
People the dark-green laurel shade.
Cold are the conqueror's heart and eye
To visions of divinity;
And rude his hand which dares deface
The models of immortal grace.

Arouse ye from your soft delights!
 Chieftains! the war-note's call invites;
 And other lands must yet be won,
 And other deeds of havoc done.
 Warriors! your flowery bondage break!
 Sons of the stormy North, awake!
 The barks are launching from the steep—
 Soon shall the Isle of Ceres* weep,
 And Afric's burning winds afar
 Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war.
 Where shall his race of victory close?
 When shall the ravaged earth repose?
 But hark! what wildly mingling cries
 From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise?
 Why swells dread Alaric's name on air?
 A sterner conqueror hath been there!
 A conqueror—yet his paths are peace,
 He comes to bring the world's release,
 He of the sword that knows no sheath,
 The avenger, the deliverer—Death!

Is, then, that daring spirit fled?
 Doth Alaric slumber with the dead?
 Tamed are the warrior's pride and strength,
 And he and earth are calm at length.
 The land where heaven unclouded shines,
 Where sleep the sunbeams on the vines;
 The land by conquest made his own,
 Can yield him now—a grave alone.
 But his—her lord, from Alp to sea—
 No common sepulchre shall be!
 Oh! make his tomb where mortal eye
 Its buried wealth may ne'er descry,
 Where mortal foot may never tread
 Above a victor-monarch's bed.
 Let not his royal dust be hid
 'Neath star-aspiring pyramid;
 Nor bid the gathered mound arise,
 To bear his memory to the skies.
 Years roll away—oblivion claims
 Her triumph o'er heroic names;
 And hands profane disturb the clay
 That once was fired with glory's ray;
 And Avarice from their secret gloom
 Drags even the treasures of the tomb.
 Be thou, O leader of the free!
 That general doom awaits not thee:
 Thou, where no steps may e'er intrude,
 Shalt rest in regal solitude,

* Sicily.

Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,
 The Awakener's final trumpet sound.
 —Turn ye the waters from their course,
 Bid nature yield to human force,
 And hollow in the torrent's bed
 A chamber for the mighty dead.
 The work is done—the captive's hand
 Hath well obeyed his lord's command.
 Within that royal tomb are cast
 The richest trophies of the past,
 The wealth of many a stately dome,
 The gold and gems of plundered Rome.
 And when the midnight stars are beaming
 And ocean waves in stillness gleaming,
 Stern in their grief, his warriors bear
 The Chastener of the Nations there;
 To rest at length from victory's toil,
 Alone, with all an empire's spoil!

Then the freed current's rushing wave
 Rolls o'er the secret of the grave;
 Then streams the martyr-captive's blood
 To crimson that sepulchral flood,
 Whose conscious tide alone shall keep
 The mystery in its bosom deep.
 Time hath passed on since then—and swept
 From earth the urns where heroes slept;
 Temples of gods and domes of kings
 Are mouldering with forgotten things;
 Yet not shall ages e'er molest
 The viewless home of Alaric's rest:
 Still roll, like them, the unfailing river,
 The guardian of his dust for ever.

THE WIFE OF ASDRUBAL.

[“ This governor, who had braved death when it was at a distance, and protested that the sun should never see him survive Carthage — this fierce Asdrubal was so mean-spirited as to come alone, and privately throw himself at the conqueror's feet. The general, pleased to see his proud rival humbled, granted his life, and kept him to grace his triumph. The Carthaginians in the citadel no sooner understood that their commander had abandoned the place, than they threw open the gates, and put the proconsul in possession of Byrsa. The Romans had now no enemy to contend with but the nine hundred deserters, who, being reduced to despair, retired into the temple of Esculapius, which was a second citadel within the first: there the proconsul attacked them; and these unhappy wretches, finding there was no way to escape, set fire to the temple. As the flames spread, they retreated from one part to another, till they got to the roof of the building: there Asdrubal's wife appeared in her best apparel, as if the day of her death had been a day of triumph; and after having uttered the most bitter

imprecations against her husband, whom she saw standing below with Emilianns.—'Base coward!' said she, 'the mean things thou hast done to save thy life shall not avail thee: thou shalt die this instant, at least in thy two children.' Having thus spoken, she drew out a dagger, stabbed them both, and while they were yet struggling for life, threw them from the top of the temple, and leaped down after them into the flames."—*Ancient Universal History.*]

THE sun sets brightly—but a ruddier glow
O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Carthage throw;
Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of fire
In lurid splendour from her domes aspire;
Swayed by the wind, they wave—while glares the sky
As when the desert's red simoom is nigh;
The sculptured altar and the pillared hall
Shine out in dreadful brightness ere they fall;
Far o'er the seas the light of ruin streams,
Rock, wave, and isle are crimsoned by its beams;
While captive thousands, bound in Roman chains,
Gaze in mute horror on their burning fanes;
And shouts of triumph, echoing far around,
Swell from the victors' tents, with ivy crowned.*
But mark! from yon fair temple's loftiest height
What towering form bursts wildly on the sight,
All regal in magnificent attire,
And sternly beauteous in terrific ire?
She might be deemed a Pythia in the hour
Of dread communion and delirious power;
A being more than earthly, in whose eye
There dwells a strange and fierce ascendancy.
The flames are gathering round—intensely bright,
Full on her features glares their meteor-light;
But a wild courage sits triumphant there,
The stormy grandeur of a proud despair;
A daring spirit, in its woes elate,
Mightier than death, untameable by fate.
The dark profusion of her locks unbound,
Waves like a warrior's floating plumage round;
Flushed is her cheek, inspired her haughty mien,
She seems the avenging goddess of the scene.
Are those her infants, that with suppliant cry
Cling round her, shrinking as the flame draws nigh,
Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous vest,
And fain would rush for shelter to her breast?
Is that a mother's glance, where stern disdain,
And passion, awfully vindictive, reign?

Fixed is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands
Ignobly safe amidst the conquering bands;
On him who left her to that burning tomb,

* It was a Roman custom to adorn the tents of victors with ivy.

Alone to share her children's martyrdom ;
 Who when his country perished, fled the strife,
 And knelt to win the worthless boon of life.
 " Live, traitor, live!" she cries, " since dear to thee,
 E'en in thy fetters can existence be!
 Scorned and dishonoured, live!—with blasted name,
 The Roman's triumph not to grace, but shame.
 O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain
 With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain!
 Still may the manes of thy children rise
 To chase calm slumber from thy wearied eyes ;
 Still may their voices on the haunted air
 In fearful whispers tell thee to despair,
 Till vain remorse thy withered heart consume,
 Scourged by relentless shadows of the tomb!
 E'en now my sons shall die—and thou, their sire,
 In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire.
 Think'st thou I love them not?—'Twas thine to fly—
 'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die.
 Behold their fate!—the arms that cannot save
 Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave."
 Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams,
 Swift from her children's hearts the life-blood streams ;
 With frantic laugh she clasps them to the breast
 Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest ;
 Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high,
 Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye.

HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE.

A SOUND of woe in Salem!—mournful cries
 Rose from her dwellings—youthful cheeks were pale,
 Tears flowing fast from dim and aged eyes,
 And voices mingling in tumultuous wail ;
 Hands raised to heaven in agony of prayer,
 And powerless wrath, and terror and despair.
 Thy daughters, Judah! weeping, laid aside
 The regal splendour of their fair array,
 With the rude sackcloth girt their beauty's pride,
 And thronged the streets in hurrying wild dismay ;
 While knelt thy priests before *His* awful shrine,
 Who made, of old, renown and empire thine.
 But on the spoiler moves—the temple's gate,
 The bright, the beautiful, his guards unfold ;
 And all the scene reveals its solemn state,
 Its courts and pillars, rich with sculptured gold ;
 And man, with eye unhallowed, views the abode,
 The severed spot, the dwelling-place of God.

Where art Thou, Mighty Presence! that of yore
 Were wont between the cherubim to rest,
 Veiled in a cloud of glory, shadowing o'er
 Thy sanctuary, the chosen and the blest?
 Thou! that didst make fair Sion's ark Thy throne,
 And call the oracle's recess Thine own!

Angel of God! that through the Assyrian host,
 Clothed with the darkness of the midnight hour,
 To tame the proud, to hush the invader's boast,
 Didst pass triumphant in avenging power,
 Till burst the day-spring on the silent scene,
 And death alone revealed where thou hadst been.

Wilt Thou not wake, O Chastener! in Thy might,
 To guard Thine ancient and majestic hill,
 Where oft from heaven the full Shechinah's light
 Hath streamed the house of holiness to fill!
 Oh! yet once more defend Thy loved domain,
 Eternal One! Deliverer! rise again!

Fearless of Thee, the plunderer, undismayed,
 Hastes on, the sacred chambers to explore
 Where the bright treasures of the fane are laid,
 The orphan's portion, and the widow's store;
 What recks *his* heart though age unsuccoured die,
 And want consume the cheek of infancy?

Away, intruders!—hark! a mighty sound!
 Behold, a burst of light!—away, away!
 A fearful glory fills the temple round,
 A vision bright in terrible array!
 And lo! a steed of no terrestrial frame,
 His path a whirlwind, and his breath a flame!

His neck is clothed with thunder—and his mane
 Seems waving fire—the kindling of his eye
 Is as a meteor—ardent with disdain
 His glance—his gesture, fierce in majesty!
 Instinct with light he seems, and formed to bear
 Some dread archangel through the fields of air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,
 Throned on that burning charger? Bright his form,
 Yet in its brightness awful to behold,
 And girt with all the terrors of the storm!
 Lightning is on his helmet's crest—and fear
 Shrinks from the splendour of his brow severe,

And by his side two radiant warriors stand
 All armed, and kingly in commanding grace—
 Oh! more than kingly—godlike!—sterely grand;
 Their port indignant, and each dazzling face

Beams with the beauty to immortals given,
Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart—each knee is bowed
In trembling awe—but, as to fields of fight.
The unearthly war-steed, rushing through the crowd
Bursts on their leader in terrific might;
And the stern angels of that dread abode
Pursue its plunderer with the scourge of God

Darkness—thick darkness! low on earth he lies,
Rash Heliодorus—motionless and pale—
Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his shrouded eyes
Mists, as of death, suspend their shadowy vale;
And thus the oppressor, by his fear-struck train,
Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns—the warriors of the sky
Have passed, with all their dreadful pomp, away;
Then wakes the timbrel, swells the song on high,
Triumphant as in Judah's elder day;
Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill!
Salem, exult! thy God is with thee still.

NIGHT-SCENE IN GENOA.

IN Genoa, when the sunset gave
Its last warm purple to the wave,
No sound of war, no voice of fear,
Was heard, announcing danger near:
Though deadliest foes were there whose hate
But slumbered till its hour of fate,
Yet calmly, at the twilight's close,
Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reigned around,
All sudden woke the alarm-bell's sound,
Full swelling, while the hollow breeze
Bore its dread summons o'er the seas.
Then, Genoa, from their slumber started
Thy sons, the free, the fearless-hearted;
Then mingled with the awakening peal
Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.
Arm, warriors, arm! for danger calls,
Arise to guard your native walls!
With breathless haste the gathering throng
Hurry the echoing streets along;
Through darkness rushing to the scene
Where their bold counsels still convene.
—But there a blaze of torches bright
Pours its red radiance on the night,

O'er fane, and dome, and column playing,
With every fitful night-wind swaying :
Now floating o'er each tall arcade,
Around the pillared scene displayed,
In light relieved by depth of shade :
And now with ruddy meteor-glare,
Full streaming on the silvery hair
And the bright cross of him who stands
Rearing that sign with suppliant hands,
Girt with his consecrated train,
The hallowed servants of the fane.
Of life's past woes, the fading trace
Hath given that aged patriarch's face
Expression holy, deep, resigned,
The calm sublimity of mind.
Years o'er his snowy head have passed,
And left him of his race the last ;
Alone on earth—yet still his mien
Is bright with majesty serene ;
And those high hopes, whose guiding star
Shines from the eternal worlds afar,
Have with that light illumed his eye,
Whose fount is immortality,
And o'er his features poured a ray
Of glory, not to pass away.
He seems a being who hath known
Communion with his God alone,
On earth by nought but pity's tie
Detained a moment from on high !
One to sublimer worlds allied,
One, from all passion purified,
E'en now half mingled with the sky,
And all prepared—oh ! not to die—
But, like the prophet, to aspire,
In heaven's triumphal car of fire.
He speaks—and from the throngs around
Is heard not e'en a whispered sound ;
Awe-struck each heart, and fixed each glance,
They stand as in a spell-bound trance :
He speaks—oh ! who can hear nor own
The might of each prevailing tone ?

“ Chieftains and warriors ! ye, so long
Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,
Whose fierce and far-transmitted hate
Hath made your country desolate ;
Now by the love ye bear her name,
By that pure spark of holy flame
On Freedom's altar brightly burning,
But, once extinguished, ne'er returning ;

By all your hopes of bliss to come,
 When burst the bondage of the tomb;
 By Him, the God who bade us live
 To aid each other, and forgive—
 I call upon you to resign
 Your discords at your country's shrine,
 Each ancient feud in peace atone,
 Wield your keen sword for her alone,
 And swear, upon the cross, to cast
 Oblivion's mantle o'er the past."

No voice replies. The holy bands
 Advance to where yon chieftain stands,
 With folded arms, and brow of gloom
 Overshadowed by his floating plume.
 To him they lift the cross—in vain!
 He turns—oh! say not with disdain,
 But with a mien of haughty grief,
 That seeks not, e'en from heaven, relief.
 He rends his robes—he sternly speaks—
 Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks.

"Father! not thus the wounds may close
 Inflicted by eternal foes.

Deem'st thou *thy* mandate can efface
 The dread volcano's burning trace?
 Or bid the earthquake's ravaged scene
 Be smiling as it once hath been?
 No! for the deeds the sword hath done
 Forgiveness is not lightly won;
 The words by hatred spoke may not
 Be as a summer breeze forgot!
 'Tis vain—we deem the war-feud's rage
 A portion of our heritage.
 Leaders, now slumbering with their fame,
 Bequeathed us that undying flame;
 Hearts that have long been still and cold
 Yet rule us from their silent mould;
 And voices, heard on earth no more,
 Speak to our spirits as of yore.
 Talk not of mercy—blood alone
 The stain of bloodshed may atone;
 Nought else can pay that mighty debt,
 The dead forbid us to forget."

He pauses—from the patriarch's brow
 There beams more lofty grandeur now;
 His reverend form, his aged hand,
 Assume a gesture of command,
 His voice is awful, and his eye
 Filled with prophetic majesty.

"The dead!—and deem'st thou *they* retain
Aught of terrestrial passion's stain?
Of guilt incurred in days gone by,
Aught but the fearful penalty?
And say'st thou, mortal! blood alone
For deeds of slaughter may atone?
There *hath* been blood—by Him 'twas shed
To expiate every crime who bled;
The absolving God who died to save,
And rose in victory from the grave!
And by that stainless offering given
Ahke for all on earth to heaven;
By that inevitable hour
When death shall vanquish pride and power,
And each departing passion's force
Concentrate all in late remorse;
And by the day when doom shall be
Passed on earth's millions, and on thee
The doom that shall not be repealed,
Once uttered, and for ever sealed—
I summon thee, O child of clay!
To cast thy darker thoughts away,
And meet thy foes in peace and love,
As thou wouldst join the blest above."

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling
Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing;
Oh! not in vain the pleading cries
Of anxious thousands round him rise;
He yields—devotion's mingled sense
Of faith, and fear, and penitence,
Pervading all his soul, he bows
To offer on the cross his vows,
And that best incense to the skies,
Each evil passion's sacrifice.

Then tears from warriors' eyes were flowing,
High hearts with soft emotions glowing;
Stern foes as long-loved brothers greeting,
And ardent throngs in transport meeting;
And eager footsteps forward pressing,
And accents loud in joyous blessing;
And when their first wild tumults cease,
A thousand voices echo "Peace!"

Twilight's dim mist hath rolled away,
And the rich Orient burns with day;
Then as to greet the sunbeam's birth,
Rises the choral hymn of earth—
The exulting strain through Genoa swelling,
Of peace and holy rapture telling.

Far floats the sounds o'er vale and steep,
 The seaman hears them on the deep,
 So mellowed by the gale, they seem
 As the wild music of a dream.
 But not on mortal ear alone
 Peals the triumphant anthem's tone;
 For beings of a purer sphere
 Bend with celestial joy to hear.

THE TROUBADOUR AND RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

THE Troubadour o'er many a plain
 Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain.
 O'er many a rugged mountain-scene
 And forest wild his track hath been;
 Beneath Calabria's glowing sky
 He hath sung the songs of chivalry;
 His voice hath swelled on the Alpine breeze,
 And rung through the snowy Pyrenees;
 From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave,
 He hath sought his prince, the loved, the brave;
 And yet, if still on earth thou art,
 O monarch of the lion-heart!
 The faithful spirit, which distress
 But heightens to devotedness,
 By toil and trial vanquished not,
 Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reached a mountain hung with vine,
 And woods that wave o'er the lovely Rhine;
 The feudal towers that crest its height
 Frown in unconquerable might;
 Dark is their aspect of sullen state—
 No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate*
 To bid the weary pilgrim rest,
 At the chieftain's board a welcome guest.
 Vainly rich evening's parting smile
 Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile,
 That 'midst bright sunshine lours on high,
 Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky.
 Not these the halls where a child of song
 Awhile may speed the hours along;
 Their echoes should repeat alone
 The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,
 Or the Wild Huntsman's bugle-blast,
 When his phantom train are hurrying past.

* A custom in feudal times, as a token that strangers were invited to enter the castle, and partake of hospitality.

—The weary minstrel paused—his eye
 Roved o'er the scene despondingly :
 Within the lengthening shadow, cast
 By the fortress towers and ramparts vast,
 Lingered he gazed. The rocks around
 Sublime in savage grandeur frowned.
 Proud guardians of the regal flood,
 In giant strength the mountains stood
 By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,
 Yet mingling still with the calm blue heaven.
 Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow,
 But the Rhine all shadowy rolled below ;
 In purple tints the vineyards smiled,
 But the woods beyond waved dark and wild ;
 Nor pastoral pipe nor convent's bell
 Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell ;
 But all was lonely, silent, rude,
 A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark ! that solemn stillness breaking,
 The Troubadour's wild song is waking.
 Full oft that song in days gone by
 Hath cheered the sons of chivalry :
 It hath swelled o'er Judah's mountains lone,
 Hermon ! thy echoes have learned its tone ;
 On the Great Plain* its notes have rung,
 The leagued Crusaders' tents among ;
 'Twas loved by the Lion-heart who won
 The palm in the field of Ascalon ;
 And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine
 Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

- "Thine hour is come, and the stake is set,"
 The Soldan cried to the captive knight ;
 "And the sons of the Prophet in throngs are met
 To gaze on the fearful sight.
 "But be our faith by thy lips professed,
 The faith of Mecca's shrine,
 Cast down the red cross that marks thy vest,
 And life shall yet be thine."
 "I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,
 And gazed with undaunted eye ;
 I have borne the bright cross through fire and flood,
 And think'st thou I fear to die ?
 "I have stood where thousands, by Salem's towers,
 Have fallen for the name Divine ;

* The plain of Esdräelon.

And the faith that cheered *their* closing hours
Shall be the light of mine."

"Thus wilt thou die in the pride of health,
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom?
Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,
Or torture and the tomb."

"I have been where the crown of thorns was twin'd
For a dying Saviour's brow;
He spurned the treasures that lure mankind,
And I reject them now!"

"Art thou the son of a noble line,
In a land that is fair and blest;
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive! pine,
Again on its shores to rest?"

"Thine own is the choice to hail once more
The soil of thy father's birth,
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er,
Forgotten in foreign earth."

"Oh! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise
In the country of my love;
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,
There's a brighter clime above!"

The bard hath paused—for another tone
Blends with the music of his own;
And his heart beats high with hope again,
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain.

"Are there none within thy father's hall,
Far o'er the wide blue main,
Young Christian! left to deplore thy fall,
With sorrow deep and vain?"

"There are hearts that still, through all the past,
Unchanging have loved me well;
There are eyes whose tears were streaming fast
When I bade my home farewell.

"Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier
Than the apostate's living stain;
There's a land where those who loved when here
Shall meet to love again."

'Tis he! thy prince—long sought, long lost,
The leader of the red-cross host!
'Tis he!—to none thy joy betray,
Young Troubadour! away, away!
Away to the island of the brave,
The gem on the bosom of the wave;

Arouse the sons of the noble soil
 To win their Lion from the toil.
 And free the wassail-cup shall flow,
 Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow ;
 The festal board shall be richly crowned,
 While knights and chieftains revel round,
 And a thousand harps with joy shall ring,
 When merry England hails her King.

THE DEATH OF CONRADIN.

No cloud to dim the splendour of the day
 Which breaks o'er Naples and her lovely bay,
 And lights that brilliant sea and magic shore
 With every tint that charmed the great of yore—
 The imperial ones of earth, who proudly bade
 Their marble domes even ocean's realm invade.
 That race is gone, but glorious Nature here
 Maintains unchanged her own sublime career,
 And bids these regions of the sun display
 Bright hues, surviving empires passed away.
 The beam of heaven expands—its kindling smile
 Reveals each charm of many a fairy isle,
 Whose image floats, in softer colouring dressed,
 With all its rocks and vines, on ocean's breast.
 Misenum's cape hath caught the vivid ray,
 On Roman streamers there no more to play ;
 Still, as of old, unalterably bright,
 Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's height,
 With all Italia's sunshine to illumo
 The ilex canopy of Virgil's tomb.
 Campania's plains rejoice in light, and spread
 Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty dead ;
 Fair glittering to thine own transparent skies,
 Thy palaces, exulting Naples! rise ;
 While far on high Vesuvius rears his peak,
 Furrowed and dark with many a lava streak.

O ye bright shores of Circe and the Muse !
 Rich with all nature's and all fiction's hues,
 Who shall explore your regions, and declare
 The poet* erred to paint Elysium there ?
 Call up his spirit, wanderer ! bid him guide
 Thy steps those syren-haunted seas beside ;
 And all the scene a lovelier light shall wear,
 And spells more potent shall pervade the air.
 What though his dust be scattered, and his urn
 Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn,

* Virgil.

Still dwell the beings of his verse around,
 Hovering in beauty o'er the enchanted ground;
 His lays are murmured in each breeze that roves
 Soft o'er the sunny waves and orange-groves;
 His memory's charm is spread o'er shore and sea,
 The soul, the genius of Parthenope;
 Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-clad hill
 The purple radiance of Elysium still.

Yet that fair soil and calm resplendent sky
 Have witnessed many a dark reality.
 Oft o'er those bright blue seas the gale hath borne
 The sighs of exiles never to return.
 There with the whisper of Campania's gale
 Hath mingled oft Affection's funeral wail,
 Mourning for buried heroes—while to her
 That glowing land was but their sepulchre.
 And there, of old, the dread mysterious moan
 Swelled from strange voices of no mortal tone;
 And that wild trumpet, whose unearthly note
 Was heard at midnight o'er the hills to float
 Around the spot where Agrippina died,
 Denouncing vengeance on the Matricide.

Passed are those ages—yet another crime,
 Another woe, must stain the Elysian clime.
 There stands a scaffold on the sunny shore—
 It must be crimsoned ere the day is o'er!
 There is a throne in regal pomp arrayed—
 A scene of death from thence must be surveyed.
 Marked ye the rushing throngs? Each mien is pale,
 Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale;
 But the deep workings of the indignant breast,
 Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all suppressed;
 The burning tears awhile must check its course,
 The avenging thought concentrate all its force;
 For tyranny is near, and will not brook
 Aught but submission in each guarded look.

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and with mien
 Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene;
 And in his eye a keen suspicious glance
 Of jealous pride and restless vigilance,
 Behold the Conqueror! Vainly in his face
 Of gentler feeling Hope would seek a trace.
 Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which hath lent
 Its haughty stamp to each dark lineament:
 And pleading Mercy, in the sternness there,
 May read at once her sentence—to despair!

But thou, fair boy! the beautiful, the brave,
 Thus passing from the dungeon to the grave,

While all is yet around thee which can give
 A charm to earth, and make it bliss to live;
 Thou on whose form hath dwelt a mother's eye,
 Till the deep love that not with thee shall die
 Hath grown too full for utterance—can it be!
 And is this pomp of death prepared for *thee*,
 Young, royal Conradin! who shouldst have known
 Of life as yet the sunny smile alone!
 Oh! who can view thee, in the pride and bloom
 Of youth, arrayed so richly for the tomb,
 Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost soul,
 Emotions tyranny may ne'er control?
 Bright victim! to Ambition's altar led,
 Crowned with all flowers that heaven on earth can shed,
 Who, from the oppressor towering in his pride,
 May hope for mercy—if to thee denied?
 There is dead silence on the breathless throng,
 Dead silence all the peopled shore along,
 As on the captive moves—the only sound,
 To break that calm so fearfully profound,
 The low sweet murmur of the rippling wave,
 Soft as it glides the smiling shore to lave;
 While on that shore, his own fair heritage,
 The youthful martyr to a tyrant's rage
 Is passing to his fate. The eyes are dim
 Which gaze, through tears that dare not flow, on him.
 He mounts the scaffold—doth his footstep fail?
 Doth his lip quiver? doth his cheek turn pale?
 Oh! it may be forgiven him if a thought
 Cling to that world, for him with beauty fraught—
 To all the hopes that promised glory's meed,
 And all the affections that with him shall bleed!
 If, in his life's young dayspring, while the rose
 Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly glows,
 One human fear convulse his parting breath,
 And shrink from all the bitterness of death!

But no! the spirit of his royal race
 Sits brightly on his brow: that youthful face
 Beams with heroic beauty, and his eye
 Is eloquent with injured majesty.
 He kneels—but not to man; his heart shall own
 Such deep submission to his God alone!
 And who can tell with what sustaining power
 That God may visit him in fate's dread hour?
 How the still voice, which answers every moan,
 May speak of hope—when hope on earth is gone?

That solemn pause is o'er. The youth hath given
 One glance of parting love to earth and heaven.

The sun rejoices in the unclouded sky,
 Life all around him glows—and he must die!
 Yet, 'midst his people, undismayed, he throws
 The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes;
 Vengeance that, like their own volcano's fire,
 May sleep suppressed awhile—but not expire.
 One softer image rises o'er his breast,
 One fond regret, and all shall be at rest!
 "Alas, for thee, my mother! who shall bear
 To thy sad heart the tidings of despair,
 When thy lost child is gone!" That thought can thrill
 His soul with pangs one moment more shall still.
 The lifted axe is glittering in the sun—
 It falls—the race of Conradin is run!
 Yet, from the blood which flows that shore to stain,
 A voice shall cry to heaven—and not in vain!
 Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous throne,
 In proud supremacy of guilt alone,
 Charles of Anjou!—but that dread voice shall be
 A fearful summoner even yet to thee!

The scene of death is closed—the throngs depart,
 A deep stern lesson graved on every heart.
 No pomp, no funeral rites, no streaming eyes,
 High-minded boy! may grace thine obsequies.
 O vainly royal and beloved! thy grave,
 Unsanctified, is bathed by ocean's wave;
 Marked by no stone, a rude, neglected spot,
 Unhonoured, unadorned—but *unforgot*;
 For thy deep wrongs in tameless hearts shall live,
 Now mutely suffering—never to forgive!

The sunset fades from purple heavens away—
 A bark hath anchored in the unruffled bay:
 Thence on the beach descends a female form,
 Her mien with hope and tearful transport warm;
 But life hath left sad traces on her cheek,
 And her soft eyes a chastened heart bespeak,
 Inured to woes—yet what were all the past?
 She sank not feebly 'neath affliction's blast,
 While one bright hope remained: who now shall tell
 The uncrowned, the widowed, how her loved one fell?
 To clasp her child, to ransom and to save,
 The mother came—and she hath found his grave!
 And by that grave, transfixed in speechless grief,
 Whose deathlike trance denies a tear's relief,
 Awhile she kneels—till roused at length to know,
 To feel the might, the fulness of her woe,
 On the still air a voice of anguish wild,
 A mother's cry is heard—"My Conradin! my child!"

THE MAREMMA.

["Nello de la Pietra had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy, which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which then, as now, was a district destructive of health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chronicles, indeed, tell us that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits: one was a captain who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino; the second, a gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the House of Este; the third was a woman unknown to the poet, and who, after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words:—

'Recorditi di me; che son la Pia,
Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma,
Salsi colui che inanellata pria
Disponandomi' avea con la sua gemma.' —*Purgatorio*, cant. v.]

THERE are bright scenes beneath Italian skies,
Where glowing suns their purest light diffuse,
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion rise,
And Nature lavishes her warmest hues;
But trust thou not her smile, her balmy breath,
Away! her charms are but the pomp of Death!

He, in the vine-clad bowers, unseen is dwelling,
Where the cool shade its freshness round thee throws,
His voice, in every perfumed zephyr swelling,
With gentlest whisper lures thee to repose;
And the soft sounds that through the foliage sigh,
But woo thee still to slumber and to die.

Mysterious danger lurks, a syren there,
Not robed in terrors or announced in gloom,
But stealing o'er thee in the scented air,
And veiled in flowers, that smile to deck thy tomb
How may we deem, amidst their deep array,
That heaven and earth but flatter to betray?

Sunshine, and bloom, and verdure! Can it be
That these but charm us with destructive wiles?
Where shall we turn, O Nature! if in thee
Danger is masked in beauty—death in smiles?

Oh! still the Circe of that fatal shore,
Where she, the Sun's bright daughter, dwelt of yore.

There, year by year, that secret peril spreads,
Disguised in loveliness, its baleful reign,
And viewless blights o'er many a landscape sheds,
Gay with the riches of the South, in vain;
O'er fairy bowers and palaces of state
Passing unseen, to leave them desolate.

And pillared halls, whose airy colonnades
Were formed to echo music's choral tone,
Are silent now, amidst deserted shades,
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms alone;
And fountains dash unheard, by lone alcoves,
Neglected temples, and forsaken groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in beauty gleaming
'Midst the deep shades of plane and cypress rise,
By wave or grot might Fancy linger, dreaming
Of old Arcadia's woodland deities.
Wild visions!—there no sylvan powers convene:
Death reigns the genius of the Elysian scene.

Ye, too, illustrious hills of Rome! that bear
Traces of mightier beings on your brow,
O'er you that subtle spirit of the air
Extends the desert of his empire now;
Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane, and dome,
And make the Cæsar's ruined halls his home.

Youth, valour, beauty, oft have felt his power,
His crowned and chosen victims: o'er their lot
Hath fond Affection wept—each blighted flower
In turn was loved and mourned, and is forgot.
But one who perished left a tale of woe,
Meet for as deep a sigh as Pity can bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,
Is floating joyous on the summer air;
And there are banquets in her stately halls,
And graceful revels of the gay and fair,
And brilliant wreaths the altar have arrayed,
Where meet her noblest youth and loveliest maid.

To that young bride each grace hath Nature given
Which glows on Art's divinest dream. Her eye
Hath a pure sunbeam of her native heaven—
Her cheek a tinge of morning's richest dye;
Fair as that daughter of the South, whose form
Still breathes and charms in Vinci's colours warm.*

* An allusion to Leonardo da Vinci's picture of his wife Mona Lisa, supposed to be the most perfect imitation of nature ever exhibited in painting.—See *VASARI'S Lives of the Painters*.

But is she blest?—for sometimes o'er her smile
A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is cast;
And in her liquid glance there seems awhile
To dwell some thought whose soul is with the past;
Yet soon it flies—a cloud that leaves no trace,
On the sky's azure, of its dwelling-place.

Perchance, at times, within her heart may rise
Remembrance of some early love or woe,
Faded, yet scarce forgotten—in her eyes
Wakening the half-formed tear that may not flow,
Yet radiant seems her lot as aught on earth,
Where still some pining thought comes darkly o'er our
mirth.

The world before her smiles—its changeful gaze
She hath not proved as yet; her path seems gay
With flowers and sunshine, and the voice of praise
Is still the joyous herald of her way;
And beauty's light around her dwells, to throw
O'er every scene its own resplendent glow.

Such is the young Bianca—graced with all
That nature, fortune, youth, at once can give;
Pure in their loveliness, her looks recall
Such dreams as ne'er life's early bloom survive;
And when she speaks, each thrilling tone is fraught
With sweetness, born of high and heavenly thought.

And he to whom are breathed her vows of faith
Is brave and noble. Child of high descent,
He hath stood fearless in the ranks of death,
'Mid slaughtered heaps, the warrior's monument;
And proudly marshalled his carroccio's* way
Amidst the wildest wreck of war's array.

And his the chivalrous commanding mien,
Where high-born grandeur blends with courtly grace!
Yet may a lightning glance at times be seen,
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his face,
And fierce the spirit kindling in his eye—
But even while yet we gaze, its quick wild flashes die.

And calmly can Pietra smile, concealing,
As if forgotten, vengeance, hate, remorse,
And veil the workings of each darker feeling,
Deep in his soul concentrating its force:
But yet he loves—oh! who hath loved nor known
Affection's power exalt the bosom all its own!

* Carroccio, a sort of consecrated war-chariot.

The days roll on—and still Bianca's lot
 Seems as a path of Eden. Thou mightst deem
 That grief, the mighty chastener, had forgot
 To wake her soul from life's enchanted dream;
 And, if her brow a moment's sadness wear,
 It sheds but grace more intellectual there.

A few short years, and all is changed: her fate
 Seems with some deep mysterious cloud o'ercast.
 Have jealous doubts transformed to wrath and hate
 The love whose glow expression's power surpassed?
 Lo! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom
 Is gathering day by day, prophetic of her doom.

Oh! can he meet that eye, of light serene,
 Whence the pure spirit looks in radiance forth,
 And view that bright intelligence of mien
 Formed to express but thoughts of loftiest worth,
 Yet deem that vice within that heart can reign?
 —How shall he e'er confide in aught on earth again?

In silence oft, with strange vindictive gaze,
 Transient, yet filled with meaning strange and wild,
 Her features calm in beauty he surveys,
 Then turns away, and fixes on her child
 So dark a glance, that thrills a mother's mind
 With some vague fear scarce owned, and undefined.

There stands a lonely dwelling by the wave
 Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's shore,
 Far from all sounds but rippling seas that lave
 Grey rocks with foliage richly shadowed o'er,
 And sighing winds, that murmur through the wood,
 Fringing the beach of that Hesperian flood.

Fair is that house of solitude—and fair
 The green Maremma, far around it spread,
 A sun-bright waste of beauty. Yet an air
 Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed!
 No human footstep tracks the lone domain,
 The desert of luxuriance glows in vain.

And silent are the marble halls that rise
 'Mid founts, and cypress walks, and olive groves:
 All sleep in sunshine 'neath cerulean skies,
 And still around the sea-breeze lightly roves;
 Yet every trace of man reveals alone
 That there once life hath flourished—and is gone.

There, till around them slowly, softly stealing,
 The summer air, deceit in every sigh,
 Came fraught with death, its power no sign revealing,
 Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt in days gone by;

And strains of mirth and melody have flowed
Where stands, all voiceless now, the still abode.

And thither doth her lord remorseless bear
Bianca with her child. His altered eye
And brow a stern and fearful calmness wear,
While his dark spirit seals their doom—to die;
And the deep bodings of his victim's heart
Tell her from fruitless hope at once to part.

It is the summer's glorious prime—and blending
Its blue transparence with the skies, the deep,
Each tint of heaven upon its breast descending,
Scarce murmurs as it heaves in glassy sleep,
And on its wave reflects, more softly bright,
That lovely shore of solitude and light.

Fragrance in each warm Southern gale is breathing,
Decked with young flowers the rich Maremma glows,
Neglected vines the trees are wildly wreathing,
And the fresh myrtle in exuberance blows;
And, far and round, a deep and sunny bloom
Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the tomb.

Yes! 'tis *thy* tomb, Bianca, fairest flower!
The voice that calls thee speaks in every gale,
Which, o'er thee breathing with insidious power,
Bids the young roses of thy cheek turn pale;
And fatal in its softness, day by day,
Steals from that eye some trembling spark away.

But sink not yet; for there are darker woes,
Daughter of Beauty! in thy spring-morn fading—
Sufferings more keen for thee reserved than those
Of lingering death, which thus thine eye are shading
Nerve then thy heart to meet that bitter lot:
'Tis agony—but soon to be forgot!

What deeper pangs maternal hearts can wring
Than hourly to behold the spoiler's breath
Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of spring,
O'er infancy's fair cheek the blight of death?
To gaze and shrink, as gathering shades o'ercast
The pale smooth brow, yet watch it to the last!

Such pangs were thine, young mother! Thou didst bend
O'er thy fair boy, and raise his drooping head;
And faint and hopeless, far from every friend,
Keep thy sad midnight vigils near his bed,
And watch his patient, supplicating eye
Fixed upon thee—on thee!—who couldst no aid supply!

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely woe
Through those dark hours; to thee the wind's low sigh,

And the faint murmur of the ocean's flow,
Came like some spirit whispering—"He must die!"
And thou didst vainly clasp him to the breast
His young and sunny smile so oft with hope had blest.

'Tis past, that fearful trial!—he is gone!

But thou, sad mourner! hast not long to weep;
The hour of nature's chartered peace comes on,
And thou shalt share thine infant's holy sleep.
A few short sufferings yet—and death shall be
As a bright messenger from heaven to thee.

But ask not—hope not—one relenting thought
From him who doomed thee thus to waste away,
Whose heart, with sullen speechless vengeance fraught,
Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow decay;
And coldly, sternly, silently can trace
The gradual withering of each youthful grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall come,
When thou, bright victim! on his dreams shalt rise
As an accusing angel—and thy tomb,
A martyr's shrine, be hallowed in his eyes!
Then shall thine innocence his bosom wring
More than thy fancied guilt with jealous pangs could sting

Lift thy meek eyes to heaven—for all on earth,
Young sufferer, fades before thee. Thou art lone:
Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly on thy birth,
Thine hour of death is all Affliction's own!
It is our task to suffer—and our fate
To learn that mighty lesson soon or late.

The season's glory fades—the vintage-lay
Through joyous Italy resounds no more;
But mortal loveliness hath passed away,
Fairer than aught in summer's glowing store.
Beauty and youth are gone—behold them such
As Death has made them with his blighting touch!

The summer's breath came o'er them—and they died!
Softly it came to give luxuriance birth,
Called forth young Nature in her festal pride,
But bore to them their summons from the earth!
Again shall blow that mild, delicious breeze,
And wake to light and life—all flowers—but these.

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy virtues telling,
O lost and loveliest one! adorns thy grave;
But o'er that humble cypress-shaded dwelling
The dewdrops glisten and the wild-flowers wave—
Emblems more meet, in transient light and bloom,
For thee, who thus didst pass in brightness to the tomb!

A TALE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

[The following account of the extraordinary association called the Secret Tribunal is given by Madame de Staël :—“Des juges mystérieux inconnus l'un à l'autre, toujours masqués, et se rassemblant pendant la nuit, punissaient dans le silence, et gravaient seulement sur le poignard qu'ils enfonçaient dans le sein du coupable ce mot terrible: TRIBUNAL SECRET. Ils prévenaient le condamné, en faisant crier trois fois sous les fenêtres de sa maison, Malheur, Malheur, Malheur! Alors l'infortuné savait que par-tout, dans l'étranger, dans son concitoyen, dans son parent même, il pouvoit trouver son meurtrier. La solitude, la foule, les villes, les campagnes, tout était rempli par la présence invisible de cette conscience armée qui poursuivait criminels.”]

PART FIRST.

I.

NIGHT veiled the mountains of the vine,
And storms had roused the foaming Rhine,
And, mingling with the pinewood's roar,
Its billows hoarsely chafed the shore,
While glen and cavern, to their moans,
Gave answer with a thousand tones.
Then, as the voice of storms appalled
The peasant of the Odenwald,
Shuddering, he deemed that, far on high,
'Twas the Wild Huntsman rushing by,
Riding the blast with phantom speed,
With cry of hound and tramp of steed,
While his fierce train, as on they flew,
Their horns in savage chorus blew,
Till rock, and tower, and convent round,
Rang to the shrill, unearthly sound.

Vain dreams! far other footsteps traced
The forest paths, in secret haste;
Far other sounds were on the night,
Though lost amidst the tempest's might,
That filled the echoing earth and sky
With its own awful harmony.
There stood a lone and ruined fane
Far on in Odenwald's domain,
'Midst wood and rock, a deep recess
Of still and shadowy loneliness.
Long grass its pavement had o'ergrown,
The wild-flower waved o'er the altar stone,
The night-wind rocked the tottering pile,
As it swept along the roofless aisle,
For the forest boughs and the stormy sky
Were all that minster's canopy.

Many a broken image lay
In the mossy mantle of decay,
And partial light the moonbeams darted
O'er trophies of the long departed ;
For there the chiefs of other days,
The mighty, slumbered with their praise :
'Twas long since aught but the dews of heaven
A tribute to their bier had given—
Long since a sound but the moaning blast
Above their voiceless home had passed.
—So slept the proud, and with them all
The records of their fame and fall ;
Helmet, and shield, and sculptured crest
Adorned the dwelling of their rest,
And emblems of the Holy Land
Were carved by some forgotten hand.
But the helm was broke, the shield defaced,
And the crest through weeds might scarce be traced :
And the scattered leaves of the northern pine
Half hid the palm of Palestine.
So slept the glorious—lowly laid,
As the peasant in his native shade ;
Some hermit's tale, some shepherd's rhyme,
All that high deeds could win from time !

What footsteps move with measured tread
Amid those chambers of the dead ?
What silent shadowy beings glide
Low tombs and mouldering shrines beside,
Peopling the wild and solemn scene
With forms well suited to its mien ?
Wanderer, away ! let none intrude
On their mysterious solitude !
Lo ! these are they, that awful band,
The secret watchers of the land—
They that, unknown and uncontrolled,
Their dark and dread tribunal hold.
They meet not in the monarch's dome,
They meet not in the chieftain's home ;
But where, unbounded, o'er their heads
All heaven magnificently spreads,
And from its depths of cloudless blue
The eternal stars their deeds may view !
Where'er the flowers of the mountain sod
By roving foot are seldom trod ;
Where'er wild legends mark a spot
By mortals shunned, but unforget ;
There, circled by the shades of night,
They judge of crimes that shrink from light
And guilt that deems its secret known

To the One unslumbering eye alone,
 Yet hears their name with a sudden start,
 As an icy touch had chilled the heart,
 For the shadow of the avenger's hand
 Rests dark and heavy on the land.

There rose a voice from the ruin's gloom,
 And woke the echoes of the tomb,
 As if the noble hearts beneath
 Sent forth deep answers to its breath.
 —“When the midnight stars are burning,
 And the dead to earth returning;
 When the spirits of the blest
 Rise upon the good man's rest;
 When each whisper of the gale
 Bids the cheek of guilt turn pale;
 In the shadow of the hour
 That o'er the soul hath deepest power,
 Why thus meet me, but to call
 For judgment on the criminal?
 Why, but the doom of guilt to seal,
 And point the avenger's holy steel?
 A fearful oath has bound our souls,
 A fearful power our arm controls!
 There is an ear awake on high
 Even to thought's whispers ere they die;
 There is an eye whose beam prevades
 All depths, all deserts, and all shades:
 That ear hath heard our awful vow,
 That searching eye is on us now!
 Let him whose heart is unprofaned,
 Whose hand no blameless blood hath stained—
 Let him whose thoughts no record keep
 Of crimes in silence buried deep,
 Here, in the face of heaven, accuse
 The guilty whom its wrath pursues!”

’Twas hushed—that voice of thrilling sound!
 And a dead silence reigned around.
 Then stood forth one, whose dim-seen form
 Towered like a phantom in the storm;
 Gathering his mantle, as a cloud,
 With his dark folds his face to shroud,
 Through pillared arches on he passed,
 With stately step, and paused at last,
 Where, on the altar's mouldering stone,
 The fitful moonbeam brightly shone:
 Then on the fearful stillness broke
 Low solemn tones, as thus he spoke:

"Before that eye whose glance pervades
All depths, all deserts, and all shades ;
Heard by that ear awake on high
Even to thought's whispers ere they die—
With all a mortal's awe I stand,
Yet with pure heart and stainless hand.
To Heaven I lift that hand, and call
For judgment on the criminal :
The earth is dyed with bloodshed's hues—
It cries for vengeance. I accuse !"

"Name thou the guilty ! Say for whom
Thou claim'st the inevitable doom."

"Albert of Lindheim—to the skies
The voice of blood against him cries ;
A brother's blood—his hand is dyed
With the deep stain of fratricide.
One hour, one moment, hath revealed
What years in darkness had concealed,
But all in vain—the gulf of time
Refuse to close upon his crime ;
And guilt that slept on flowers shall know
The earthquake was but hushed below !
—Here, where amidst the noble dead,
Awed by their fame, he dare not tread ;
Where, left by him to dark decay,
Their trophies moulder fast away,
Around us and beneath us lie
The relics of his ancestry—
The chiefs of Lindheim's ancient race,
Each in his last low dwelling-place.
But one is absent—o'er *his* grave
The palmy shades of Syria wave ;
Far distant from his native Rhine,
He died unmourned in Palestine ;
The Pilgrim sought the Holy Land
To perish by a brother's hand !
Peace to his soul ! though o'er his bed
No dirge be poured, no tear be shed,
Though all be loved his name forget,
They live who shall avenge him yet !"

"Accuser ! how to thee alone
Became the fearful secret known ?"

"There is an hour when vain Remorse
First wakes in her eternal force ;
When pardon may not be retrieved,
When conscience will not be deceived.

He that beheld the victim bleed—
Beheld and aided in the deed—
When earthly fears had lost their power,
Revealed the tale in such an hour,
Unfolding with his latest breath
All that gave keener pangs to death."

"By Him, the All-seeing and Unseen,
Who is for ever, and hath been,
And by the Atoner's cross adored,
And by the avenger's holy sword,
By truth eternal and divine,
Accuser! wilt thou swear to thine?"
—"The cross upon my heart is pressed,
I hold the dagger to my breast!
If false the tale whose truth I swear,
Be mine the murderer's doom to bear!"
Then sternly rose the dread reply—
"His days are numbered—he must die!
There is no shadow of the night
So deep as to conceal his flight;
Earth doth not hold so lone a waste
But there his footsteps shall be traced;
Devotion hath no shrine so blest
That there in safety he may rest.
Where'er he treads, let Vengeance there
Around him spread her secret snare
In the busy haunts of men,
In the still and shadowy glen,
When the social board is crowned,
When the wine-cup sparkles round;
When his couch of sleep is pressed,
And a stream his spirit's guest;
When his bosom knows no fear,
Let the dagger still be near,
Till, sudden as the lightning's dart,
Silent and swift, it reach his heart.
One warning voice, one fearful word,
Ere morn, beneath his towers be heard.
Then vainly may the guilty fly,
Unseen, unaided—he must die!
Let those he loves prepare his tomb,
Let friendship lure him to his doom!
Perish his deeds, his name, his race,
Without a record or a trace!
Away! Be watchful, swift, and free,
To wreak the invisible's decree.
'Tis passed—the avenger claims his prey:
On to the chase of death—away!"

And all was still. The sweeping blast
Caught not a whisper as it passed;
The shadowy forms were seen no more,
The tombs deserted as before;
And the wide forest waved immense
In dark and lone magnificence.

II.

In Lindheim's towers the feast had closed;
The song was hushed, the bard reposed;
Sleep settled on the weary guest,
And the castle's lord retired to rest.
To rest? The captive doomed to die
May slumber when his hour is nigh;
The seaman, when the billows foam,
Rocked on the mast, may dream of home;
The warrior, on the battle's eve,
May win from care a short reprieve:
But earth and heaven alike deny
Their peace to guilt's o'erwearied eye;
And night, that brings to grief a calm,
To toil a pause, to pain a balm,
Hath spells terrific in her course,
Dread sounds and shadows, for Remorse—
Voices, that long from earth hath fled,
And steps and echoes from the dead,
And many a dream whose forms arise
Like a dark world's realities!
Call them not vain illusions—born
But for the wise and brave to scorn!
Heaven, that the penal doom defers,
Hath yet its thousand ministers
To scourge the heart, unseen, unknown,
In shade, in silence, and alone,
Concentrating in one brief hour
Ages of retribution's power!
—If thou wouldst know the lot of those
Whose souls are dark with guilty woes,
Ah! seek them not where Pleasure's throng
Are listening to the voice of song;
Seek them not where the banquet glows,
And the red vineyard's nectar flows:
There, mirth may flush the hollow cheek,
The eye of feverish joy may speak,
And smiles, the ready mask of pride,
The canker-worm within may hide.
Heed not those signs—they but delude;
Follow, and mark their solitude!

The song is hushed, the feast is done,
And Lindheim's lord remains alone—

Alone in silence and unrest,
With the dread secret of his breast;
Alone with anguish and with fear—
There needs not an avenger here!
Behold him! Why that sudden start?
Thou hear'st the beating of thy heart!
Thou hear'st the night-wind's hollow sigh—
Thou hear'st the rustling tapestry!
No sound but these may near thee be;
Sleep! all things earthly sleep, but thee.
—No! there are murmurs on the air,
And a voice is heard that cries—"Despair!"
And he who trembles fain would deem
'Twas the whisper of a waking dream.
Was it but this? Again! 'tis there:
Again is heard—"Despair! Despair!"
'Tis past—its tones have slowly died
In echoes on the mountain side;
Heard but by him, they rose, they fell,
He knew their fearful meaning well,
And shrinking from the midnight gloom,
As from the shadow of the tomb,
Yet shuddering, turned in pale dismay,
When broke the dawn's first kindling ray,
And sought, amidst the forest wild,
Some shade where sunbeam never smiled.

Yes! hide thee, Guilt! The laughing morr
Wakes in a heaven of splendour born;
The storms that shook the mountain crest
Have sought their viewless world of rest.
High from his cliffs, with ardent gaze,
Soars the young eagle in the blaze,
Exulting, as he wings his way
To revel in the fount of day.
And brightly past his banks of vine,
In glory flows the monarch Rhine;
And joyous peals the vintage song
His wild luxuriant shores along,
As peasant bauds, from rock and dell,
Their strains of choral transport swell.
And cliffs of bold fantastic forms,
Aspiring to the realm of storms,
And woods around the waves below
Catch the red Orient's deepening glow,
That lends each tower and convent spire
A tinge of its ethereal fire.

G*

III.

Swell high the song of festal hours!
Deck ye the shrine with living flowers!
Let music o'er the water breathe!
While she, whose blue eye laughs in light,
Whose cheek with love's own hue is bright,
The fair-haired maid of Lindheim's hall
Wakes to her nuptial festival.
—Oh! who hath seen, in dreams that soar
To worlds the soul would fain explore,
When, for her own blest country pining,
Its beauty o'er her thought is shining—
Some form of heaven, whose cloudless eye
Was all one beam of ecstasy;
Whose glorious brow no traces wore
Of guilt or sorrow known before;
Whose smile, undimmed by aught of earth,
A sunbeam of immortal birth,
Spoke of bright realms far distant lying,
Where love and joy are both undying?
Even thus—a vision of delight,
A beam to gladden mortal sight,
A flower whose head no storm has bowed,
Whose leaves ne'er dropped beneath a cloud
Thus, by the world unstained, untried,
Seemed that beloved and lovely bride;
A being all too soft and fair
One breath of earthly woe to bear.
Yet lives there many a lofty mind
In light and fragile form enshrined:
And oft smooth cheek and smiling eye
Hide strength to suffer and to die.
Judge not of woman's heart in hours
That strew her path with summer flowers,
When joy's full cup is mantling high,
When flattery's blandishments are nigh:
Judge her not then! Within her breast
Are energies unseen, that rest;
They wait their call—and grief alone
May make the soul's deep secrets known.
Yes! let her smile 'midst pleasure's train,
Leading the reckless and the vain!
Firm on the scaffold she hath stood,
Besprinkled with the martyr's blood;
Her voice the patriot's heart hath steeled,
Her spirit glowed on battlefield;
Her courage freed from dungeon's gloom
The captive brooding o'er his doom;
Her faith the fallen monarch saved,

Her love the tyrant's fury braved:
No scene of danger or despair
But she hath won her triumph there!

Away! nor cloud the festal morn
With thoughts of boding sadness born.
Far other, lovelier dreams are thine,
Fair daughter of a noble line!
Young Ella! from thy tower whose height
Hath caught the flush of Eastern light,
Watching, while soft the morning air
Parts on thy brow the sunny hair,
Yon bark, that o'er the calm, blue tide
Bears thy loved warrior to his bride—
Him, whose high deeds romantic praise
Hath hallowed with romantic lays.

He came, that youthful chief—he came,
That favoured lord of love and fame;
His step was hurried—as of one
Who seeks a voice within to shun;
His cheek was varying, and expressed
The conflict of a troubled breast;
His eye was anxious—doubt and dread,
And a stern grief, might there be read.
Yet all that marked his altered mien
Seemed struggling to be still unseen.

With shrinking heart, with nameless fear,
Young Ella met the brow austere,
And the wild look, which seemed to fly
The timid welcomes of her eye.
Was that a lover's gaze which chilled
The soul, its awful sadness thrilled?
A lover's brow, so darkly fraught
With all the heaviest gloom of thought?
She trembled. Ne'er to grief inured,
By its dread lessons ne'er matured;
Unused to meet a glance of less
Than all a parent's tenderness;
Shuddering, she felt through every sense
The deathlike faintness of suspense.

High o'er the windings of the flood,
On Lindheim's terraced rocks they stood,
Whence the free sight afar might stray
O'er that imperial river's way,
Which, rushing from its Alpine source,
Makes one long triumph of its course,
Rolling in tranquil grandeur by
'Midst nature's noblest pageantry.

But they, o'er that majestic scene,
 With clouded brow and anxious mien,
 In silence gazed. For Ella's heart
 Feared its own terrors to impart;
 And he, who vainly strove to hide
 His pangs, with all a warrior's pride,
 Seemed gathering courage to unfold
 Some fearful tale that must be told.

At length his mien, his voice, obtained
 A calm that seemed by conflicts gained,
 As thus he spoke: "Yes! gaze awhile
 On the bright scenes that round thee smile;
 For, if thy love be firm and true,
 Soon must thou bid their charms adieu.
 A fate hangs o'er us whose decree
 Must bear me far from them or thee.
 Our path is one of snares and fear—
 I lose thee if I linger here.
 Droop not, beloved! thy home shall rise
 As fair, beneath far-distant skies;
 As fondly tenderness and truth
 Shall cherish there thy rose of youth.
 But speak! and when yon hallowed shrine
 Hath heard the vows which make thee mine,
 Say, wilt thou fly with me, no more
 To tread thine own loved mountain-shore,
 But share and soothe, repining not,
 The bitterness of exile's lot?"

"Ulric! thou know'st how dearly loved
 The scenes where first my childhood roved;
 The woods, the rocks, that tower supreme
 Above our own majestic stream;
 The halls where first my heart beat high
 To the proud songs of chivalry.
 All, all are dear—yet *these* are ties
 Affection well may sacrifice;
 Loved though they be, where'er thou art,
 There is the country of my heart!
 Yet there is one, who, reft of me,
 Were lonely as a blasted tree;
 One, who still hoped my hand should close
 His eye in nature's last repose.
 Eve gathers round him—on his brow
 Already rests the wintry snow;
 His form is bent, his features wear
 The deepening lines of age and care;
 His faded eye hath lost its fire;
 Thou wouldst not tear me from my sire!

Yet tell me all—thy woes impart,
My Ulric! to a faithful heart,
Which sooner far—oh! doubt not this—
Would share *thy* pangs than others' bliss."

"Ella, what wouldst thou?—'tis a tale
Will make that cheek as marble pale!
Yet what avails it to conceal
All thou too soon must know and feel?
It must, it must be told; prepare,
And nerve thy gentle heart to bear.
But I—oh! was it then for *me*
The herald of thy woes to be—
Thy soul's bright calmness to destroy,
And wake thee first from dreams of joy?
Forgive! I would not ruder tone
Should make the fearful tidings known—
I would not that unpitying eyes
Should coldly watch thine agonies.
Better 'twere mine—that task severe,
To cloud thy breast with grief and fear.
—Hast thou not heard, in legends old,
Wild tales that turn the life-blood cold,
Of these who meet in cave or glen,
Far from the busy walks of men;
Those who mysterious vigils keep,
When earth is wrapped in shades and sleep,
To judge of crimes, like Him on high,
In stillness and in secrecy—
Th' unknown avengers, whose decree
'Tis fruitless to resist or flee—
Whose name hath cast a spell of power
O'er peasant's cot and chieftain's tower?
Thy sire—O Ella! hope is fled!
Think of him, mourn him, as the dead!
Their sentence, theirs hath sealed his doom,
And thou may'st weep as o'er the tomb.
Yes, weep!—relieve thy heart oppressed,
Pour forth thy sorrows on my breast.
Thy cheek is cold, thy tearless eye
Seems fixed in frozen vacancy.
Oh, gaze not thus!—thy silence break:
Speak! if 'tis but in anguish, speak!"

She spoke at length, in accents low,
Of wild and half-indignant woe:—
"He doomed to perish! he decreed
By their avenging arm to bleed!
He, the renowned in holy fight,
The Paynim's scourge, the Christian's might!

Ulric! what mean'st thou? Not a thought
 Of that high mind with guilt is fraught!
 Say for which glorious trophy won,
 Which deed of martial prowess done,
 Which battlefield in days gone by
 Gained by his valour, must he die?
 Away! 'tis not *his* lofty name
 Their sentence hath consigned to shame:
 'Tis not his life they seek. Recall
 Thy words, or say he s'hall not fall!"

Then sprung forth tears, whose blest relief
 Gave pleading softness to her grief:
 "And wilt thou not, by all the ties
 Of our affianced love," she cries—
 "By all my soul hath fixed on thee,
 Of cherished hope for years to be,
 Wilt *thou* not aid him? Wilt not thou
 Shield his grey head from danger now?
 And didst thou not in childhood's morn,
 That saw our young affections born,
 Hang round his neck and climb his knee,
 Sharing his parent smile with me?
 Kind, gentle Ulric! best beloved!
 Now be thy faith in danger proved!
 Though snares and terrors round him wait,
Thou wilt not leave him to his fate.
 Turn not away in cold disdain—
 Shall thine own Ella plead in vain?
 How art thou changed! and must I bear
 That frown, that stern averted air?
 What mean they?"

"Maiden, need'st thou ask?"

These features wear no specious mask.
 Doth sorrow mark this brow and eye
 With characters of mystery?
 This—*this* is anguish! Can it be?
 And plead'st thou for thy sire to *me*?
 Know, though thy prayers a death-pang give,
 He must not meet my sight—and live!
 Well may'st thou shudder! Of the band
 Who watch in secret o'er the land,
 Whose thousand swords 'tis vain to shun,
 The unknown, the unslumbering—I am one!
My arm defend him? What were *then*
 Each vow that binds the souls of men,
 Sworn on the cross, and deeply sealed
 By rites that may not be revealed?
 A breeze's breath, an echo's tone,

A passing sound, forgot when gone.
 —Nay, shrink not from me. I would fly,
 That he by other hands may die.
 What! think'st thou I would live to trace
 Abhorrence in that angel face!
 Beside thee should the lover stand,
 The father's life-blood on his brand?
 No! I have bade my home adieu,
 For other scenes mine eyes must view.
 Look on me, love! Now all is known.
 O Ella! must I fly alone?"

But she was changed. Scarce heaved her breath;
 She stood like one prepared for death,
 And wept no more. Then casting down
 From her fair brows the nuptial crown,
 As joy's last vision from her heart,
 Cried, with sad firmness, "We must part!
 'Tis past! These bridal flowers so frail,
 They may not brook one stormy gale,
 Survive—too dear as still thou art—
 Each hope they imaged;—we must part.
 One struggle yet, and all is o'er:
 We love—and may we meet no more!
 Oh! little know'st thou of the power
 Affection lends in danger's hour,
 To deem that fate should thus divide
 My footsteps from a father's side!
 Speed thou to other shores: I go
 To share his wanderings and his woe.
 Where'er his path of thorns may lead,
 Whate'er his doom by heaven decreed,
 If there be guardian powers above
 To nerve the heart of filial love,
 If courage may be won by prayer,
 Or strength by duty—I can bear!
 Farewell!—though in that sound be years
 Of blighted hopes and fruitless tears,
 Though the soul vibrate to its knell
 Of joys departed—yet, farewell!"

Was *this* the maid who seemed, erewhile,
 Born but to meet life's vernal smile?
 A being almost on the wing,
 As an embodied breeze of spring!
 A child of beauty and of bliss,
 Sent from some purer sphere to this—
 Not, in her exile, to sustain
 The trial of one earthly pain;
 But as a sunbeam on to move,

Wakening all hearts to joy and love?
 That airy form, with footsteps free,
 And radiant glance—could this be she?
 From her fair cheek the rose was gone,
 Her eyes' blue sparkle thence had flown;
 Of all its vivid glow bereft,
 Each playful charm her lip had left.
 But what were these? On that young face
 Far nobler beauty filled their place.
 'Twas not the pride that scorns to bend,
 Though all the bolts of heaven descend;
 Not the fierce grandeur of despair,
 That half exults its fate to dare;
 Nor that wild energy which leads
 Th' enthusiast to fantastic deeds:
Her mien, by sorrow unsubdued,
 Was fixed in silent fortitude;
 Not in its haughty strength elate,
 But calmly, mournfully sedate.
 'Twas strange, yet lovely, to behold
 That spirit in so fair a mould,
 As if a rose-tree's tender form,
 Unbent, unbroke, should meet the storm.
 —One look she cast where firmness strove
 With the deep pangs of parting love;
 One tear a moment in her eye
 Dimmed the pure light of constancy;
 And pressing, as to still, her heart,
 She turned in silence to depart.
 But Ulric, as with frenzy wrought,
 Then started from his trance of thought.

"Stay thee! oh, stay! It must not be:
 All, all were well resigned for thee!
 Stay! till my soul each vow disown,
 But those which make me thine alone.
 If there be guilt—there is no shrine
 More holy than that heart of thine.
There be my crime absolved: I take
 The cup of shame for thy dear sake.
 Oh, *shame!*—oh, no! to virtue true,
 Where *thou* art, there is glory too.
 Go now! and to thy sire impart,
 He hath a shield in Ulric's heart,
 And thou a home. Remain, or flee,
 In life, in death—I follow thee!"

"There shall not rest one cloud of shame,
 O Ulric! on thy lofty name,
 There shall not one accusing word

Against thy spotless faith be heard !
Thy path is where the brave rush on,
Thy course must be where palms are won :
Where banners wave, and falchions glare,
Son of the mighty ! be thou there.
Think on the glorious names that shine
Along thy sire's majestic line ;
O last of that illustrious race !
Thou wert not born to meet disgrace.
Well, well I know each grief, each pain,
Thy spirit nobly could sustain ;
Even I, unshrinking, see them near,
And what hast thou to do with fear ?
But when have warriors calmly borne
The cold and bitter smile of scorn ?
'Tis not for thee ! Thy soul hath force
To cope with all things—but remorse ;
And this my brightest thought shall be
Thou hast not braved its pangs for me.
Go ! break thou not one solemn vow ;
Closed be the fearful conflict now ;
Go ! but forget not how my heart
Still at thy name will proudly start,
When chieftains hear and minstrels tell
Thy deeds of glory. Fare thee well !"

And thus they parted. Why recall
The scene of anguish known to all ?
The burst of tears, the blush of pride,
That fain those fruitless tears would hide ;
The lingering look, the last embrace,
Oh ! what avails it to retrace ?
They parted—in that bitter word
A thousand tones of grief are heard,
Whose deeply-seated echoes rest
In the fair cells of every breast.
Who hath not known, who shall not know,
That keen, yet most familiar woe ?
Where'er Affection's home is found,
It meets her on the holy ground ;
The cloud of every summer hour,
The canker-worm of every flower,
Who but hath proved, or yet shall prove,
The mortal agony of love ?

The autumn moon slept bright and still
On fading wood and purple hill ;
The vintager had hushed his lay,
The fisher shunned the blaze of day,
And silence o'er each green recess

Brooded in misty sultriness,
 But soon a low and measured sound
 Broke on the deep repose around ;
 From Lindheim's tower a glancing oar
 Bade the stream ripple to the shore.
 Sweet was that sound of waves which parted
 The fond, the true, the noble-hearted ;
 And smoothly seemed the bark to glide,
 And brightly flowed the reckless tide,
 Though, mingling with its current fell
 The last warm tears of Love's farewell.

 PART SECOND.

I.

SWEET is the gloom of forest shades,
 Their pillared walks and dim arcades,
 With all the thousand flowers that blow
 A waste of loveliness, below,
 To him whose soul the world would fly
 For nature's lonely majesty :
 To bard, when wrapped in mighty themes,
 To lover, lost in fairy dreams,
 To hermit, whose poetic thought
 By fits a gleam of heaven hath caught,
 And in the visions of his rest
 Held bright communion with the blest—
 'Tis sweet but solemn ! There alike
 Silence and sound with awe can strike,
 The deep Æolian murmur made
 By sighing breeze and rushing shade,
 And caverned fountain gushing nigh,
 And wild-bees' plaintive lullaby :
 Or the dead stillness of the bowers,
 When dark the summer tempest lours ;
 When silent nature seems to wait
 The gathering thunder's voice of fate ;
 When the aspen scarcely waves in air,
 And the clouds collect for the lightning's glare—
 Each, each alike is awful there,
 And thrills the soul with feelings high.
 As some majestic harmony.

But she, the maid, whose footsteps traced
 Each green retreat in breathless haste—
 Young Ella—lingered not to hear
 The wood-notes, lost on mourner's ear.
 The shivering leaf, the breeze's play,
 The fountain's gush, the wild-bird's lay—

These charm not now. Her sire she sought,
 With trembling frame, with anxious thought,
 And, starting if a forest deer
 But moved the rustling branches near,
 First felt that innocence may fear.
 —She reached a lone and shadowy dell,
 Where the free sunbeam never fell.
 'Twas twilight there at summer noon,
 Deep night beneath the harvest moon,
 And scarce might one bright star be seen
 Gleaming the tangled boughs between :
 For many a giant rock around
 Dark in terrific grandeur frowned,
 And the ancient oaks that waved on high
 Shut out each glimpse of the blessed sky.
 Then the cold spring, in its shadowy cave,
 Ne'er to heaven's beam one sparkle gave,
 And the wild flower on its brink that grew
 Caught not from day one glowing hue.
 'Twas said, some fearful deed untold
 Had stained that scene in days of old ;
 Tradition o'er the haunt had thrown
 A shade yet deeper than its own ;
 And still, amidst the umbrageous gloom,
 Perchance above some victim's tomb,
 O'ergrown with ivy and with moss,
 There stood a rudely sculptured Cross,
 Which, haply, silent record bore
 Of guilt and penitence of yore.

Who by that holy sign was kneeling,
 With brow unuttered pangs revealing,
 Hands clasped convulsively in prayer,
 And lifted eyes and streaming hair,
 And cheek all pale, as marble mould,
 Seen by the moonbeam's radiance cold ?
 Was it some image of despair
 Still fixed that stamp of woe to bear ?
 —Oh! ne'er could Art her forms have wrought
 To speak such agonies of thought !
 Those deathlike features gave to view
 A mortal's pangs too deep and true.
 Starting, he rose, with frenzied eye,
 As Ella's hurried step drew nigh :
 He turned, with aspect darkly wild,
 Trembling he stood—before his child !
 On, with a burst of tears, she sprung,
 And to her father's bosom clung.

" Away ! what seek'st thou here ? " he cried ;
 " Art thou not now thine Ulric's bride ?

Hence, leave me—leave me to await
 In solitude the storm of Fate.
 Thou know'st not what my doom may be,
 Ere evening comes in peace to thee."

"My father! shall the joyous throng
 Swell high for me the bridal song?
 Shall the gay nuptial board be spread,
 The festal garland bind my head,
 And thou in grief, in peril, roam,
 And make the wilderness thy home?
 No! I am here with thee to share
 All suffering mortal strength may bear.
 And, oh! whate'er thy foes decree,
 In life, in death, in chains, or free—
 Well, well I feel, in thee secure;
 Thy heart and hand alike are pure!"

Then was there meaning in his look,
 Which deep that trusting spirit shook;
 So wildly did each glance express
 The strife of shame and bitterness,
 As thus he spoke: "Fond dreams, oh, hence!
 Is this the mien of Innocence?
 This furrowed brow, this restless eye—
 Read thou the fearful tale, and fly!
 Is it enough? or must I seek
 For *words*, the tale of guilt to speak?
 Then be it so—I will not doom
 Thy youth to wither in its bloom;
 I will not see thy tender frame
 Bowed to the earth with fear and shame.
 No! though I teach thee to abhor
 The sire so fondly loved before;
 Though the dread effort rend my breast,
 Yet shalt thou leave me and be blest!
 Oh! bitter penance! Thou wilt turn
 Away in horror and in scorn;
 Thy looks, that still through all the past
 Affection's gentlest beams have cast,
 As lightning on my heart shall fall
 And I must mark and bear it all.
 Yet, though of life's best ties bereaved,
 Thou shalt not, must not, be deceived.

"I linger—let me speed the tale
 Ere voice, and thought, and memory fail.
 Why should I falter thus to tell
 What Heaven so long hath known too well?
 Yes! though from mortal sight concealed,
 There hath a brother's blood appealed!

He died—'twas not where banners wave,
 And war-steeds trample on the brave;
 He died—it was in Holy Land—
 Yet fell he not by Paynim hand;
 He sleeps not with his sires at rest,
 With trophied shield and knightly crest;
 Unknown his grave to kindred eyes—
 But I can tell thee where he lies!
 It was a wild and savage spot,
 But once beheld and ne'er forgot!
 I see it now! That haunted scene
 My spirit's dwelling still hath been.
 And he is there I see him laid
 Beneath that palm-tree's lonely shade.
 The fountain-wave that sparkles nigh
 Bears witness with its crimson dye.
 I see th' accusing glance he raised,
 Ere that dim eye by death was glazed.
 Ne'er will that parting look forgive!
 I still behold it—and I live!
 I live! from hope, from mercy driven,
 A mark for all the shafts of Heaven!

"Yet had I wrongs. By fraud he won
 My birthright; and my child, my son,
 Heir to high name, high fortune born,
 Was doomed to penury and scorn,
 An alien 'midst his father's halls,
 An exile from his native walls.
 Could I bear this? the rankling thought,
 Deep, dark within my bosom wrought.
 Some serpent, kindling hate and guile,
 Lurked in my infant's rosy smile,
 And when his accents lisped my name,
 They woke my inmost heart to flame!
 I struggled—are there evil powers
 That claim their own ascendant hours?
 —Oh! what should thine unspotted soul
 Or know or fear of *their* control?
 Why on the fearful conflict dwell?
 Vainly I struggled, and I fell—
 Cast down from every hope of bliss—
 Too well thou know'st to what abyss!

"'Twas done!—that moment hurried by
 To darken all eternity.
 Years rolled away, long evil years,
 Of woes, of fetters, and of fears;
 Nor aught but vain remorse I gained
 By the deep guilt my soul which stained,

For, long a captive in the lands
 Where Arabs tread their burning sands,
 The haunted midnight of the mind
 Was round me while in chains I pined,
 By all forgotten, save by one
 Dread presence—which I could not shun.
 —How oft, when o'er the silent waste
 Nor path nor landmark might be traced,
 When slumbering by the watch-fire's ray
 The Wanderers of the Desert lay,
 And stars as o'er an ocean shone,
 Vigil I kept—but not alone!
 That form, that image from the dead,
 Still walked the wild with soundless tread!
 I've seen it in the fiery blast,
 I've seen it when the sand-storms passed;
 Beside the Desert's fount it stood,
 Tinging the clear cold wave with blood!
 And even when viewless, by the fear
 Curdling my veins, I knew 'twas near.
 —*Was near!* I feel the unearthly thrill—
 Its power is on my spirit still:
 A mystic influence, undefined,
 The spell, the shadow of my mind!

"Wilt thou yet linger? Time speeds on;
 One last farewell, and then begone!
 Unclasp the hands that shade thy brow
 And let me read thine aspect *now!*
 No! stay thee yet, and learn the meed
 Heaven's justice to my crime decreed.
 Slow came the day that broke my chain,
 But I at large was free again;
 And freedom brings a burst of joy,
 Even guilt itself can scarce destroy.
 I thought upon my own fair towers,
 My native Rhine's gay vineyard bowers,
 And in a father's visions pressed
 Thee and thy brother to my breast.

"'Twas but in visions. Canst thou yet
 Recall the moment when we met?
 Thy step to greet me lightly sprung,
 Thy arms around me fondly clung;
 Scarce aught than infant seraph less
 Seemed thy poor childhood's loveliness.
 But he was gone—that son for whom
 I rushed on guilt's eternal doom;
 He for whose sake alone were given
 My peace on earth—my hope in heaven—

He met me not. A ruthless band
Whose name with terror filled the land,
Fierce outlaws of the wood and wild,
Had reft the father of his child.
Foes to my race, the hate they nursed
Full on that cherished scion burst.
Unknown his fate —No parent nigh,
My boy! my first-born—didst thou die?
Or did they spare thee for a life
Of shame, of rapine, and of strife?
Livest thou unfriended, unallied,
A wanderer lost, without a guide?
Oh! to thy fate's mysterious gloom
Blest were the darkness of the tomb!

“Ella! 'tis done. My guilty heart
Before thee all unveiled—depart!
Few pangs 'twill cost thee now to fly
From one so stained—so lost as I.
Yet peace to thine untainted breast,
Even though it hate me—be thou blest!
Farewell! thou shalt not linger here—
Even now the avenger may be near.
Where'er I turn, the foe, the snare,
The dagger may be ambushed there;
One hour—and haply all is o'er,
And we must meet on earth no more.
No, nor beyond!—to those pure skies
Where thou shalt be, I may not rise.
Heaven's will for ever parts our lot,
Yet, O my child! abhor me not!
Speak once, to soothe this broken heart—
Speak to me once! and then depart.”

But still—as if each pulse were dead,
Mute—as the power of speech were fled,
Pale—as if life-blood ceased to warm
The marble beauty of her form;
On the dark rocks she leaned her head,
That seemed as there 'twere riveted,
And dropped the hands, till then which pressed
Her burning brow or throbbing breast.
There beamed no teardrop in her eye,
And from her lip there breathed no sigh,
And on her brow no trace there dwelt
That told she suffered or she felt.
All that once glowed, or smiled, or beamed,
Now fixed, and quenched, and frozen seemed;
And long her sire, in wild dismay,
Deemed her pure spirit passed away.

But life returned. O'er that cold frame
One deep convulsive shudder came;
And a faint light her eye relumed,
And sad resolve her mien assumed,
But there was horror in the gaze,
Which yet to his she dared not raise;
And her sad accents, wild and low,
As rising from a depth of woe,
At first with hurried trembling broke,
But gathered firmness as she spoke.

"I leave thee not—whate'er betide,
My footsteps shall not quit thy side;
Pangs keen as death my soul may thrill,
But yet thou art my father still!
And, oh! if stained by guilty deed,
For some kind spirit tenfold need,
To speak of Heaven's absolving love,
And waft desponding thought above.
Is there not power in mercy's wave
The blood-stain from thy soul to lave?
Is there not balm to heal despair,
In tears, in penitence, and prayer?
My father! kneel at His pure shrine,
Who died to expiate guilt like thine;
Weep—and my tears with thine shall blend,
Pray—while my prayers with thine ascend,
And, as our mingling sorrows rise,
Heaven will relent, though earth despise!"

"My child, my child, these bursting tears,
The first my eyes have shed for years,
Though deepest conflicts they express,
Yet flow not all in bitterness.
Oh! thou hast bid a withered heart
From desolation's slumber start;
Thy voice of pity and of love
Seems o'er its icy depths to move,
Even as a breeze of health, which brings
Life, hope, and healing on its wings.
And there is mercy yet—I feel
Its influence o'er my spirit steal;
How welcome were each pang below,
If guilt might be atoned by woe.
Think'st thou I yet may be forgiven?
Shall prayers unclothe the gate of heaven?
Oh! if it yet avail to plead,
If judgment be not yet decreed,
Our hearts shall blend their suppliant cry,
Till pardon shall be sealed on high.

Yet still I shrink?—Will mercy shed
Her dews upon this fallen head?
—Kneel, Ella, kneel! till full and free
Descend forgiveness, won by thee."

They knelt—before the Cross, that sign
Of love eternal and divine;
That symbol, which so long hath stood
A rock of strength on time's dark flood,
Clasped by despairing hands, and laved
By the warm tears of nations saved.
In one deep prayer their spirits blent,
The guilty and the innocent.
Youth, pure as if from heaven its birth,
Age, soiled with every stain of earth,
Knelt, offering up one heart, one cry,
One sacrifice of agony.
Oh! blest, though bitter be their source—
Though dark the fountain of remorse,
Blest are the tears which pour from thence,
The atoning stream of penitence.
And let not pity check the tide
By which the heart is purified;
Let not vain comfort turn its course,
Or timid love repress its force.
Go! bind the flood, whose waves expand
To bear luxuriance o'er the land;
Forbid the life-restoring rains
To fall on Afric's burning plains;
Close up the fount that gushed to cheer
The pilgrim o'er the waste who trode;
But check thou not one holy tear
Which penitence devotes to God.

II.

Through scenes so lone the wild-deer no'er
Was roused by huntsman's bugle there—
So rude, that scarce might human eye
Sustain their dread sublimity—
So awful, that the timid swain,
Nurtured amidst their dark domain,
Had peopled with unearthly forms
Their mists, their forests, and their storms—
She, whose blue eye of laughing light
Once made each festal scene more bright;
Whose voice in song of joy was sweetest,
Whose step in dance of mirth was fleetest,
By torrent-wave and mountain-brow
Is wandering as an outcast now,

To share with Lindheim's fallen chief
His shame, his terror, and his grief.

Hast thou not marked the ruin's flower,
That blooms in solitary grace,
And, faithful to its mouldering tower,
Waves in the banner's place?
From those grey haunts renown hath passed,
Time wins his heritage at last;
The day of glory hath gone by,
With all its pomp and minstrelsy;
Yet still the flower of golden hues
There loves its fragrance to diffuse,
To fallen and forsaken things
With constancy unaltered clings;
And smiling o'er the wreck of state,
With beauty clothes the desolate.
—Even such was she, the fair-haired maid,
In all her light of youth arrayed,
Forsaking every joy below
To soothe a guilty parent's woe,
And clinging thus, in beauty's prime,
To the dark ruin made by crime.
Oh! ne'er did Heaven's propitious eyes
Smile on a purer sacrifice;
Ne'er did young love at duty's shrine,
More nobly brightest hopes resign!
O'er her own pangs she brooded not,
Nor sank beneath her bitter lot;
No! that pure spirit's lofty worth
Still rose more buoyantly from earth,
And drew from an eternal source
Its gentle, yet triumphant force;
Roused by affliction's chastening might
To energies more calmly bright,
Like the wild harp of airy sigh
Woke by the storm to harmony.

He that in mountain-holds hath sought
A refuge for unconquered thought,
A chartered home, where Freedom's child
Might rear her altars in the wild,
And fix her quenchless torch on high,
A beacon for eternity;
Or they, whose master-spirits wage
Proud war with Persecution's rage,
And to the deserts bear the faith
That bids them smile on chains and death;
Well may *they* draw, from all around,
Of grandeur clothed in form or sound,

From the deep power of earth and sky,
 Wild Nature's might of majesty,
 Strong energies, immortal fires,
 High hopes, magnificent desires!
 But dark, terrific, and austere
 To *him* doth Nature's mien appear,
 Who 'midst her wilds would seek repose
 From guilty pangs and vengeful foes!
 For him the wind hath music dread,
 A dirge-like voice that mourns the dead;
 The forest's whisper breathes a tone
 Appalling, as from worlds unknown;
 The mystic gloom of wood and cave
 Is filled with shadows of the grave;
 In noon's deep calm the sunbeams dart
 A blaze that seems to search his heart;
 The pure eternal stars of night
 Upbraid him with their silent light;
 And the dread spirit, which pervades
 And hallows earth's most lonely shades,
 In every scene, in every hour,
 Surrounds him with chastising power—
 With nameless fear his soul to thrill,
 Heard, felt, acknowledged, present still!

'Twas the chilly close of an autumn day,
 And the leaves fell thick o'er the wanderers' way;
 The rustling pines with a hollow sound
 Foretold the tempest gathering round;
 And the skirts of the western clouds were spread
 With a tinge of wild and stormy red,
 That seemed, through the twilight forest bowers,
 Like the glare of a city's blazing towers.
 But they who far from cities fled,
 And shrank from the print of human tread,
 Had reached a desert scene unknown,
 So strangely wild, so deeply lone,
 That a nameless feeling, unconfessed
 And undefined, their souls oppressed.
 Rocks piled on rocks, around them hurled,
 Lay like the ruins of a world,
 Left by an earthquake's final throes
 In deep and desolate repose—
 Things of eternity, whose forms
 Bore record of ten thousand storms!
 While rearing its colossal crest
 In sullen grandeur o'er the rest,
 One, like a pillar, vast and rude,
 Stood monarch of the solitude.
 Perchance by Roman conqueror's hand

The enduring monament was planned;
 Or Ordin's sons, in days gone by,
 Had shaped its rough immensity,
 To rear, 'midst mountain, rock, and wood,
 A temple meet for rites of blood.
 But they were gone who might have told
 That secret of the times of old;
 And there in silent scorn it frowned
 O'er all its vast coevals round.
 Darkly those giant masses loomed,
 Countless and motionless they towered;
 No wild-flower o'er their summits hung,
 No fountain from their caverns sprung;
 Yet ever on the wanderer's ear
 Murmured a sound of waters near,
 With music deep of lulling falls,
 And louder gush at intervals,
 Unknown its source—nor spring nor stream
 Caught the red sunset's lingering gleam;
 But ceaseless, from its hidden caves,
 Arose that mystic voice of waves.
 Yet, bosomed 'midst that savage scene,
 One chosen spot of gentler mien
 Gave promise to the pilgrim's eye
 Of shelter from the tempest nigh.
 Glad sight! the ivied Cross it bore,
 The sculptured saint that crowned its door.
 Less welcome now were monarch's dome
 Than that low cell, some hermit's home.

Thither the outcasts bent their way,
 By the last lingering gleam of day;
 When from a caverned rock, which cast
 Deep shadows o'er them as they past,
 A form, a warrior form of might,
 As from earth's bosom, sprang to sight.
 His port was lofty—yet the heart
 Shrank from him with recoiling start;
 His mien was youthful—yet his face
 Had naught of youth's ingenuous grace;
 Nor chivalrous nor tender thought
 Its traces on his brow had wrought.
 Yet dwelt no fierceness in his eye,
 But calm and cold severity,
 A spirit haughtily austere,
 Stranger to pity as to fear.
 It seemed as pride had thrown a veil
 O'er that dark brow and visage pale,
 Leaving the searcher naught to guess,
 All was so fixed and passionless.

He spoke—and they who heard the tone
Felt, deeply felt, all hope was flown.
“I’ve sought thee far in forest-bowers,
I’ve sought thee long in peopled towers,
I’ve borne the dagger of the UNKNOWN
Through scenes explored by me alone;
My search is closed—nor toils nor fears
Repel the servants of the Seers.
We meet—’tis vain to strive or fly;
Albert of Lindheim, thou must die!”
Then with clasped hands the fair-haired maid
Sank at his feet, and wildly prayed:
“Stay, stay thee! sheath that lifted steel!
Oh! thou art human, and canst feel!
Hear me! if e’er ’twas thine to prove
The blessing of a parent’s love;
By thine own father’s hoary hair,
By her who gave thee being, spare!
Did they not, o’er thy infant years,
Keep watch in sleepless hopes and fears?
Young warrior! thou wilt hear my prayers,
As thou wouldst hope for grace to theirs!”

But cold the Avenger’s look remained,
His brow its rigid calm maintained:
“Maiden! ’tis vain—my bosom ne’er
Was conscious of a parent’s care;
The nurture of my infant years
Froze in my soul the source of tears;
’Tis not for me to pause or melt,
Or feel as happier hearts have felt.
Away! the hour of fate goes by!
Thy prayers are fruitless—he must die!”

“Rise, Ella! rise!” With steadfast brow
The father spoke—unshrinking now,
As if from Heaven a martyr’s strength
Had settled on his soul at length:
“Kneel thou no more, my noble child!
Thou by no taint of guilt defiled;
Kneel not to man!—for mortal prayer,
Oh! when did mortal vengeance spare?
Since hope of earthly aid is flown,
Lift thy pure hands to Heaven alone,
And know, to calm thy suffering heart,
My spirit is resigned to part,
Trusting in Him who reads and knows
This guilty breast, with all its woes.
Rise! I would bless thee once again,
Be still, be firm—for all is vain!”

And she *was* still. She heard him not—
 Her prayers were hushed, her pangs forgot;
 All thought, all memory passed away,
 Silent and motionless she lay,
 In a brief death, a blest suspense
 Alike of agony and sense.
 She saw not when the dagger gleamed
 In the last red light from the west that streamed;
 She marked not when the life-blood's flow
 Came rushing to the mortal blow;
 While, unresisting, sank her sire,
 Yet gathered firmness to expire,
 Mingling a warrior's courage high
 With a penitent's humility.
 And o'er him there the Avenger stood,
 And watched the victim's ebbing blood,
 Still calm, as if his faithful hand
 Had but obeyed some just command,
 Some power whose stern yet righteous will
 He deemed it virtue to fulfil,
 And triumphed when the palm was won,
 For duty's task austere done.

But a feeling dread and undefined,
 A mystic presage of the mind,
 With strange and sudden impulse ran
 Chill through the heart of the dying man;
 And his thoughts found voice, and his bosom breath,
 And it seemed as fear suspended death,
 And Nature from her terrors drew
 Fresh energy and vigour new.
 —“Thou saidst thy lonely bosom ne'er
 Was conscious of a parent's care;
 Thou saidst thy lot in childhood's years,
 Froze in thy soul the source of tears:
 The time will come, when thou, with me,
 The judgment throne of God will see—
 Oh! by thy hopes of mercy, then,
 By His blest love who died for men,
 By each dread rite, and shrine, and vow,
 Avenger! I adjure thee now!
 To him who bleeds beneath thy steel
 Thy lineage and thy name reveal.
 And haste thee! for his closing ear
 Hath little more on earth to hear—
 Haste! for the spirit, almost flown.
 Is lingering for thy words alone.”

Then first a shade, resembling fear,
 Passed o'er th' Avenger's mien austere;

A nameless awe his features crossed,
Soon in their haughty coldness lost.
—"What wouldst thou? Ask the rock and wild,
And bid them tell thee of their child!
Ask the rude winds and angry skies,
Whose tempests were his lullabies!
His chambers were the cave and wood,
His fosterers men of wrath and blood;
Outcasts alike of earth and heaven,
By wrongs to desperation driven.
Who in their pupil now could trace
The features of a nobler race?
Yet such was mine!—if one who cast
A look of anguish o'er the past,
Bore faithful record on the day
When penitent in death he lay.
But still deep shades my prospects veil;
He died—and told but half the tale.
With him it sleeps—I only know
Enough for stern and silent woe,
For vain ambition's deep regret,
For hopes deceived, deceiving yet,
For dreams of pride that vainly tell
How high a lot had suited well
The heir of some illustrious line,
Heroes and chieftains of the Rhine!"

Then swift through Albert's bosom passed
One pang, the keenest and the last,
Ere with his spirit fled the fears,
The sorrows, and the pangs of years;
And, while his grey hairs swept the dust,
Faltering he murmured, "Heaven is just!
For thee that deed of guilt was done,
By thee avenged, my son! my son!"

The day was closed—the moonbeams shed
Light on the living and the dead;
And as through rolling clouds it broke,
Young Ella from her trance awoke—
Awoke to bear, to feel, to know,
Even more than all an orphan's woe.
Oh! ne'er did moonbeam's light serene
With beauty clothe a sadder scene!
There, cold in death, the father slept—
There, pale in woe, the daughter wept!
Yes! *she* might weep—but one stood nigh,
With horror in his fearless eye,
That eye which ne'er again shall close
In the deep quiet of repose:

No more on earth beholding aught
 Save one dread vision, stamped on thought.
 But lost in grief, the Orphan Maid
His deeper woe had scarce surveyed,
 Till his wild voice revealed a tale
 Which seemed to bid the heavens turn pale:
 He called her, "Sister!" and the word
 In anguish breathed, in terror heard,
 Revealed enough; all else were weak—
 That sound a thousand pangs could speak,
 He knelt beside that breathless clay,
 Which fixed in utter stillness lay—
 Knelt, till his soul imbibed each trace,
 Each line of that unconscious face;
 Knelt, till his eye could bear no more
 Those marble features to explore;
 Then, starting, turning, as to shun
 The image thus by Memory won,
 A wild farewell to her he bade,
 Who by the dead in silence prayed;
 And, frenzied by his bitter doom,
 Fled thence—to find all earth a tomb!

Days passed away—and Rhine's fair shore
 In the light of summer smiled once more;
 The vines were purpling on the hill,
 And the corn-fields waved in the sunshine still.
 There came a bark up the noble stream,
 With pennons that shed a golden gleam,
 With the flash of arms and the voice of song,
 Gliding triumphantly along;
 For warrior-forms were glittering there,
 Whose plumes waved light in the whispering air;
 And as the tones of oar and wave
 Their measured cadence mingling gave,
 'Twas thus the exulting chorus rose,
 While many an echo swelled the close:

"From the fields where dead and dying
 On their battle-bier are lying,
 Where the blood unstanch'd is gushing,
 Where the steed unchecked is rushing,
 Trampling o'er the noble-hearted,
 Ere the spirit yet be parted;
 Where each breath of heaven is swaying
 Knightly plumes and banners playing,
 And the clarion's music swelling
 Calls the vulture from his dwelling;
 He comes with trophies worthy of his line,
 The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine!

To his own fair woods, enclosing
 Vales in sunny peace reposing,
 Where his native stream is laving
 Banks, with golden harvests waving,
 And the summer light is sleeping
 On the grape, through tendrils peeping;
 To the halls, where harps are ringing,
 Bards the praise of warriors singing,
 Graceful footsteps bounding fleetly,
 Joyous voices mingling sweetly;
 Where the cheek of mirth is glowing,
 And the wine-cup brightly flowing,
 He comes, with trophies worthy of his line,
 The son of heroes, Ulric of the Rhine!"

He came—he sought his Ella's bowers,
 He traversed Liudheim's lonely towers:
 But voice and footstep thence had fled,
 As from the dwellings of the dead,
 And the sounds of human joy and woe
 Gave place to the moan of the wave below.
 The banner still the rampart crowned,
 But the tall rank grass waved thick around;
 Still hung the arms of a race gone by
 In the blazoned halls of their ancestry;
 But they caught no more, at fall of night,
 The wavering flash of the torch's light,
 And they sent their echoes forth no more
 To the Minnesinger's* tuneful lore.
 For the hands that touched the harp were gone,
 And the hearts were cold that loved its tone;
 And the soul of the chord lay mute and still,
 Save when the wild wind bade it thrill,
 And woke from its depth a dream-like moan,
 For life, and power, and beauty gone.

The warrior turned from that silent scene,
 Where a voice of woe had welcome been;
 And his heart was heavy with boding thought,
 As the forest paths alone he sought.
 He reached a convent's fane, that stood
 Deep bosomed in luxuriant wood;
 Still, solemn, fair—it seemed a spot
 Where earthly care might be all forgot,
 And sounds and dreams of heaven alone
 To musing spirit might be known.
 —And sweet even then were the sounds that rose
 On the holy and profound repose,

* German minstrel of the Middle Ages.

Oh! they came o'er the warrior's breast
 Like a glorious anthem of the blest;
 And fear and sorrow died away
 Before the full majestic lay.
 He entered the secluded fane,
 Which sent forth that inspiring strain;
 He gazed—the hallowed pile's array
 Was that of some high festal day;
 Wreaths of all hues its pillars bound,
 Flowers of all scents were strowed around;
 The rose exhaled its fragrant sigh,
 Blest on the altar to smile and die;
 And a fragrant cloud from the censer's breath
 Half hid the sacred pomp beneath;
 And still the peal of choral song
 Swelled the resounding aisles along;
 Wakening, in its triumphant flow,
 Deep echoes from the graves below.

Why, from its woodland birthplace torn,
 Doth summer's rose that scene adorn?
 Why breathes the incense to the sky?
 Why swells the exulting harmony?
 —And seest thou not yon form, so light,
 It seems half floating on the sight,
 As if the whisper of a gale,
 That did but wave its snowy veil,
 Might bear it from the earth afar,
 A lovely but receding star?
 Know that Devotion's shrine even now
 Receives that youthful vestal's vow—
 For this, high hymns, sweet odours rise,
 A jubilee of sacrifice.
 Mark yet a moment! from her brow
 Yon priest shall lift the veil of snow,
 Ere yet a darker mantle hide
 The charms to Heaven thus sanctified:
 Stay thee! and catch their parting gleam,
 That ne'er shall fade from memory's dream.
 A moment? Oh! to Ulric's soul,
 Poised between hope and fear's control,
 What slow unmeasured hours went by,
 Ere yet suspense grew certainty!
 It came at length. Once more that face
 Revealed to man its mournful grace:
 A sunbeam on its features fell,
 As if to bear the world's farewell;
 And doubt was o'er. His heart grew chill,
 'Twas she—though changed—'twas Ella still!
 Though now her once rejoicing mien

Was deeply, mournfully serene;
Though clouds her eye's blue lustre shaded,
And the young cheek beneath had faded,
Well, well he knew the form which cast
Light on his soul through all the past!
'Twas with him on the battle-plain;
'Twas with him on the stormy main;
'Twas in his visions, when the shield
Pillowed his head on tented field;
'Twas a bright beam that led him on
Where'er a triumph might be won—
In danger as in glory nigh,
An angel-guide to victory!

She caught his pale, bewildered gaze
Of grief, half lost in fixed amaze.
Was it some vain illusion, wrought
By frenzy of impassioned thought?
Some phantom, such as Grief hath power
To summon in her wandering hour?
No! it was he! the lost, the mourned—
Too deeply loved, too late returned!
—A feverish blush, a sudden start,
Spoke the last weakness of her heart:
'Twas vanquished soon—the hectic red
A moment flushed her cheek and fled.
Once more serene, her steadfast eye
Looked up as to eternity;
Then gazed on Ulric, with an air
That said—the home of Love is *there*!

Yes! *there* alone it smiled for him,
Whose eyes before that look grew dim.
Not long 'twas his even *thus* to view
The beauty of its calm adieu;
Soon o'er those features, brightly pale,
Was cast the impenetrable veil;
And, if one human sigh were given
By the pure bosom vowed to Heaven,
'Twas lost, as many a murmured sound
Of grief, "not loud but deep," is drowned
In hymns of joy, which proudly rise
To tell the calm untroubled skies
That earth hath banished care and woe,
And man holds festival below!

THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

CALL it not loneliness to dwell
 In woodland shade or hermit cell,
 Or the deep forest to explore,
 Or wander Alpine regions o'er;
 For Nature there all joyous reigns,
 And fills with life her wild domains:
 A bird's light wing may break the air,
 A wave, a leaf, may murmur there;
 A bee the mountain flowers may seek,
 A chamois bound from peak to peak;
 An eagle, rushing to the sky,
 Wake the deep echoes with his cry;
 And still some sound, thy heart to cheer,
 Some voice though not of man is near.
 But he whose weary step hath traced
 Mysterious Afric's awful waste—
 Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath viewed,
 Can tell thee what is solitude.
 It is to traverse lifeless plains,
 Where everlasting stillness reigns,
 And billowy sands and dazzling sky
 Seem boundless as infinity!
 It is to sink, with speechless dread,
 In scenes unmeet for mortal tread,
 Severed from earthly being's trace,
 Alone amidst eternal space!

'Tis noon—and, fearfully profound,
 Silence is on the desert round;
 Alone she reigns, above, beneath,
 With all the attributes of death!
 No bird the blazing heaven may dare,
 No insect bide the scorching air;
 The ostrich, though of sunborn race,
 Seeks a more sheltered dwelling-place;
 The lion slumbers in his lair,
 The serpent shuns the noontide glare.
 But slowly winds the patient train
 Of camels o'er the blasted plain,
 Where they and man may brave alone
 The terrors of the burning zone.

Faint not, O pilgrims! though on high
 As a volcano flames the sky:
 Shrink not, though as a furnace glow
 The dark-red seas of sand below;
 Though not a shadow, save your own,
 Across the dread expanse is thrown.

Mark where, your feverish lips to lave,
Wide spreads the fresh transparent wave!
Urge your tired camels on, and take
Your rest beside yon glistening lake;
Thence, haply, cooler gales may spring,
And fan your brows with lighter wing.
Lo! nearer now, its glassy tide
Reflects the date-tree on its side.
Speed on! pure draughts and genial air,
And verdant shade, await you there.
Oh! glimpse of heaven, to him unknown
That hath not trod the burning zone!
Forward they press—they gaze dismayed—
The waters of the desert fade!
Melting to vapours that elude
The eye, the lip, they vainly wooed.*

What meteor comes? A purple haze
Hath half obscured the noontide rays:
Onward it moves in swift career.
A blush upon the atmosphere.
Haste, haste! avert th' impending doom:
Fall prostrate! 'tis the dread Simoom!
Bow down your faces—till the blast
On its red wing of flame hath passed,
Far bearing o'er the sandy wave
The viewless Angel of the Grave.

It came—'tis vanished—but hath left
The wanderers even of hope bereft;
The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,
Pride, courage, strength, its power could tame
Faint with despondence, worn with toil,
They sink upon the burning soil.
Resigned, amidst those realms of gloom,
To find their death-bed and their tomb.

But onward still! yon distant spot
Of verdure can deceive you not;
Yon palms, which tremulously seemed
Reflected as the waters gleamed,
Along the horizon's verge displayed,
Still rear their slender colonnades—
A landmark, guiding o'er the plain
The Caravan's exhausted train.
Fair is that little Isle of Bliss,
The desert's emerald oasis!
A rainbow on the torrent's wave,

* The mirage.

A gem embosomed in the grave
A sunbeam on the stormy day,
Its beauty's image might convey!
Beauty, in horror's lap that sleeps,
While silence round her vigil keeps.

Rest, weary pilgrims! calmly laid
To slumber in the acacia shade:
Rest, where the shrubs your camels bruise
Their aromatic breath diffuse;
Where softer light the sunbeams pour
Through the tall palm and sycamore;
And the rich date luxuriant spreads
Its pendant clusters o'er your heads.
Nature once more, to seal your eyes,
Murmurs her sweetest lullabies;
Again each heart the music hails
Of rustling leaves and sighing gales;
And oh! to Afric's child how dear
The voice of fountains gushing near!
Sweet be your slumbers! and your dreams
Of waving groves and rippling streams!
Far be the serpent's venom'd coil
From the brief respite won by toil;
Far be the awful shades of those
Who deep beneath the sands repose—
The hosts, to whom the desert's breath
Bore swift and stern the call of death.
Sleep! nor may scorching blast invade
The freshness of the acacia shade,
But gales of heaven your spirits bless
With life's best balm—forgetfulness!
Till night from many an urn diffuse
The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath closed—the moon on high
Walks in her cloudless majesty,
A thousand stars to Afric's heaven
Serene magnificence have given—
Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame
Shines forth eternally the same.
Blest be their beams, whose holy light
Shall guide the camel's footsteps right.
—Rise! bid your Isle of Palms adieu!
Again your lonely march pursue,
While airs of night are freshly blowing,
And heavens with softer beauty glowing.

'Tis silence all. The solemn scene
Wears at each step a ruder mien;

For giant-rocks, at distance piled,
Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.
Darkly they rise—what eye hath viewed
The caverns of their solitude?
Away! within those awful cells
The savage lord of Afric dwells.
Heard ye his voice?—the lion's roar
Swell as when billows break on shore.
Well may the camel shake with fear,
And the steed pant—his foe is near.
Haste! light the torch; bid watchfires throw
Far o'er the waste a ruddy glow;
Keep vigil—guard the bright array
Of flames that scare him from his prey;
Within their magic circle press,
O wanderer of the wilderness!
Heap high the pile, and by its blaze
Tell the wild tales of elder days—
Arabia's wondrous lore, that dwells
On warrior deeds and wizard spells;
Enchanted domes 'mid scenes like these
Rising to vanish with the breeze;
Gardens, whose fruits are gems, that shed
Their light where mortal may not tread;
And spirits, o'er whose pearly halls
The eternal billow heaves and falls.
—With charms like these, of mystic power,
Watchers! beguile the midnight hour.

Slowly that hour hath rolled away,
And star by star withdraws its ray.
Dark children of the sun! again
Your own rich orient hails his reign
He comes, but veiled—with sanguine glare
Tinging the mists that load the air;
Sounds of dismay and signs of flame
The approaching hurricane proclaim.
'Tis death's red banner streams on high—
Fly to the rocks for shelter!—fly!
Lo! darkening o'er the fiery skies,
The pillars of the desert rise!
On, in terrific grandeur wheeling,
A giant-host, the heaven's concealing,
They move like mighty genii-forms
Towering immense 'midst clouds and storms.
Who shall escape? With awful force
The whirlwind bears them on their course;
They join, they rush resistless on—
The landmarks of the plain are gone;
The steps, the forms, from each effaced,

Of those who trod the burning waste
 All whelmed, all hushed! —none left to bear
 Sad record how they perished there!
 No stone their tale of death shall tell—
 The desert guards its mysteries well;
 And o'er the unfathomed sandy deep,
 Where low their nameless relics sleep,
 Oft shall the future pilgrim tread,
 Nor know his steps are on the dead.

MARIUS AMONGST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

[“Marius, during the time of his exile, seeking refuge in Africa, had landed at Carthage, when an officer, sent by the Roman governor of Africa, came and thus addressed him:—‘Marius, I come from the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate’s decree, and treat you as a public enemy.’ Marius, upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length the officer inquired what answer he should carry to the governor. ‘Go and tell him,’ said the unfortunate man, with a sigh, ‘that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.’” — PLUTARCH.]

’Twas noon—and Afric’s dazzling sun on high
 With fierce resplendence filled the unclouded sky;
 No zephyrs waved the palm’s majestic head,
 And smooth alike the seas and deserts spread;
 While desolate, beneath a blaze of light,
 Silent and lonely, as at dead of night,
 The wreck of Carthage lay. Her prostrate fanes
 Had strewed their precious marble o’er the plains.
 Dark weeds and grass the column had o’ergrown,
 The lizard basked upon the altar-stone;
 Whelmed by the ruins of their own abodes,
 Had sunk the forms of heroes and of gods;
 While near—dread offspring of the burning day!—
 Coiled ’midst forsaken halls, the serpent lay.

There came an exile, long by fate pursued,
 To shelter in that awful solitude.
 Well did that wanderer’s high yet faded mien
 Suit the sad grandeur of the desert scene.
 Shadowed, not veiled, by locks of wintry snow,
 Pride sat, still mighty, on his furrowed brow;
 Time hath not quenched the terrors of his eye,
 Nor tamed his glance of fierce ascendancy;
 While the deep meaning of his features told
 Ages of thought had o’er his spirit rolled,
 Nor dimmed the fire that might not be controlled;

And still did power invest his stately form,
Shattered, but yet unconquered, by the storm.

But slow his step—and where, not yet o'erthroned
Still towered a pillar 'midst the waste alone,
Faint with long toil, his weary limbs he laid,
To slumber in its solitary shade.
He slept—and darkly, on his brief repose,
The indignant Genius of the scene arose.
Clouds robed his dim unearthly form, and spread
Mysterious gloom around his crownless head—
Crownless, but regal still. With stern disdain,
The kingly shadow seemed to lift his chain,
Gazed on the palm, his ancient sceptre torn,
And his eye kindled with immortal scorn.

“And sleep'st thou, Roman?” cried his voice austere;
“Shall son of Latium find a refuge *here*?
Awake! arise! to speed the hour of Fate,
When Rome shall fall, as Carthage desolate.
Go! with her children's flower, the free, the brave,
People the silent chambers of the grave:
So shall the course of ages yet to be
More swiftly waft the day, avenging me.

“Yes! from the awful gulf of years to come,
I hear a voice that prophesies her doom;
I see the trophies of her pride decay,
And her long line of triumphs pass away,
Lost in the depth of time—while sinks the star
That led her march of heroes from afar.
Lo! from the frozen forests of the North,
The sons of slaughter pour in myriads forth.
Who shall awake the mighty?—will thy woe,
City of thrones! disturb the realms below?
Call on the dead to hear thee! let thy cries
Summon their shadowy legions to arise,
Array the ghost of conquerors on thy walls!
—Barbarians revel in their ancient halls,
And their lost children bend the subject knee,
'Midst the proud tombs and trophies of the free.
Bird of the sun! dread eagle! born on high,
A creature of the empyreal—thou, whose eye
Was lightning to the earth—whose pinion waved
In haughty triumph o'er a world enslaved;
Sink from thy heavens! for glory's noon is o'er,
And rushing storms shall bear thee on no more.
Closed is thy regal course—thy crest is torn,
And thy plume banished from the realms of morn.
The shaft hath reached thee: rest with chiefs and kings,
Who conquered in the shadow of thy wings.

Sleep! while thy foes exult around their prey,
 And share thy glorious heritage of day.
 But darker years shall mingle with the past,
 And deeper vengeance shall be mine at last.
 O'er the seven hills I see destruction spread,
 And Empire's widow veils with dust her head.
 Her gods forsake each desolated shrine,
 Her temples moulder to the earth like mine:
 'Midst fallen palaces she sits alone,
 Calling heroic shades from ages gone,
 Or bids the nations 'midst her deserts wait
 To learn the fearful oracle of Fate.

"Still sleep'st thou, Roman? Son of Victory, rise!
 Wake to obey the avenging Destinies.
 Shed by thy mandate, soon thy country's blood
 Shall swell and darken Tiber's yellow flood.
 My children's manes call. Awake! prepare
 The feast they claim!—exult in Rome's despair!
 Be thine ear closed against her suppliant cries,
 Bid thy soul triumph in her agonies;
 Let carnage revel even her shrines among;
 Spare not the valiant, pity not the young!
 Hasten! o'er her hills the sword's libation shed,
 And wreak the curse of Carthage on her head!"

The vision flies. A mortal step is near,
 Whose echoes vibrate on the slumberer's ear.
 He starts—he wakes to woo. Before him stands
 The unwelcome messenger of harsh commands,
 Whose faltering accents tell the exiled chief
 To seek on other shores a home for grief.
 —Silent the wanderer sat—but on his cheek
 The burning glow far more than words might speak;
 And, from the kindling of his eye, there broke
 Language where all the indignant soul awoke,
 Till his deep thought found voice: then calmly stern,
 And sovereign in despair, he cried, "Return!
 Tell him who sent thee hither, thou hast seen
 Marius, the exile, rest where Carthage once hath been!"

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

A FRAGMENT.

THE moonbeam, quivering o'er the wave,
 Sleeps in pale gold on wood and hill,
 The wild wind slumbers in its cave,
 And heaven is cloudless—earth is still.
 The pile that crowns yon savage height

With battlements of Gothic might,
 Rises in softer pomp arrayed,
 Its massy towers half lost in shade,
 Half touched with mellowing light.
 The rays of night, the tints of time,
 Soft-mingling on its dark-grey stone,
 O'er its rude strength and mien sublime
 A placid smile have thrown.
 And far beyond, where wild and high,
 Bounding the pale-blue summer sky,
 A mountain vista meets the eye,
 Its dark, luxuriant woods assume
 A pencilled shade, a softer gloom:
 Its jutting cliffs have caught the light,
 Its torrents glitter through the night,
 While every cave and deep recess
 Frowns in more shadowy awfulness.
 Scarce moving on the glassy deep,
 Yon gallant vessel seems to sleep;
 But darting from its side,
 How swiftly does its boat design
 A slender, silvery, waving line
 Of radiance o'er the tide!
 No sound is on the summer seas
 But the low dashing of the oar,
 And faintly sighs the midnight breeze
 Through woods that fringe the rocky shore.
 That boat has reached the silent bay—
 The dashing oar has ceased to play;
 The breeze has murmured and has died
 In forest shades, on ocean's tide.
 No step, no tone, no breath of sound
 Disturbs the loneliness profound;
 And midnight spreads o'er earth and main
 A calm so holy and so deep,
 That voice of mortal were profane
 To break on nature's sleep.
 It is the hour for thought to soar
 High o'er the cloud of earthly woes—
 For rapt devotion to adore—
 For passion to repose;
 And virtue to forget her tears
 In visions of sublimer spheres.
 For oh! those transient gleams of heaven,
 To calmer, purer spirits given,
 Children of hallowed peace, are known
 In solitude and shade alone.
 Like flowers that shun the blaze of noon
 To blow beneath the midnight moon,
 The garish world they will not bless,

But only live in loneliness.
 Hark! did some note of plaintive swell
 Melt on the stillness of the air?
 Or was it fancy's powerful spell
 That woke such sweetness there?
 For wild and distant it arose,
 Like sounds that bless the bard's repose,
 When in lone wood or mossy cave
 He dreams beside some fountain-wave,
 And fairy worlds delight the eyes
 Wearied with life's realities.

Was it illusion? Yet again
 Rises and falls the enchanted strain,
 Mellow, and sweet, and faint—
 As if some spirit's touch had given
 The soul of sound to harp of heaven,
 To soothe a dying saint.
 Is it the mermaid's distant shell,
 Warbling beneath the moonlit wave?
 Such witching tones might lure full well
 The seaman to his grave.
 Sure from no mortal touch ye rise,
 Wild, soft, ærial melodies!
 Is it the song of woodland-fay
 From sparry grot, or haunted bower?
 Hark!—floating on the magic lay
 Draws near yon livid tower!
 Now nearer still, the listening ear
 May catch sweet harp-notes, faint yet clear;
 And accents low, as if in fear,
 Thus murmur, half-suppressed:—
 "Awake! the moon is bright on high,
 The sea is calm, the bark is nigh,
 The world is hushed to rest!"
 Then sinks the voice—the strain is o'er,
 Its last low cadence dies along the shore.

Fair Bertha hears the expected song,
 Swift from her tower she glides along;
 No echo to her tread awakes,
 Her fairy step no slumber breaks;
 And, in that hour of silence deep,
 While all around the dews of sleep
 O'erpower each sense, each eyelid steep,
 Quick throbs her heart with hope and fear,
 Her dark eye glistens with a tear.
 Half-wavering now, the varying cheek
 And sudden pause her doubts bespeak,
 The lip now flushed, now pale as death,

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. 189

The trembling frame, the fluttering breath!
Oh! in that moment, o'er her soul
What struggling passions claim control!
Fear, duty, love, in conflict high,
By turns have won the ascendancy;
And as, all tremulously bright,
Streams o'er her face the beam of night,
What thousand mixed emotions play
O'er that fair face, and melt away!
Like forms whose quick succession gleams
O'er fancy's rainbow-tinted dreams;
Like the swift glancing lights that rise
'Midst the wild cloud of stormy skies,
And traverse ocean o'er:
So in that full, impassioned eye
The changeful meanings rise and die,
Just seen—and then no more.
But oh! too short that pause. Again
Thrills to her heart that witching strain:—
“Awake! the midnight moon is bright;
Awake! the moments wing their flight;
Haste! or they speed in vain!”

O call of Love! thy potent spell
O'er that weak heart prevails too well.
The “still small voice” is heard no more
That pleaded duty's cause before,
And fear is hushed, and doubt is gone,
And pride forgot, and reason flown!
Her cheek, whose colour came and fled,
Resumes its warmest, brightest red,
Her step its quick elastic tread,
Her eye its beaming smile.
Through lonely court and silent hall
Flits her light shadow o'er the wall;
And still that low harmonious call
Melts on her ear the while,
Though love's quick ear alone could tell
The words its accents faintly swell:—
“Awake! while yet the lingering night
And stars and seas befriend our flight:
Oh! haste, while all is well!”—
The halls, the courts, the gates, are past,
She gains the moonlit beach at last.
Who waits to guide her trembling feet?
Who flies the fugitive to greet?
He, to her youthful heart endeared
By all it e'er had hoped and feared,
Twined with each wish, with every thought,
Each day-dream fancy e'er had wrought,

Whose tints portray with flattering skill
 What brighter worlds alone fulfil.
 —Alas! that aught so fair should fly
 Thy blighting wand, Reality!

A chieftain's mien her Osbert bore,
 A pilgrim's lowly robes he wore—
 Disguise that vainly strove to hide
 Bearing and glance of martial pride:
 For he in many a battle-scene,
 On many a rampart breach had been;
 Had sternly smiled at danger nigh,
 Had seen the valiant bleed and die,
 And proudly reared on hostile tower,
 'Midst falcion's clash and arrowy shower,
 Britannia's banner high.
 And though some ancient feud had taught
 His Bertha's sire to loathe his name,
 More noble warrior never fought
 For glory's prize or England's fame.
 And well his dark commanding eye,
 And form and step of stately grace,
 Accorded with achievements high,
 Soul of emprise and chivalry,
 Bright name, and generous race!
 His cheek, embrowned by many a sun,
 Tells a proud tale of glory won,
 Of vigil, march, and combat rude,
 Valour, and toil, and fortitude.
 Even while youth's earliest blushes threw
 Warm o'er that cheek their vivid hue,
 His gallant soul, his stripling form,
 Had braved the battle's rudest storm!
 When England's conquering archers stood,
 And dyed thy plain, Poitiers! with blood;
 When shivered axe and cloven shield
 And shattered helmet strewed the field,
 And France around her king in vain
 Had marshalled valour's noblest train.
 In that dread strife his lightning eye
 Had flashed with transport keen and high,
 And midst the battle's wildest tide
 Throbb'd his young heart with hope and pride.
 Alike that fearless heart could brave
 Death on the war-field or the wave;
 Alike in tournament or fight
 That ardent spirit found delight.
 Yet oft, 'midst hostile scenes afar,
 Bright o'er his soul a vision came,
 Rising like some benignant star

On stormy seas or plains of war,
 To soothe, with hopes more dear than fame,
 The heart that throbbed to Bertha's name,
 And 'midst the wildest rage of fight,
 And in the deepest calm of night,
 To her his thoughts would wing their flight
 With fond devotion warm.
 Oft would those glowing thoughts portray
 Some home, from tumults far away,
 Graced with that angel form!
 And now his spirit fondly deems
 Fulfilled its loveliest, dearest dreams.

Who, with pale cheek and locks of snow,
 In minstrel garb attends the chief?
 The moonbeam on his thoughtful brow
 Reveals a shade of grief.
 Sorrow and time have touched his face
 With mournful yet majestic grace,
 Soft as the melancholy smile
 Of sunset on some ruined pile.
 —It is the bard, whose song had power
 To lure the maiden from her tower—
 The bard, whose wild inspiring lays,
 Even in gay childhood's earliest days,
 First woke in Osbert's kindling breast
 The flame that will not be repressed,
 The pulse that throbs for praise.
 Those lays had banished from his eye
 The bright soft tears of infancy,
 Had soothed the boy to calm repose,
 Had hushed his bosom's earliest woes;
 And when the light of thought awoke,
 When first young reason's day-spring broke,
 More powerful still, they bade arise
 His spirit's burning energies.
 Then the bright dream of glory warmed,
 Then the loud pealing war-song charmed,
 The legends of each martial line,
 The battle-tales of Palestine:
 And oft, since then, *his* deeds had proved,
 Themes of the lofty lays he loved.
 Now, at triumphant love's command,
 Since Osbert leaves his native land,
 Forsaking glory's high career
 For her than glory far more dear;
 Since hope's gay dream and meteor ray
 To distant regions point his way,
 That there Affection's hands may dress
 A fairy bower for happiness;

That fond devoted bard, though now
 Time's wintry garland wreathes his brow,
 Though quenched the sunbeam of his eye,
 And fled his spirit's buoyancy,
 And strength and enterprise are past,
 Still follows constant to the last.
 Though his sole wish was but to die
 'Midst the calm scenes of days gone by,
 And all that hallows and endears
 The memory of departed years—
 Sorrow, and joy, and time, have twined
 To those loved scenes his pensive mind;
 Ah! what can tear the links apart
 That bind his chieftain to his heart?
 What smile but *his* with joy can light
 The eye obscured by age's night?
 Last of a loved and honoured line,
 Last tie to earth in life's decline,
 Till death its lingering spark shall dim,
 That faithful eye must gaze on him!

Silent and swift, with footstep light
 Haste on those fugitives of night.
 They reach the boat—the rapid oar
 Soon wafts them from the wooded shore.
 The bark is gained! A gallant few,
 Vassals of Osbert, from the crew;
 The pennant, in the moonlight beam,
 With soft suffusion glows;
 From the white sails a silvery gleam
 Falls on the wave's repose;
 Long shadows undulating play,
 From mast and streamer, o'er the bay;
 But still so hushed the summer air,
 They tremble, 'midst the scene so fair,
 Lest morn's first beam behold them there.

Wake viewless wanderer? breeze of night!
 From river-wave or mountain-height,
 Or dew-bright couch of moss and flowers,
 By haunted spring in forest-bowers.
 Or dost thou lurk in pearly cell,
 In amber grot, where mermaids dwell,
 And caverned gems their lustre throw
 O'er the red sea-flowers' vivid glow—
 Where treasures, not for mortal gaze,
 In solitary splendour blaze,
 And sounds, ne'er heard by mortal ear,
 Swell through the deep's unfathomed sphere?

What grove of that mysterious world
 Holds thy light wing in slumber furled?
 Awake! o'er glittering seas to rove;
 Awake! to guide the bark of love!
 Swift fly the midnight hours, and soon
 Shall fade the bright propitious moon;
 Soon shall the waning stars grow pale,
 Even now—but lo! the rustling sail
 Swells to the new-sprung ocean gale.
 The bark glides on—their fears are o'er;
 Recedes the bold romantic shore,
 Its features mingling fast.
 Gaze, Bertha! gaze! Thy lingering eye
 May still each lovely scene descry
 Of years for ever past!
 There wave the woods, beneath whose shade
 With bounding step thy childhood played,
 'Midst ferny glades and mossy lawns,
 Free as their native birds and fawns;
 Listening the sylvan sounds, that float
 On each low breeze, 'midst dells remote—
 The ringdove's deep melodious moan,
 The rustling deer in thickets lone;
 The wild bee's hum, the aspen's sigh,
 The wood-stream's plaintive harmony.
 Dear scenes of many a sportive hour,
 There thine own mountains darkly tower:
 'Midst their grey rocks no glen so rude
 But thou hast loved its solitude:
 No path so wild but thou hast known,
 And traced its rugged course alone:
 The earliest wreath that bound thy hair
 Was twined of glowing heath-flowers there.
 There in the day-spring of thy years,
 Undimmed by passions or by tears,
 Oft, while thy bright enraptured eye
 Wandered o'er ocean, earth, or sky,
 While the wild breeze that round thee blew,
 Tinged thy warm cheek with richer hue—
 Pure as the skies that o'er thy head
 Their clear and cloudless azure spread—
 Pure as that gale whose light wing drew
 Its freshness from the mountain dew,
 Glowed thy young heart with feelings high,
 A heaven of hallowed ecstasy.
 Such days were thine, ere love had drawn
 A cloud o'er that celestial dawn!
 As the clear dews in morning's beam
 With soft reflected colouring stream,
 Catch every tint of eastern gem

To form the rose's diadem,
 But vanish when the noontide hour
 Glows fiercely on the shrinking flower—
 Thus in thy soul each calm delight,
 Like morn's first dewdrops, pure and bright,
 Fled swift from passion's blighting fire,
 Or lingered only to expire.
 Spring on thy native hills again
 Shall bid neglected wild flowers rise,
 And call forth in each grassy glen
 Her brightest emerald dyes.
 There shall the lonely mountain rose,
 Wreath of the cliffs, again disclose;
 'Midst rocky dells, each well-known stream
 Shall sparkle in the summer beam;
 The birch, o'er precipice and cave,
 Its feathery foliage still shall wave;
 The ash 'midst rugged clefts unveil
 Its choral clusters to the gale;
 And autumn shed a warmer bloom
 O'er the rich heath and glowing broom.
 But thy light footstep there no more
 Each path, each dingle shall explore.
 In vain may smile each green recess—
 Who now shall pierce its loneliness?
 The stream through shadowy glens may stray—
 Who now shall trace its glistening way?
 In solitude, in silence deep,
 Shrined 'midst her rocks shall Echo sleep;
 No lute's wild swell again shall rise
 To wake her mystic melodies.
 All soft may blow the mountain air—
 It will not wave thy graceful hair!
 The mountain rose may bloom and die—
 It will not meet thy smiling eye!
 But like those scenes of vanished days,
 Shall others ne'er delight;
 Far lovelier lands shall meet thy gaze,
 Yet seem not half so bright.
 O'er the dim woodlands' fading hue
 Still gleams yon Gothic pile on high;
 Gaze on, while yet 'tis thine to view
 That home of infancy!
 Heed not the night-dew's chilling power,
 Heed not the sea-wind's coldest hour,
 But pause and linger on the deck,
 Till of those towers no trace, no speck,
 Is gleaming o'er the main;
 For when the mist of morn shall rise,
 Blending the sea, the shore, the skies,

That home, once vanished from thine eyes,
Shall bless them ne'er again.

There the dark tales and songs of yore
First with strange transport thrilled thy soul,
Even while their fearful mystic lore
From thy warm cheek the life-bloom stole.
There, while thy father's raptured ear
Dwelt fondly on a strain so dear,
And in his eye the trembling tear
Revealed his spirit's trance;
How oft, those echoing halls along,
Thy thrilling voice has swelled the song—
Tradition wild of other days,
Or troubadour's heroic lays,
Or legend of romance!
Oh! many an hour has there been thine,
That memory's pencil oft shall dress
In softer shades, and tints that shine
In mellowed loveliness!
While thy sick heart and fruitless tears
Shall mourn, with fond and deep regret,
The sunshine of thine early years,
Scarce deemed so radiant—till it set!
The cloudless peace, unprized till gone,
The bliss, till vanished hardly known!

On rock and turret, wood and hill,
The fading moonbeams linger still;
Still, Bertha! gaze on yon grey tower,
At evening's last and sweetest hour,
While varying still, the western skies
Flushed the clear seas with rainbow dyes,
Whose warm suffusions glowed and passed,
Each richer, lovelier than the last.
How oft while gazing on the deep,
That seemed a heaven of peace to sleep,
As if its wave, so still, so fair,
More frowning mien might never wear,
The twilight calm of mental rest
Would steal in silence o'er thy breast,
And wake that dear and balmy sigh
That breathes the spirit's harmony!—
Ah! ne'er again shall hours to thee be given
Of joy on earth, so near allied to heaven!

Why starts the tear to Bertha's eye?
Is not her long-loved Osbert nigh?
Is there a grief his voice, his smile,
His words, are fruitless to beguile?

—Oh! bitter to the youthful heart,
 That scarce a pang, a care has known,
 The hour when first from scenes we part,
 Where life's bright spring has flown—
 Forsaking, o'er the world to roam,
 That little shrine of peace—our home!
 E'en if delighted Fancy throw
 O'er that cold world her brightest glow,
 Painting its untried paths with flowers
 That will not live in earthly bowers
 (Too frail, too exquisite, to bear
 One breath of life's ungenial air)—
 E'en if such dreams of hope arise
 As heaven alone can realise,
 Cold were the breast that would not heave
 One sigh the home of youth to leave;
 Stern were the heart that would not swell
 To breathe life's saddest word—farewell!
 Though earth has many a deeper woe,
 Though tears more bitter far must flow,
 That hour, whate'er our future lot,
 That first fond grief, is ne'er forgot!

Such was the pang of Bertha's heart,
 The thought that bade the tear-drop start;
 And Osbert by her side
 Heard the deep sigh, whose bursting swell
 Nature's fond struggle told too well;
 And days of future bliss portrayed,
 And love's own eloquence essayed,
 To soothe his plighted bride!
 Of bright Arcadian scenes he tells,
 In that sweet land to which they fly;
 The vine-clad rocks, the fragrant dells
 Of blooming Italy.
 For he had roved a pilgrim there,
 And gazed on many spots so fair,
 It seemed like some enchanted grove,
 Where only peace, and joy, and love,
 Those exiles of the world, might rove,
 And breathe its heavenly air;
 And all unmixed with ruder tone,
 Their "wood notes wild" be heard alone;
 Far from the frown of stern control,
 That vainly would subdue the soul,
 There shall their long-affianced hands
 Be joined in consecrated bands.
 And in some rich romantic vale,
 Circled with heights of Alpine snow,
 Where citron-woods enrich the gale

And scented shrubs their balm exhale,
 And flowering myrtles blow ;
 And 'midst the mulberry boughs on high
 Weaves the wild vine her tapestry ;
 On some bright streamlet's emerald side,
 Where cedars wave in graceful pride,
 Bosomed in groves, their home shall rise,
 A sheltered bower of paradise !
 Thus would the lover soothe to rest
 With tales of hope her anxious breast ;
 Nor vain that dear enchanting lore
 Her soul's bright visions to restore,
 And bid gay phantoms of delight
 Float in soft colouring o'er her sight.

O Youth! sweet May-morn, fled so soon,
 Far brighter than life's loveliest noon,
 How oft thy spirit's buoyant power
 Will triumph e'en in sorrow's hour,
 Prevailing o'er regret !
 As rears its head the elastic flower,
 Though the dark tempest's recent shower
 Hang on its petals yet !

Ah! not so soon can hope's gay smile
 The aged bard to joy beguile ;
 Those silent years that steal away
 The cheek's warm rose, the eye's bright ray,
 Win from the mind a nobler prize,
 Even all its buoyant energies !
 For him the April days are past,
 When grief was but a fleeting cloud ;
 No transient shades will sorrow cast,
 When age the spirit's night has bowed :
 And, as he sees the land grow dim,
 That native land now lost to him,
 Fixed are his eyes and clasped his hands,
 And long in speechless grief he stands ;
 So desolately calm his air,
 He seems an image wrought to bear
 The stamp of deep, though hushed despair.
 Motion and life no sign bespeaks,
 Save that the night-breeze o'er his cheeks
 Just waves his silvery hair ;
 Naught else could teach the eye to know
 His was no sculptured form of woe.
 Long gazing o'er the darkened flood,
 Pale in that silent grief he stood,
 Till the cold moon was waning fast,
 And many a lovely star had died,

And the grey heavens deep shadows cast
 Far o'er the slumbering tide;
 And, robed in one dark solemn hue,
 Arose the distant shore to view.
 Then, starting from his trance of woe,
 Tears, long suppressed, in freedom flow,
 While thus his wild and plaintive strain
 Blends with the murmur of the main:

THE BARD'S FAREWELL.

"THOU setting moon! when next thy rays
 Are trembling on the shadowy deep,
 The land now fading from thy gaze,
 These eyes in vain shall weep;
 And wander o'er the lovely sea,
 And fix their tearful glance on thee—
 On thee! whose light so softly gleams
 Through the green oaks that fringe my native streams.

"But 'midst those ancient groves no more
 Shall I thy quivering lustre hail;
 Its plaintive strain my harp must pour
 To swell a foreign gale.
 The rocks, the woods, whose echoes woke
 When in full tones their stillness broke,
 Deserted now, shall hear alone
 The brook's wild voice, the wind's mysterious moan.

"And oh! ye fair forsaken halls,
 Left by your lord to slow decay,
 Soon shall the trophies on your walls
 Be mouldering fast away!
 There shall no choral songs resound,
 There shall no festal board be crowned;
 But ivy wreath the silent gate,
 And all be hushed, and cold, and desolate.

"No banner from the stately tower
 Shall spread its blazoned folds on high;
 There the wild briar and summer flower
 Unmarked shall wave and die.
 Home of the mighty! thou art lone,
 The noonday of thy pride is gone,
 And 'midst thy solitude profound
 A step shall echo like unearthly sound!

"From thy cold hearths no festal blaze
 Shall fill the hall with ruddy light,
 Nor welcome with convivial rays
 Some pilgrim of the night.
 But there shall grass luxuriant spread,

As o'er the dwellings of the dead;
And the deep swell of every blast
Seem a wild dirge for years of grandeur past.

"And I—my joy of life is fled,
My spirit's power, my bosom's glow;
The raven locks that graced my head
Wave in a wreath of snow!
And where the star of youth arose
I deemed life's lingering ray should close,
And those loved trees my tomb o'ershade
Beneath whose arching bowers my childhood played.

"Vain dream! that tomb in distant earth
Shall rise, forsaken and forgot;
And thou, sweet land that gav'st me birth!
A grave must yield me not.
Yet, haply, he for whom I leave
Thy shores, in life's dark winter eve,
When cold the hand, and closed the lays,
And mute the voice he loved to praise,
O'er the hushed harp one tear may shed,
And one frail garland o'er the minstrel's bed!"

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

'Twas night in Babylon: yet many a beam
Of lamps, far glittering from her domes on high,
Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream,
With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky
Whose azure knows no cloud;—each whispered sigh
Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace-bowers
Bore deepening tones of joy and melody
O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers;
And the glad city's voice went up from all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall,
Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band!
High at the stately midnight festival,
Belshazzar sat enthroned.—There Luxury's hand
Had showered around all treasures that expand
Beneath the burning East—all gems that pour
The sunbeams back—all sweets of many a land
Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore;—
But mortal Pride looked on, and still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught,
A loftier theme may swell th' exulting strain!
The Lord of nations spoke—and forth were brought
The spoils of Salem's devastated fane:
Thrice holy vessels!—pure from earthly stain,

And set apart, and sanctified to Him
 Who deigned within the oracle to reign,
 Revealed, yet shadowed; making noonday dim,
 To that most glorious cloud between the Cherubim.

They came, and louder pealed the voice of song,
 And pride flashed brighter from the kindling eye,
 And He who sleeps not heard th' elated throng,
 In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy
 The Rock of Zion!—Fill the nectar high,
 High in the cups of consecrated gold!
 And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,
 And bid the censers of the Temple hold
 Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old!

Peace!—is it but a phantom of the brain,
 Thus shadowed forth the senses to appal,
 Yon fearful vision?—Who shall gaze again
 To search its cause?—Along the illumined wall,
 Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all,
 Darkly it moves—a hand, a human hand,
 O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall
 In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,
 Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant land.

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,
 And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low,
 And fitful starts!—the wine, in triumph poured,
 Untasted foams, the song hath ceased to flow,
 The waving censer drops to earth—and lo!
 The King of Men, the Ruler, girt with might,
 Trembles before a shadow!—Say not so!—
 The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight,
 Shrinks from the Dread Unknown, th' avenging Infinite!

But haste ye!—bring Chaldea's gifted seers,
 The men of prescience!—haply to *their* eyes,
 Which track the future through the rolling spheres,
 Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies.
 They come—the readers of the midnight skies,
 They that give voice to visions—but in vain!
 Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies,
 It hath no language, 'midst the starry train,
 Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,
 And other inspiration!—One of those
 Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,
 And sat, and wept, where Babel's river flows.
 His eye was bright, and yet the deep repose
 Of his pale features half o'erawed the mind,
 And imaged forth a soul, whose joys and woes

Were of a loftier stamp than aught assigned
To Earth; a being sealed and severed from mankind.

Yes!—what was earth to him, whose spirit passed
Time's utmost bounds?—on whose unshrinking sight
Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast
Their full resplendence?—Majesty and might
Were in his dreams;—for him the veil of light
Shrouding heaven's inmost sanctuary and throne,
The curtain of th' unutterably bright
Was raised!—to him, in fearful splendour shown,
Ancient of days!—e'en Thou, 'midst Thy dread presence
known.

He spoke: the shadows of the things to come
Passed o'er his soul:—"O King, elate in pride!
God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom,
The one, the living God, by thee defied!
He, in whose balance earthly lords are tried,
Hath weighed, and found thee wanting. 'Tis decreed
The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,
The stranger to thy throne of power succeed!
The days are full, they come—the Persian and the Mede!"

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round,
A breathless pause! the hush of hearts that beat
And limbs that quiver;—is there not a sound,
A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet?—
'Twas but some echo, in the crowded street,
Of far-heard revelry; the shout, the song,
The measured dance to music wildly sweet,
That speeds the stars their joyous course along;—
Away! nor let a dream disturb the festal throng!

Peace yet again!—Hark! steps in tumult flying,
Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle-field!
The shout of hosts exulting or defying,
The press of multitudes that strive or yield!
And the loud startling clash of spear and shield,
Sudden as earthquake's burst!—and, blent with these,
The last wild shriek of those whose doom is sealed
In their full mirth!—all deepening on the breeze
As the long stormy roar of far-advancing seas!

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast is swelling,
Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning every cry!
And lo! the spoiler in the regal dwelling,
Death bursting on the halls of revelry!
Ere on their brows one fragile rose-leaf die,
The sword hath raged through joy's devoted train:
Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,

Red flames, like banners, wave from dome and fane;
 Empire is lost and won—Belshazzar with the slain.

Fallen is the golden city! in the dust,
 Spoiled of her crown, dismantled of her state,
 She that hath made the Strength of Towers her trust,
 Weeps by her dead, supremely desolate!
 She that beheld the nations at her gate,
 Thronging in homage, shall be called no more
 Lady of kingdoms!—Who shall mourn her fate?
 Her guilt is full, her march of triumph o'er;—
 What widowed land shall now *her* widowhood deplore?

Sit thou in silence! Thou that wert enthroned
 On many waters! thou whose augurs read
 The language of the planets, and disowned
 The mighty name it blazons!—Veil thy head,
 Daughter of Babylon! the sword is red
 From thy destroyers' harvest, and the yoke
 Is on thee, O most proud!—for thou hast said,
 "I am, and none beside!"—Th' Eternal spoke,
 Thy glory was a spoil, thine idol-gods were broke.

But go thou forth, O Israel! wake! rejoice!
 Be clothed with strength, as in thine ancient day.
 Renew the sound of harps, th' exulting voice,
 The mirth of timbrels!—loose the chain and say,
 God hath redeemed His people!—from decay
 The silent and the trampled shall arise;—
 Awake; put on thy beautiful array,
 O long-forsaken Zion!—to the skies
 Send up on every wind thy choral melodies!

And lift thy head!—Behold thy sons returning,
 Redeemed from exile, ransomed from the chain!
 Light hath revisited the house of mourning;
 She that on Judah's mountains wept in vain
 Because her children were not—dwells again
 Girt with the lovely!—through thy streets once more,
 City of God! shall pass the bridal train,
 And the bright lamps their festive radiance pour,
 And the triumphal hymns thy joy of youth restore!

1828.

THE LAST CONSTANTINE.

..... "Thou strivest nobly,
 When hearts of sterner stuff perhaps had sunk;
 And o'er thy fall, if it be so decreed,
 Good men will mourn, and brave men will shed tears.
 Fame I look not for;
 But to sustain, in Heaven's all seeing eye,
 Before my fellow-men, in mine own sight,

With graceful virtue and becoming pride,
 The dignity and honour of a man.
 Thus stationed as I am, I will do all
 That man may do."—*Constantine Palæologus.*

I.

THE fires grew pale on Rome's deserted shrines;
 In the dim grot the Pythia's voice had died,
 Shout for the city of the Constantines,
 The rising city of the billow-side,
 The City of the Cross!—great Ocean's bride,
 Crowned from her birth she sprang! Long ages past,
 And still she looked in glory o'er the tide,
 Which at her feet barbaric riches cast,
 Poured by the burning East all joyously and fast.

II.

Long ages past! They left her porphyry halls
 Still trod by kingly footsteps. Gems and gold
 Broided her mantle, and her castled walls
 Frowned in her strength; yet there were signs which
 told
 The days were full. The pure high faith of old
 Was changed; and on her silken couch of sleep
 She lay, and murmured if a rose-leaf's fold
 Disturbed her dreams: and called her slaves to keep
 Their watch, that no rude sound might reach her o'er the
 deep.

III.

But there are sounds that from the regal dwelling
 Free hearts and fearless only may exclude;
 'Tis not alone the wind at midnight swelling
 Breaks on the soft repose by luxury wooed.
 There are unbidden footsteps which intrude
 Where the lamps glitter and the wine-cup flows;
 And darker hues have stained the marble, strewed
 With the fresh myrtle and the short-lived rose;
 And Parian walls have rung to the dread march of foes.

IV.

A voice of multitudes is on the breeze,
 Remote, yet solemn, as the night-storm's roar
 Through Ida's giant pines. Across the seas
 A murmur comes, like that the deep winds bore
 From Tempe's haunted river to the shore
 Of the reed-crowned Eurotas; when of old
 Dark Asia sent her battle myriads o'er
 The indignant wave, which would not be controlled,
 But past the Persian's chain in boundless freedom rolled.

V.

And it is thus again! Swift oars are dashing
 The parted waters, and a light is cast
 On their white foam-wreaths, from the sudden flashing
 Of Tartar spears, whose ranks are thickening fast.
 There swells a savage trumpet on the blast,
 A music of the deserts, wild and deep,
 Wakening strange echoes, as the shores are passed
 Where low 'midst Ilion's dust her conquerers sleep,
 O'ershadowing with high names each rude sepulchral heap.

VI.

War from the West! The snows on Thracian hills
 Are loosed by Spring's warm breath; yet o'er the lands
 Which Hæmus girds, the chainless mountain-rills
 Pour down less swiftly than the Moslem bands.
 War from the East! 'Midst Araby's lone sands,
 More lonely now the few bright founts may be,
 While Ismael's bow is bent in warrior-hands
 Against the Golden City of the sea.
 —Oh! for a soul to fire thy dust, Thermopylæ!

VII.

Hear yet again, ye mighty! Where are they
 Who, with their green Olympic garlands crowned,
 Leaped up in proudly beautiful array,
 As to a banquet gathering, at the sound
 Of Persia's clarion? Far and joyous round,
 From the pine forests and the mountain snows,
 And the low sylvan valleys, to the bound
 Of the bright waves, at Freedom's voice they rose!
 Hath it no thrilling tone to break the tomb's repose?

VIII.

They slumber with their swords!—The olive shades
 In vain are whispering their immortal tale;
 In vain the spirit of the past pervades
 The soft winds, breathing through each Grecian vale.
 Yet must *thou* wake, though all unarmed and pale,
 Devoted City! Lo! the Moslem's spear,
 Red from its vintage, at thy gates; his sail
 Upon thy waves, his trumpet in thine ear!—
 Awake! and summon those who yet perchance may hear.

IX.

Be hushed, thou faint and feeble voice of weeping!
 Lift ye the banner of the cross on high,
 And call on chiefs whose noble sires are sleeping
 In their proud graves of sainted chivalry,
 Beneath the palms and cedars, where they sigh

To Syrian gales! The suns of each brave line
From their baronial halls shall hear your cry,
And seize the arms which flashed round Salem's shrine,
And wield for you the swords once waved for Palestine.

X.

All still, all voiceless!—and the billow's roar
Alone replies! Alike their soul is gone
Who shared the funeral feast on Ceta's shore,
And theirs that o'er the field of Ascalon
Swelled the Crusaders' hymn! Then gird thou on
Thine armour, Eastern Queen! and meet the hour
Which waits thee ere the day's fierce work is done
With a strong heart: so may thy helmet tower
Unshivered through the storm, for generous hope is power!

XI.

But linger not,—array thy men of might!
The shores, the seas, are peopled with thy foes.
Arms through thy cypress groves are gleaming bright,
And the dark huntsmen of the wild repose
Beneath the shadowing marble porticoes
Of thy proud villas. Nearer and more near,
Around thy walls the sons of battle close;
Each hour, each moment, hath its sound of fear,
Which the deep grave alone is chartered not to hear.

XII.

Away! bring wine, bring odours to the shade
Where the tall pine and poplar bend on high!
Bring roses, exquisite, but soon to fade!
Snatch every brief delight—since we must die!
Yet is the hour, degenerate Greeks! gone by,
For feast in vine-wreathed bower or pillared hall;
Dim gleams the torch beneath yon fiery sky,
And deep and hollow is the tambour's call,
And from the startled hand th' untasted cup will fall.

XIII.

The night—the glorious Oriental night
Hath lost the silence of her purple heaven,
With its clear stars. The red artillery's light,
Athwart her worlds of tranquil splendour driven,
To the still firmament's expanse had given
Its own fierce glare, wherein each cliff and tower
Starts wildly forth; and now the air is riven
With thunder-bursts, and now dull smoke-clouds lour,
Veiling the gentle moon in her most hallowed hour.

XIV.

Sounds from the waters, sounds upon the earth,
 Sounds in the air, of battle! Yet with these
 A voice is mingling, whose deep tones give birth
 To faith and courage. From luxurious ease
 A gallant few have started. O'er the seas,
 From the Seven Towers, their banner waves its sign;
 And hope is whispering in the joyous breeze,
 Which plays amidst its folds. That voice was thine—
 Thy soul was on that band, devoted Constantine!

XV.

Was Rome thy parent? Didst thou catch from her
 The fire that lives in thine undaunted eye?
 That city of the throne and sepulchre
 Hath given proud lessons how to reign and die.
 Heir of the Cæsars! did that lineage high,
 Which, as a triumph to the grave, hath passed,
 With its long march of spectred imagery,
 The heroic mantle o'er thy spirit cast?
 Thou of an eagle race the noblest and the last!

XVI.

Vain dreams! Upon that spirit hath descended
 Light from the living Fountain, whence each thought
 Springs pure and holy. In that eye is blended
 A spark, with earth's triumphal memories fraught,
 And, far within, a deeper meaning, caught
 From worlds unseen. A hope, a lofty trust,
 Whose resting-place on buoyant wind is sought
 (Though through its veil seen darkly from the dust)
 In realms where Time no more hath power upon the just.

XVII.

Those were proud days, when on the battle-plain,
 And in the sun's bright face, and 'midst th' array
 Of awe-struck hosts, and circled by the slain,
 The Roman cast his glittering mail away,
 And while a silence as of midnight lay
 O'er breathless thousands at his voice who started,
 Called on the unseen terrific powers that sway
 The heights, the depths, the shades; then fearless-hearted
 Girt on his robe of death, and for the grave departed.

XVIII.

But then, around him as the javelins rushed,
 From earth to heaven swelled up the loud acclaim;
 And, ere his heart's last free libation gushed,
 With a bright smile the warrior caught his name
 Far-floating on the winds! And Victory came,

And made the hour of that immortal deed
 A life, in fiery feeling. Valour's aim
 Had sought no loftier guerdon. Thus to bleed
 Was to be Rome's high star. He died—and had his meed.

XIX.

But praise—and dearer, holier praise be theirs,
 Who, in the stillness and the solitude
 Of hearts pressed earthwards by a weight of cares,
 Uncheered by Fame's proud hope, his ethereal food
 Of restless energies, and only viewed
 By Him whose eye, from His eternal throne,
 Is on the soul's dark places— have subdued
 And vowed themselves, with strength till then unknown,
 To some high martyr-task, in secret and alone.

XX.

Theirs be the bright and sacred names, enshrined
 Far in the bosom! For their deeds belong,
 Not to the gorgeous faith which charmed mankind
 With its rich pomp of festival and song,
 Garland, and shrine, and incense-bearing throng;
 But to that Spirit, hallowing, as it tries
 Man's hidden soul in whispers, yet more strong
 Than storm or earthquake's voice; for *thence* arise
 All that mysterious world's unseen sublimities.

XXI.

Well might thy name, brave Constantine! awake
 Such thought, such feeling!—But the scene again
 Bursts on my vision, as the day-beams break
 Through the red sulphurous mists: the camp, the plain,
 The terraced palaces, the dome-capt fauce,
 With its bright cross fixed high in crowning grace;
 Spears on the ramparts, galleys on the main,
 And, circling all with arms, that turbaned race—
 The sun, the desert, stamped in each dark haughty face.

XXII.

Shout, ye seven hills! Lo! Christian pennons streaming
 Red o'er the waters! Hail, deliverers, hail!
 Along your billowy wake the radiance gleaming
 In Hope's own smile. They crowd the swelling sail—
 On with the foam, the sunbeam, and the gale,
 Borne as a victor's car! The batteries pour
 Their clouds and thunders; but the rolling veil
 Of smoke floats up the exulting winds before;
 And oh! the glorious burst of that bright sea and shore!

XXIII.

The rocks, waves, ramparts, Europe's, Asia's coast,
All thronged, one theatre for kingly war!
A monarch, girt with his barbaric host,
Points o'er the beach his flashing scimitar.
Dark tribes are tossing javelins from afar,
Hands waving banners o'er each battlement,
Decks with their serried guns arrayed to bar
The promised aid: but hark! a shout is sent
Up from the noble barks;—the Moslem line is rent!

XXIV.

On, on through rushing flame and arrowy shower
The welcome prows have cleft their rapid way;
And, with the shadows of the vesper hour,
Furled their white sails and anchored in the bay.
Then were the streets with song and torch-fire gay,
Then the Greek wines flowed mantling in the light
Of festal halls; and there was joy—the ray
Of dying eyes, a moment wildly bright—
The sunset of the soul, ere lost to mortal sight.

XXV.

For vain that feeble succour! Day by day
The imperial towers are crumbling, and the sweep
Of the vast engines in their ceaseless play
Comes powerful, as when heaven unbinds the deep.
Man's heart is mightier than the castled steep,
Yet will it sink when earthly hope is fled;
Man's thoughts work darkly in such hours, and sleep
Flies far; and in their mien, the walls who tread,
Things by the brave untold may fearfully be read.

XXVI.

It was a sad and solemn task, to hold
Their midnight watch on that beleaguered wall!
As the sea-wave beneath the bastions rolled,
A sound of fate was in its rise and fall;
The heavy clouds were as an empire's pall,
The giant shadows of each tower and fane
Lay like the graves; a low mysterious call
Breathed in the wind, and from the tented plain
A voice of omens rose with each wild martial strain.

XXVII.

For they might catch the Arab chargers neighing,
The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy song;
Might almost hear the Soldan's banner swaying,
The watchword muttered in some Eastern tongue.
Then flashed the gun's terrific light along

The marble streets, all stillness—not repose;
And boding thoughts came o'er them, dark and strong;
For heaven, earth, air, speak auguries to those
Who see their numbered hours fast pressing to the close.

XXVIII.

But strength is from the Mightiest! There is one
Still in the breach and on the rampart seen,
Whose cheek shows paler with each morning sun,
And tells in silence how the night hath been
In kingly halls a vigil. Yet serene
The ray set deep within his thoughtful eye;
And there is that in his collected mien,
To which the hearts of noble men reply
With fires, partaking not this frame's mortality.

XXIX.

Yes! call it not of lofty minds the fate
To pass o'er earth in brightness but alone:
High power was made their birthright, to create
A thousand thoughts responsive to their own!
A thousand echoes of their spirit's tone
Starts into life, where'er their path may be,
Still following fast; as when the wind hath blown
O'er Indian groves, a wanderer wild and free,
Kindling and bearing flames afar from tree to tree.

XXX.

And it is thus with thee!—Thy lot is cast
On evil days, thou Cæsar. Yet the few
That set their generous bosom to the blast
Which rocks thy throne—the fearless and the true,
Bear hearts wherein thy glance can still renew
The free devotion of the years gone by,
When from bright dreams the ascendant Roman drew
Enduring strength! States vanish, ages fly,
But leave one task unchanged—to suffer and to die.

XXXI.

These are our nature's heritage. But thou,
The crowned with empire! thou wert called to share
A cup more bitter;—on thy fevered brow
The semblance of that buoyant hope to wear,
Which long had passed away; alone to bear
The rush and pressure of dark thoughts, that came
As a strong billow in their weight of care;
And with all this to smile! For earth-born frame
These are stern conflicts, yet they pass unknown to Fame.

XXXII.

Her glance is on the triumph, on the field,
 On the red scaffold; and where'er, in sight
 Of human eyes, the human soul is steeled
 To deeds that seem as of immortal might,
 Yet are proud Nature's. But her meteor-light
 Can pierce no depths, no clouds; it falls not where
 In silence, and in secret, and in night,
 The noble heart doth wrestle with despair,
 And rise more strong than death from its unwitnessed
 prayer.

XXXIII.

Men have been firm in battle; they have stood
 With a prevailing hope on ravaged plains,
 And won the birthright of their hearths with blood,
 And died rejoicing 'midst their ancient fanes,
 That so their children, undefiled with chains,
 Might worship there in peace. But they that stand
 When not a beacon o'er the wave remains,
 Linked but to perish with a ruined land,
 Where freedom dies with them—call *these* a martyr-band.

XXXIV.

But the world heeds them not. Or if, perchance,
 Upon their strife it bend a careless eye,
 It is but as the Roman's stoic glance
 Fell on that stage where man's last agony
 Was made his sport, who, knowing one must die,
 Recked not which champion; but prepared the strain,
 And bound the bloody wreath of victory
 To greet the conquerer; while, with calm disdain,
 The vanquished proudly met the doom he met in vain.

XXXV.

The hour of Fate comes on; and it is fraught
 With *this* of liberty—that now the need
 Is past to veil the brow of anxious thought
 And clothe the heart, which still beneath must bleed,
 With Hope's fair-seeming drapery. We are freed
 From tasks like these by misery. One alone
 Is left the brave; and rest shall be thy need,
 Prince, watcher, wearied one! when thou hast shown
 How brief the cloudy space which parts the grave and
 throne.

XXXVI.

The signs are full. They are not in the sky,
 Nor in the many voices of the air,
 Nor the swift clouds. No fiery hosts on high
 Toss their wild spears; no meteor banners glare:

No comet fiercely shakes its blazing hair.
 And yet the signs are full: too truly seen
 In the thinned ramparts, in the pale despair
 Which lends one language to a people's mien,
 And in the ruined heaps where wall and towers have been.

XXXVII.

It is a night of beauty: such a night,
 As from the sparry grot or laurel-shade.
 Or wave in marble cavern rippling bright,
 Might woo the nymphs of Grecian fount and glade
 To sport beneath its moonbeams, which pervade
 Their forest haunts: a night to rove alone
 Where the young leaves by vernal winds are swayed,
 And the reeds whisper with a dreamy tone
 Of melody that seems to breathe from worlds unknown.

XXXVIII.

A night to call from green Elysium's bowers
 The shades of elder bards; a night to hold
 Unseen communion with the inspiring powers
 That made deep groves their dwelling-place of old;
 A night for mourners o'er the hallowed mould
 To strew sweet flowers—for revellers to fill
 And wreath the cup—for sorrows to be told
 Which love hath cherished long. Vain thoughts, be still
 It is a night of fate, stamped with Almighty Will.

XXXIX.

It should come sweeping in the storm, and rending
 The ancient summits in its dread career;
 And with vast billows wrathfully contending,
 And with dark clouds o'ershadowing every sphere.
 But He, whose footsteps shake the earth with fear,
 Passing to lay the sovereign cities low,
 Alike in His omnipotence is near
 When the soft winds o'er Spring's green pathway blow,
 And when His thunders cleave the monarch-mountain's
 brow.

XL.

The heavens in still magnificence look down
 On the hushed Bosphorus, whose ocean-stream
 Sleeps with its paler stars: the snowy crown
 Of far Olympus in the moonlight gleam
 Towers radiantly, as when the Pagan's dream
 Thro'ged it with gods, and bent the adoring knee.
 But that is past—and now the One Supreme
 Fills not alone *those* haunts, but earth, air, sea,
 And Time, which presses on to finish His decree.

XLI.

Olympus, Ida, Delphi! ye, the thrones
 And temples of a visionary might,
 Brooding in clouds above your forest zones,
 And mantling thence the realms beneath with night;
 Ye have looked down on battles—Fear and Flight,
 And armed Revenge, all hurrying past below.—
 But there is yet a more appalling sight
 For earth prepared, than e'er with tranquil brow
 Ye gazed on from your world of solitude and snow

XLII.

Last night a sound was in the Moslem camp,
 And Asia's hills re-echoed to a cry
 Of savage mirth. Wild horn and war-steeds' tramp
 Blent with the shout of barbarous revelry,
 A hue of menace and of wrath put on.
 Caught from red watch-fires, blazing far and high,
 And countless as the flames in ages gone,
 Streaming to heaven's bright queen from shadowy Lebanon.

XLIII.

But all is stillness now. May this be sleep
 Which wraps those Eastern thousands? Yes! perchance
 Along yon moonlit shore and dark-blue deep,
 Bright are their visions with the Houri's glance,
 And they behold the sparkling fountains dance,
 Beneath the bowers of paradise that shed
 Rich odours o'er the Faithful; but the lance,
 The bow, the spear, now round the slumberers spread,
 Ere Fate fulfil such dreams, must rest beside the dead.

XLIV.

May this be sleep, this hush? A sleepless eye
 Doth hold its vigil 'midst that dusky race:
 One that would scan the abyss of destiny
 Even now is gazing on the skies to trace
 In those bright worlds, the burning isles of space,
 Fate's mystic pathway. They the while, serene,
 Walk in their beauty; but Mohammed's face
 Kindles beneath their aspect, and his mien
 All fired with stormy joy by that soft light is seen.

XLV.

Oh! wild presumption of a conqueror's dream,
 To gaze on those pure altar-fires, enshrined
 In depths of blue infinitude, and deem
 They shine to guide the spoiler of mankind
 O'er fields of blood! But with the restless mind
 It hath been ever thus; and they that weep

For worlds to conquer, o'er the bounds assigned
To human search in daring pride would sweep
As o'er the trampled dust wherein they soon must sleep.

XLVI.

But ye that beamed on Fate's tremendous night,
When the storm burst o'er golden Babylon:
And ye that sparkled with your wonted light
O'er burning Salem, by the Roman won;
And ye that calmly viewed the slaughter done
In Rome's own streets, when Alaric's trumpet-blast
Rang through the Capitol: bright spheres! roll on!
Still bright, though empire's fall; and bid man cast
His humbled eyes to earth, and commune with the past.

XLVII.

For it hath mighty lessons. From the tomb,
And from the ruins of the tomb, and where,
'Midst the wrecked cities in the desert's gloom,
All tameless creatures make their savage lair,
Thence comes its voice, that shakes the midnight air,
And calls up clouds to dim the laughing day,
And thrills the soul;—yet bids us not despair,
But make one Rock our shelter and our stay,
Beneath whose shade all else is passing to decay.

XLVIII.

The hours move on. I see a wavering gleam
O'er the hushed waters tremulously fall,
Poured from the Cæsars' palace. Now the beam
Of many lamps is brightening in the hall,
And from its long arcades and pillars tall
Soft graceful shadows undulating lie
On the wave's heaving bosom, and recall
A thought of Venice with her moonlight sky,
And festal seas and domes, and fairy pageantry.

XLIX.

But from that dwelling floats no mirthful sound.
The swell of lute and Grecian lyre no more,
Wafting an atmosphere of music round,
Tell the hushed seamen, gliding past the shore,
How monarchs revel there. Its feasts are o'er—
Why gleam the lights along its colonnade?
I see a train of guests in silence pour
Through its long avenues of terraced shade,
Whose stately founts and bowers for joy alone were made.

L.

In silence and in arms!—with helm, with sword!
These are no marriage garments. Yet even now

Thy nuptial feast should grace the regal board,
 Thy Georgian bride should wreath her lovely brow
 With an imperial diadem. But thou,
 O fated prince! art called, and these with thee,
 To darker scenes; and thou hast learned to bow
 Thine Eastern sceptre to the dread decree,
 And count it joy enough to perish, being free.

LI.

On through long vestibules, with solemn tread,
 As men that in some time of fear and woe
 Bear darkly to their rest the noble dead;
 O'er whom by day their sorrows may not flow,
 The warriors pass. Their measured steps are slow,
 And hollow echoes fill the marble halls,
 Whose long-drawn vistas open as they go
 In desolate pomp; and from the pictured walls,
 Sad seems the light itself which on their armour falls.

LII.

And they have reached a gorgeous chamber, bright
 With all we dream of splendour: yet a gloom
 Seems gathered o'er it to the boding sight,
 A shadow that anticipates the tomb.
 Still from its fretted roof the lamps illumine
 A purple canopy, a golden throne;
 But it is empty;—hath the stroke of doom
 Fallen there already? Where is he, the one,
 Born that high seat to fill, supremely and alone?

LIII.

Oh! there are times whose pressure doth efface
 Earth's vain distinctions,—when the storm beats loud,
 When the strong towers are tottering to the base,
 And the streets rock. Who mingle in the crowd?
 Peasant and chief, the lowly and the proud,
 Are in that throng. Yes, life hath many an hour
 Which makes us kindred, by one chastening bowed,
 And feeling but, as from the storm we cower,
 What shrinking weakness feels before unbounded power.

LIV.

Yet then that Power whose dwelling is on high,
 Its loftiest marvels doth reveal, and speak
 In the deep human heart more gloriously
 Than in the bursting thunder. Thence the weak,
 They that seemed formed as flower-stems but to break
 With the first wind, have risen to deeds whose name
 Still calls up thoughts that mantle to the cheek
 And thrill the pulse. Ay, strength no pangs could tame
 Hath looked from woman's eye upon the sword and flame.

LV.

And this is of such hours! That throne is void,
 And its lord comes uncrowned. Behold him stand
 With a calm brow, where woes have not destroyed
 The Greek's heroic beauty, 'midst his band,
 The gathered virtue of a sinking land—
 Alas! how scanty! Now is cast aside
 All form of princely state; each noble hand
 Is pressed by turns in his: for earthly pride
 There is no room in hearts where earthly hope hath died.

LVI.

A moment's hush—and then he speaks. He speaks!
 But not of hope—that dream hath long gone by!
 His words are full of memory—as he seeks
 By the strong name of Rome and Liberty,
 Which yet are living powers that fire the eye
 And re-use the heart of manhood, and by all
 The sad but grand remembrances that lie
 Deep with earth's buried heroes, to recall
 The soul of other years, if but to grace their fall.

LVII.

His words are full of faith: and thoughts more high
 Than Rome e'er knew now fill his glance with light;
 Thoughts which give nobler lessons how to die
 Than e'er were drawn from Nature's haughty might.
 And to that eye, with all the spirit bright,
 Have theirs replied, in tears which may not shame
 The bravest in such moments. 'Tis a sight
 To make all earthly splendours cold and tame,
 That generous burst of soul, with its electric flame.

LVIII.

They weep, those champions of the Cross—they weep.
 Yet vow themselves to death. Ay, 'midst that train
 Are martyrs, privileged in tears to steep
 Their lofty sacrifice. The pang is vain,
 And yet its gush of sorrow shall not stain
 A warrior's sword. Those men are strangers here:
 The homes they never may behold again
 Lie far away, with all things blest and dear,
 On laughing shores, to which their barks no more shall
 steer.

LIX.

Know'st thou the land where bloom the orange bowers?
 Where through dark foliage gleam the citron's dyes?
 —It is their own. They see their father's towers
 'Midst its Hesperian groves in sunlight rise:
 They meet in soul the bright Italian eyes

Which long and vainly shall explore the main
For their white sails' return : the melodies
Of that sweet land are floating o'er their brain :
Oh ! what a crowded world one moment may contain !

LX.

Such moments come to thousands. Few may die
Amidst their native shades. The young, the brave,
The beautiful, whose gladdening voice and eye
Made summer in a parent's heart, and gave
Light to their peopled homes ; o'er land and wave
Are scattered fast and far, as rose-leaves fall
From the deserted stem. They find a grave
Far from the shadow of the ancestral hall :
A lonely bed is theirs, whose smiles were hope to all.

LXI.

But life flows on, and bears us with its tide,
Nor may we lingering by the slumberers dwell.
Though they were those once blooming at our side
In youth's gay home. Away ! what sound's deep swell
Comes on the wind ?—It is an empire's knell,
Slow, sad, majestic, pealing through the night.
For the last time speaks forth the solemn bell
Which calls the Christians to their holiest rite,
With a funereal voice of solitary might.

LXII.

Again, and yet again ! A startling power
In sounds like these lives ever ; for they bear
Full on remembrance each eventful hour
Checkering life's crowded path. They fill the air
When conquerors pass, and fearful cities wear
A mien like joy's ; and when your brides are led
From their paternal homes ; and when the glare
Of burning streets on midnight's cloud waves red,
And when the silent hours receives its guest—the dead

LXIII.

But to those tones what thrilling soul was given
On that last night of empire ! As a spell
Whereby the life-blood to its source is driven,
On the chilled heart of multitudes they fell.
Each cadence seemed a prophecy, to tell
Of sceptres passing from the line away,
An angel-watcher's long and sad farewell.
The requiem of a faith's departing sway,
A throne's, a nation's dirge, a wail for earth's decay.

LXIV.

Again, and yet again! From yon high dome,
 Still the slow peal comes awfully; and they
 Who never more, to rest in mortal home,
 Shall throw the breastplate off at fall of day,
 The imperial band, in close and armed array,
 As men that from the sword must part no more,
 Take through the midnight streets their silent way,
 Within their ancient temple to adore,
 Ere yet its thousand years of Christian pomp are o'er.

LXV.

It is the hour of sleep; yet few the eyes
 O'er which forgetfulness her balm hath shed
 In the beleaguered city. Stillness lies,
 With moonlight, o'er the hills and waters spread;
 But not the less with signs and sounds of dread
 The time speeds on. No voice is raised to greet
 The last brave Constantine; and yet the tread
 Of many steps is in the echoing street,
 And pressure of pale crowds, scarce conscious why they meet.

LXVI.

Their homes are luxury's yet; why pour they thence
 With a dim terror in each restless eye?
 Hath the dread car which bears the pestilence,
 In darkness, with its heavy wheels rolled by,
 And rocked their palaces, as if on high
 The whirlwind passed? From couch and joyous board
 Hath the fierce phantom beckoned them to die?
 No!—what are these? For them a cup is poured [sword.
 More dark than wrath. *Man* comes—the spoiler and the

LXVII.

Still, as the monarch and his chieftains pass [throws
 Through those pale throngs, the streaming torchlight
 On some wild form amidst the living mass
 Hues deeply red like lava's, which disclose
 What countless shapes are worn by mortal woes.
 Lips bloodless, quivering limbs, hands clasped in prayer.
 Starts, tremblings, hurryings, tears; all outward shows
 Betokening inward agonies, were there:
 Greeks! Romans! all but such as image brave despair.

LXVIII.

But high above that scene, in bright repose,
 And beauty borrowing from the torches' gleams
 A mien of life, yet where no life-blood flows,
 But all instinct with loftier being seems,
 Pale, grand, colossal! lo! th' embodied dreams

Of yore!—Gods, heroes, bards, in marble wrought,
 Look down, as powers, upon the wild extremes
 Of mortal passion. Yet 'twas man that caught,
 And in each glorious form enshrined immortal thought.

LXIX.

Stood ye not thus amidst the streets of Rome—
 That Rome which witnessed, in her sceptred days,
 So much of noble death? When shrine and dome
 'Midst clouds of incense rang with choral lays,
 As the long triumphs passed, with all its blaze
 Of regal spoil, were ye not proudly borne,
 O sovereign forms! concentrating all the rays
 Of the soul's lightnings?—did ye not adorn
 The pomp which earth stood still to gaze on, and to mourn?

LXX.

Hath it been thus? Or did you grace the halls
 Once peopled by the Mighty? Haply there,
 In your still grandeur, from the pillared walls
 Serene ye smiled on banquets of despair,
 Where hopeless courage wrought itself to dare
 The stroke of its deliverance, 'midst the glow
 Of living wreaths, the sighs of perfumed air,
 The sound of lyres, the flower-crowned goblet's flow,
 Behold again!—high hearts make nobler offerings now.

LXXI.

The stately fane is reached, and at its gate
 The warriors pause. On life's tumultuous tide
 A stillness falls, while he whom regal state
 Hath marked from all to be more sternly tried
 By suffering, speaks. Each ruder voice hath died,
 While his implores forgiveness: "If there be
 One 'midst your throngs, my people! whom in pride
 Or passion I have wronged; such pardon free
 As mortals hope from heaven, accord that man to me!"

LXXII.

But all is silence; and a gush of tears
 Alone replies. He hath not been of those
 Who, feared by many, pine in secret fears
 Of all; th' envired but by slaves and foes,
 To whom day brings not safety, night repose,
 For they have heard the voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
 Of them he hath not been, nor such as close
 Their hearts to misery, till the time is o'er
 When it speaks low and kneels the oppressor's throne before.

LXXIII.

He hath been loved. But who may trust the love
Of a degenerate race? In other mould
Are cast the free and lofty hearts that prove
Their faith through fiery trials. Yet behold,
And call him not forsaken! Thoughts untold
Have lent his aspect calmness and his tread
Moves firmly to the shrine. What pomps unfold
Within its precincts! Isles and seas have shed
Their gorgeous treasures there around the imperial dead.

LXXIV.

'Tis a proud vision, that most regal pile
Of ancient days! The lamps are streaming bright
From its rich altar down each pillared aisle,
Whose vista fades in dimness; but the sight
Is lost in splendours, as the wavering light
Develops on those walls the thousand dyes
Of the veined marbles which array their height,
And from yon dome, the loadstar of all eyes,
Pour such an iris-glow as emulates the skies.

LXXV.

But gaze thou not on these. Though heaven's own hue,
In their soft clouds and radiant tracery vie—
Though tints of sun-born glory may suffuse
Arch, column, rich mosaic—pass thou by
The stately tomb, where Eastern Cæsars lie
Beneath their trophies. Pause not here; for know
A deeper source of all sublimity
Lives in man's bosom, than the world can show
In nature or in art—above, around, below.

LXXVI.

Turn thou to mark (though tears may dim thy gaze)
The steel-clad group before yon altar-stone;
Heed not though gems and gold around it blaze;
Those heads unhelmed, those kneeling forms alone,
Thus bowed, look glorious here. The light is thrown
Full from the shrine on one, a nation's lord,
A sufferer! but his task shall soon be done—
Even now, as Faith's mysterious cup is poured,
See to that noble brow peace, not of earth, restored

LXXVII.

The rite is o'er. The band of brethren part,
Once, and but once, to meet on earth again;
Each, in the strength of a collected heart,
To dare what man may dare—and know 'tis vain.

The rite is o'er: and thou, majestic fano!
 The glory is departed from thy brow:
 Be clothed with dust! The Christian's farewell strain
 Hath died within these walls; thy cross must bow,
 Thy kingly tombs be spoiled, the golden shrines laid low.

LXXVIII.

The streets grow still and lonely—and the star,
 The last bright lingerer in the path of morn,
 Gleams faint; and in the very lap of war,
 As if young Hope with twilight's rays were born,
 Awhile the city sleeps: her throngs, o'erworn
 With fears and watchings, to their homes retire.
 Nor is the balmy air of dayspring torn
 With battle-sounds: the winds in sighs expire,
 And quiet broods in mists that veil thy sunbeam's fire.

LXXIX.

The city sleeps. Ay! on the combat's eve,
 And by the scaffold's brink, and 'midst the swell
 Of angry seas, hath nature won reprieve
 Thus from her cares. The brave have slumbered well,
 And even the fearful, in their dungeon cell,
 Chained between life and death. Such rest be thine,
 For conflicts wait thee still:—yet who can tell,
 In that brief hour, how much of heaven may shine
 Full on thy spirit's dream? Sleep, weary Constantine!

LXXX.

Doth the blast rise? The clouded east is red,
 As if a storm were gathering; and I hear
 What seems like heavy rain-drops, or the tread,
 The soft and smothered step of those that fear
 Surprise from ambushed foes. Hark! yet more near
 It comes, a many-toned and mingled sound;
 A rustling, as of winds where boughs are sere;
 A rolling, as of wheels that shake the ground
 From far; a heavy rush, like seas that burst their bound.

LXXXI.

Wake! wake! They come, from sea and shore ascending
 In hosts your ramparts. Arm ye for the day!
 Who now may sleep amidst the thunder's rending,
 Through tower and wall, a path for their array?
 Hark! how the trumpet cheers them to the prey
 With its wild voice, to which the seas reply;
 And the earth rocks beneath their engines' sway,
 And the far hills repeat their battle-cry,
 Till that fierce tumult seems to shake the vaulted sky!

LXXXII.

They fail not now, the generous band that long
 Have ranged their swords around a falling throne ;
 Still in those fearless men the walls are strong,
 Hearts, such as rescue empires, are their own.
 —Shall those high energies be vainly stown ?
 No ! from their towers the invading tide is driven
 Back like the Red Sea waves, when God had blown
 With His strong winds. The dark-browed ranks are riven ;
 Shout, warriors of the Cross !—for victory is of heaven !

LXXXIII.

Stand firm ! Again the Crescent host is rushing,
 And the waves foam, as on the galleys sweep
 With all their fires and darts, though blood is gushing
 Fast o'er their sides, as rivers to the deep.
 Stand firm !—there is yet hope ; the ascent is steep,
 And from on high no shaft descends in vain.
 But those that fall sweep up the mangled heap,
 In the red moat, the dying and the slain,
 And o'er that fearful bridge the assailants mount again.

LXXXIV.

Oh ! the dread mingling, in that awful hour,
 Of all terrific sounds !—the savage tone
 Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal, the shower
 Of hissing darts, the crash of walls o'erthrown,
 The deep dull tambour's beat. Man's voice alone
 Is there unheard. Ye may not catch the cry
 Of trampled thousands : prayer, and shriek, and moan,
 All drowned as that fierce hurricane sweeps by,
 But swell the unheeded sum earth pays for victory.

LXXXV.

War-clouds have wrapt the city. Through their dun
 O'erloaded canopy, at times a blaze
 As of an angry storm-presaging sun
 From the Greek fire shoots up ! and lightning-rays
 Flash from the shock of sabres through the haze,
 And glancing arrows cleave the dusky air.
 —Ay ! *this* is in the compass of our gaze,
 But fearful things unknown, untold, are there—
 Workings of wrath and death, and anguish, and despair !

LXXXVI.

Woe, shame and woe ! A chief, a warrior flies,
 A Red-cross champion, bleeding, wild and pale.
 O God ! that nature's passing agonies
 Thus o'er the spark that dies not should prevail !

Yes! rend the arrow from thy shattered mail.
 And stanch the blood-drops, Genoa's fallen son;
 Fly swifter yet! the javelins pour as hail.
 But there are tortures which thou canst not shun:
 The spirit is *their* prey—thy pangs are not begun.

LXXXVII.

Oh! happy in their homes, the noble dead!
 The seal is set on their majestic fame;
 Earth has drunk deep the generous blood they shed,
 Fate has no power to dim their stainless name,
 They may not in one bitter moment shame
 Long glorious years. From many a lofty stem
 Fall graceful flowers, and eagle hearts grow tame,
 And stars drop, fading from the diadem:
 But the bright past is theirs; there is no change for them.

LXXXVIII.

Where art thou, Constantine? Where death is reaping
 His sevenfold harvest!—where the stormy light,
 Fast as the artillery's thunderbolts are sweeping,
 Throws meteor-bursts o'er battle's noonday-night;
 Where the towers rock and crumble from their height
 As to the earthquake, and the engines ply
 Like red Vesuvio; and where human might
 Confronts all this, and still brave hearts beat high,
 While scimitars ring loud on shivering panoply.

LXXXIX.

Where art thou, Constantine? Where Christian blood
 Hath bathed the walls in torrents, and in vain;
 Where faith and valour perish in the flood,
 Whose billows, rising o'er their bosoms, gain
 Dark strength each moment; where the gallant slain
 Around the banner of the Cross lie strewed
 Thick as the vine leaves on the autumnal plain;
 Where all save one high spirit is subdued, [tude.
 And through the breach press on th' o'erwhelming multi-

XC.

Now is he battling 'midst a host alone,
 As the last cedar stems awhile the sway
 Of mountain storms, whose fury bath o'erthrown
 Its forest brethren in their green array.
 And he hath cast his purple robe away,
 With his imperial bearings, that his sword
 An iron ransom from the chain may pay,
 And win what haply fate may yet accord,
 A soldier's death—the all now left an empire's lord.

XCI.

Search for him now where bloodiest lie the files
Which once were men, the faithful and the brave!
Search for him now where loftiest rise the piles
Of shattered helms and shields which could not save,
And crests and banners never more to wave
In the free winds of heaven! He is of those
O'er whom the host may rush, the tempest rave,
And the steeds trample, and the spearmen close,
Yet wake them not—so deep their long and last repose.

XCII.

Not to the vanquished!—thus it hath been still
Since Time's first march. Hark, hark, a people's cry!
Ay, now the conquerors in the street fulfil
Their task of wrath. In vain the victims fly;
Hark how each piercing tone of agony
Blends in the city's shriek! The lot is cast.
Slaves! 'twas your choice thus, rather thus, to die,
Than where the warrior's blood flows warm and fast,
And roused and mighty hearts beat proudly to the last.

XCIII.

Oh! well doth Freedom battle! Men have made
Even 'midst their blazing roofs a noble stand,
And on the floors where once their children played,
And by the hearths round which their household band
At evening met; ay, struggling hand to hand
Within the very chambers of their sleep,
There have they taught the spoilers of the land
In chainless hearts what fiery strength lies deep [weep!
To guard free homes. But ye!—kneel, tremblers! kneel and

XCIV.

'Tis eve. The storm hath died, the valiant rest
Low on their shields; the day's fierce work is done,
And blood-stained seas and burning towers attest
Its fearful deeds. An empire's race is run.
Sad, 'midst his glory, looks the parting sun
Upon the captive city. Hark! a swell
(Meet to proclaim barbaric war-fields won)
Of fierce triumphal sounds, that wildly tell
The Soldan comes within the Caesar's halls to dwell.

XCV.

Yes! with the peal of cymbal and of gong,
He comes: the Moslem treads those ancient halls.
But all is stillness there, as death had long
Been lord alone within these gorgeous walls;

And half that silence of the grave appalls
 The conqueror's heart. Ay! thus, with triumph's hour
 Still comes the boding whisper, which recalls
 A thought of those impervious clouds that lour
 O'er grandeur's path, a sense of some far mightier Power

XCVI.

"The owl upon Afrasiab's towers hath sung
 Her watch-song, and around the imperial throne
 The spider weaves his web!"—Still darkly hung
 That verse of omen, as a prophet's tone,
 O'er his flushed spirit. Years on years have flown
 To prove its truth. Kings pile their domes in air,
 That the coiled snake may bask on sculptured stone,
 And nations clear the forest, to prepare
 For the wild fox and wolf more stately dwellings there.

XCVII.

But thou, that on thy ramparts proudly dying,
 As a crowned leader in such hours should die,
 Upon thy pyre of shivered spears art lying,
 With the heavens o'er thee for a canopy,
 And banners for thy shroud!—no tear, no sigh,
 Shall mingle with thy dirge; for thou art now
 Beyond vicissitude. Lo! reared on high,
 The Crescent blazes, while the Cross must bow;—
 But where no change can reach thee, Constantine, art thou.

XCVIII.

"After life's fitful fever thou sleep'st well!"
 We may not mourn thee. Sceptred chiefs, from whom
 The earth received her destiny and fell
 Before them trembling, to a sterner doom
 Have oft been called. For them the dungeon's gloom,
 With its cold starry midnight, hath been made
 More fearful darkness, where, as in a tomb
 Without a tomb's repose, the chain hath weighed
 The very soul to dust, with each high power decayed.

XCIX.

Or in the eye of thousands they have stood,
 To meet the stroke of death; but not like thee.
 From bonds and scaffolds hath appealed their blood—
 But thou didst fall unfettered, armed, and free,
 And kinglily to the last. And if it be
 That from the viewless world, whose marvels none
 Return to tell, a spirit's eye can see
 The things of earth—still may'st thou hail the sun
 Which o'er thy land shall dawn when Freedom's fight is
 won.

C.

And the hour comes, in storm. A light is glancing
 Far through the forest-god's Arcadian shades:—
 'Tis not the moonbeam, tremulously dancing,
 Where lone Alpheus bathes his haunted glades.
 A murmur, gathering power, the air pervades
 Round dark Cithæron and by Delphi's steep:—
 'Tis not the song and lyre of Grecian maids,
 Nor pastoral reed that lulls the vales to sleep,
 Nor yet the rustling pines, nor yet the sounding deep.

CI.

Arms glitter on the mountains which of old
 Awoke to Freedom's first heroic strain,
 And by the streams, once crimson as they rolled
 The Persian helm and standard to the main;
 And the blue waves of Salamis again
 Thrill to the trumpet; and the tombs reply
 With their ten thousand echoes from each plain,
 Far as Plataea's, where the mighty lie,
 Who crowned so proudly there the Bowl of Liberty.

CII.

Bright land, with glory mantled o'er by song!
 Land of the vision-peopled hills and streams
 And fountains, whose deserted banks along
 Still the soft air with inspiration teems!
 Land of the graves, whose dwellers shall be theme
 To verse for ever; and of ruined shrines,
 That scarce look desolate beneath such beams
 As bathe in gold thine ancient rocks and pines!—
 When shall thy sons repose in peace beneath their vines?

CIII.

Thou were not made for bonds, nor shame, nor fear.
 Do the hoar oaks and dark green laurels wave
 O'er Mantinea's earth?—doth Pindus rear
 His snows, the sunbeam and the storm to brave?
 And is there yet on Marathon a grave?
 And doth Eurotas lead his silvery line
 By Sparta's ruins? And shall man, a slave,
 Bowed to the dust, amid such scenes repine?
 If e'er a soil was marked for Freedom's step, 'tis thine.

CIV.

Wash from that soil the stains with battle-showers!
 Beneath Sophia's dome the Moslem prays,
 The Crescent gleams amidst the olive-bowers,
 In the Comneni's halls the Tartar sways:

But not for long. The spirit of those days,
 When the Three Hundred made their funeral pile
 Of Asia's dead, is kindling like the rays
 Of thy rejoicing sun, when first his smile
 Warms the Parnassian rock and gilds the Delian isle.

CV.

If then 'tis given thee to arise in might,
 Trampling the scourge and dashing down the chain,
 Pure be thy triumphs as thy name is bright!
 The cross of victory should not know a stain.
 So may that faith once more supremely reign,
 Through which we lift our spirits from the dust,
 And deem not, even when Virtue dies in vain,
 She dies forsaken; but repose our trust
 On Him whose ways are dark, unsearchable, but just.

THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS;

OR, THE MEETING ON THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI.

[In the year 1308, the Swiss rose against the tyranny of the Bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of Austria. The field called the Grütli, at the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the boundaries of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Fürst (the father-in-law of William Tell), Werner Stauffacher, and Erni (or Arnold) Melchthal, as their place of meeting.

On the night preceding the 11th of November, 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men of approved worth; and while at this solemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole posterity. Walter, Werner, and Arnold held up their hands to heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, swore jointly and strenuously to defend that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with awe; and with uplifted hands attested the same.—PLANTA'S *Helvetic Confederacy*.

On the first day of the year 1308, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke; and "it is well attested," says the same author, "that not one drop of blood was shed on this memorable occasion, nor had one proprietor to lament the loss of a claim, a privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding Sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual league."]

1.

'Twas night upon the Alps.—The Senn's* wild horn,
 Like a wind's voice, had poured its last long tone,
 Whose pealing echoes through the larch-woods borne,
 To the low cabins of the glens made known
 That welcome steps were nigh. The flocks had gone,

*The name given to a herdsman on the Alps.

By cliff and pine-bridge, to their place of rest ;
 The chamois slumbered, for the chase was done ;
 His cavern-bed of moss the hunter prest,
 And the rock-eagle couched, high on his cloudy nest.

II.

Did the land sleep?—the woodman's axe had ceased
 Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane ;
 The grapes were gathered in ; the vintage feast
 Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain
 Hushed by the streams ; the year was in its wane,
 The night in its mid-watch ; it was a time
 E'en marked and hallowed unto Slumber's reign.
 But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,
 And o'er his white Alps moved the Spirit of the clime.

III.

For there, where snows, in crowning glory spread,
 High and unmarked by mortal footstep, lay ;
 And there, where torrents, 'midst the ice-caves fed,
 Burst in their joy of light and sound away ;
 And there, where Freedom, as in scornful play,
 Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms of air,
 O'er cliffs, the very birth-place of the day—
 Oh ! who would dream that Tyranny could dare
 To lay her withering hand on God's bright works e'en there.

IV.

Yet thus it was—amidst the fleet streams gushing
 To bring down rainbows o'er their sparry cell,
 And the glad heights, through mist and tempest rushing
 Up where the sun's red fire-glance earliest fell,
 And the fresh pastures, where the herd's sweet bell
 Recalled such life as Eastern patriarchs led ;—
 There peasant-men their free thoughts might not tell
 Save in the hour of shadows and of dread,
 And hollow sounds that wake to Guilt's dull, stealthy tread.

V.

But in a land of happy shepherd-homes,
 On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,
 With their bright hearth-fires, 'midst the twilight glooms
 From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shining ;
 A land of legends and wild songs, entwining
 Their memory with all memories loved and blest—
 In such a land there dwells a power, combining
 The strength of many a calm, but fearless breast !—
 And woe to him who breaks the sabbath of its rest !

VI.

A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was broken—
 On Uri's lake was heard a midnight oar—
 Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token
 Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore;
 And then their gloom a flashing image wore
 Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood,
 And the wild falcon's wing was heard to soar
 In startled haste—and by that moonlight flood,
 A band of patriot men on Grütli's verdure stood.

VII.

They stood in arms—the wolf-spear and the bow
 Had waged their war on things of mountain race;
 Might not their swift stroke reach a mail-clad foe?—
 Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,
 True hearts in fight, were gathered on that place
 Of secret council.—Not for fame or spoil
 So met those men in Heaven's majestic face;—
 To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of toil,
 The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

VIII.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide
 Of years have flowed, and still, from sire to son,
 Their names and records on the green earth died,
 As cottage-lamps, expiring, one by one,
 In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun
 To hush all sound.—But silent on its height,
 The snow-mass, full of death, while ages run
 Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,
 Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding might.

IX.

So were *they* roused—th' invading step had past
 Their cabin-thresholds, and the lowly door,
 Which well had stood against the Föhnwind's* blast,
 Could bar Oppression from their homes no more.—
 Why, what had *she* to do where all things wore
 Wild Grandeur's impress?—In the storm's free way,
 How dared *she* lift her pageant crest before
 Th' enduring and magnificent array
 Of sovereign Alps, that winged their eagles with the day?

X.

This might not long be borne—the tameless hills
 Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,
 Fraught with His name, whose awful presence fills

* The south-east wind.

Their deep lone places, and for ever telling
 That He hath made man free!—and they whose dwelling
 Was in those ancient fastnesses, gave ear;
 The weight of sufferance from their hearts repelling,
 They rose—the forester, the mountaineer—
 Oh! what hath earth more strong than the good peasant-
 spear?

XI.

Sacred be Grütli's field!—their vigil keeping
 Through many a blue and starry summer-night,
 There, while the sons of happier lands were sleeping,
 Had these brave Switzers met; and in the sight
 Of the just God, who pours forth burning might
 To gird the oppressed, had given their deep thoughts way,
 And braced their spirits for the patriot-fight,
 With lovely images of homes, that lay
 Bowered 'midst the rustling pines, or by their torrent-spray.

XII.

Now had endurance reached its bounds!—They came
 With courage set in each bright, earnest eye,
 The day, the signal, and the hour to name,
 When they should gather on their hills to die,
 Or shake the Glaciers with their joyous cry
 For the land's freedom.—'Twas a scene, combining
 All glory in itself—the solemn sky,
 The stars, the waves their softened light enshrining,
 And Man's high soul supreme o'er mighty nature shining.

XIII.

Calmly they stood, and with collected mien,
 Breathing their souls in voices firm but low,
 As if the spirit of the hour and scene,
 With the wood's whisper, and the wave's sweet flow
 Had tempered in their thoughtful hearts the glow
 Of all indignant feeling. To the breath
 Of Dorian flute, and lyre note soft and slow,
 E'en thus, of old, the Spartan from its sheath
 Drew his devoted sword, and girth himself for death.

XIV.

And three, that seemed as chieftains of the band,
 Were gathered in the midst on that lone shore
 By Uri's lake—a father of the land,*
 One on his brow the silent record wore,
 Of many days whose shadows had passed o'er
 His path amongst the hills, and quenched the dreams
 Of youth with sorrow.—Yet from memory's lore

* Walter Fürst, the father-in-law of Tell.

Still his life's evening drew its loveliest gleams,
For he had walked with God, beside the mountain streams.

XV.

And his grey hairs, in happier times, might well
To their last pillow silently have gone,
As melts a wreath of snow.—But who shall tell
How life may task the spirit?—He was one,
Who from its morn a freeman's work had done,
And reaped his harvest, and his vintage pressed,
Fearless of wrong;—and now at set of sun,
He bowed not to his years, for on the breast
Of a still chainless land, he deemed it much to rest.

XVI.

But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,
Strong hearts endure!—By that pale elder's side,
Stood one that seemed a monarch of the soil,
Serene and stately in his manhood's pride—
Werner,* the brave and true! If men have died
Their hearths and shrines inviolate to keep,
He was a mate for such.—The voice that cried
Within his breast, "Arise!" came still and deep
From his far home, that smiled, e'en then, in moonlight
sleep.

XVII.

It was a home to die for!—as it rose,
Through its vine-foliage sending forth a sound
Of mirthful childhood, o'er the green repose
And laughing sunshine of the pastures round;
And he whose life to that sweet spot was bound,
Raised unto heaven a glad, yet thoughtful eye,
And set his free step firmer on the ground,
When o'er his soul its melodies went by,
As through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

XVIII.

But who was he, that on his hunting-spear
Leaned with a prouder and more fiery bearing?—
His was a brow for tyrant-hearts to fear,
Within the shadow of its dark locks wearing
That which they may not tame—a soul declaring
War against earth's oppressors.—'Midst that throng
Of other mould he seemed, and loftier daring—
One whose blood swept high impulses along—
One that should pass, and leave a name for warlike song.

* Werner Stauffacher, who had been urged by his wife to rouse his countrymen to arms.

XIX.

A memory on the mountains!—one to stand,
 When the hills echoed with the deepening swell
 Of hostile trumpets, foremost for the land,
 And in some rock-defile, or savage dell,
 Array her peasant-children to repel
 Th' invader, sending arrows for his chains!
 Ay, one to fold around him as he fell,
 Her banner with a smile—for through his veins
 The joy of danger flowed, as torrents to the plains.

XX.

There was at times a wildness in the light
 Of his quick-flashing eye—a something, born
 Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright,
 And proud, and tameless, laughing Fear to scorn!
 It well might be!—Young Erni's* step had worn
 The mantling snows on their most regal steep,
 And tracked the lynx above the clouds of morn,
 And followed where the flying chamois leaps
 Across the dark-blue rifts, th' unfathomed glacier deeps.

XXI.

He was a creature of the Alpine sky,
 A being, whose bright spirit had been fed
 'Midst the crowned heights with joy and liberty.
 And thoughts of power.—He knew each path which led
 To the rock's treasure-caves, whose crystals shed
 Soft light o'er secret fountains.—At the tone
 Of his loud horn, the Lammer-Geyert had spread
 A startled wing; for oft that peal had blown
 Where the free cataract's voice was wont to sound alone.

XXII.

His step had tracked the waste, his soul had stirred
 The ancient solitudes—his voice had told
 Of wrongs to call down Heaven.†—That tale was heard
 In Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds fold
 Their flocks in dark ravine and craggy hold
 On the bleak Oberland; and where the light
 Of Day's last footstep bathes in burning gold
 Great Righi's cliffs; and where Mount Pilate's height
 Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his might.

* Arnold Melchthal.

† Largest Alpine eagle.

‡ Arnold's father's eyes had been put out by order of the Austrian governor.

XXIII.

Nor was it heard in vain.—There all things press
 High thoughts on man.—The fearless hunter passed,
 And, from the bosom of the wilderness,
 There leapt a spirit and a power to cast
 The weight of bondage down—and bright and fast,
 As the clear waters, joyously and free,
 Burst from the desert-rock, it rushed, at last,
 Through the far valleys ; till the patriot-three
 Thus with their brethren stood, beside the Forest Sea.*

XXIV.

They linked their hands—they pledged their stainless
 faith
 In the dread presence of attesting Heaven—
 They bound their hearts to suffering and to death,
 With the severe and solemn transport given
 To bless such vows.—How man had striven,
 How man *might* strive, and vainly strive, they knew,
 And called upon their God, whose arm had riven
 The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew
 The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's might o'erthrew.

XXV.

They knelt, and rose in strength.—The valleys lay
 Still in the dimness, but the peaks which darted
 Into the bright mid-air, had caught from day
 A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted,
 Each to his glen or forest, steadfast-hearted,
 And full of hope. ~~Not~~ many suns had worn
 Their setting glory, ~~ere~~ from slumber started
 Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born—
 So far was heard the blast of Freedom's echoing horn !

XXVI.

The ice-vaults trembled, when that peal came rending
 The frozen stillness which around them hung ;
 From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending,
 Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollows rung ;
 And the flame-signals through the midnight sprung,
 From the Surennen rocks like banners streaming
 To the far Seelisberg ; whence light was flung
 On Grütli's field, till all the red lake gleaming
 Shone out, a meteor-heaven in its wild splendour seeming.

XXVII.

And the winds tossed each summit's blazing crest,
 As a host's plumage ; and the giant pines,

* Vier-wald-stäter See, or Lake of the Four Cantons.

Felled where they waved o'er crag and eagle's nest,
 Heaped up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,
 As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines,
 Reddening the distance. Wine-cups, crowned and bright,
 In Werner's dwelling flowed; through leafless vines,
 From Walter's hearth streamed forth the festive light,
 And Erni's blind old sire gave thanks to Heaven that night.

XXVIII.

Then, on the silence of the snows there lay
 A Sabbath's quiet sunshine—and its bell
 Filled the hushed air awhile, with lonely sway;
 For the stream's voice was chained by Winter's spell,
 The deep wood-sounds had ceased.—But rock and dell
 Rung forth, ere long, when strains of jubileo
 Pealed from the mountain-churches, with a swell
 Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea—
 For now the strife was closed—the glorious Alps were free!

WALLACE'S INVOCATION TO BRUCE.

A PRIZE POEM.

“Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !”

THE morn rose bright on scenes renowned,
 Wild Caledonia's classic ground,
 Where the bold sons of other days
 Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,
 And fell—but not till Carron's tide
 With Roman blood was darkly dyed.
 The morn rose bright—and heard the cry
 Sent by exulting hosts on high,
 And saw the white-cross banner float
 (While rung each clansman's gathering note)
 O'er the dark plumes and serried spears
 Of Scotland's daring Mountaineers;
 As all elate with hope, they stood
 To buy their freedom with their blood.

The sunset shone—to guide the flying,
 And beam a farewell to the dying !
 The summer moon, on Falkirk's field,
 Streams upon eyes in slumber sealed;
 Deep slumber—not to pass away
 When breaks another morning's ray,
 Nor vanish, when the trumpet's voice
 Bids ardent hearts again rejoice :

What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's breath,
May chase the still cold sleep of death ?
Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stained plaid,
Low are her mountain-warriors laid ;
They fell on that proud soil, whose mould
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,
And, guarded by the free and brave,
Yielded the Roman—but a grave !
Nobly they fell—yet with them died
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride.
Vainly they fell—that martyr-host—
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.
Blest are the slain—they calmly sleep,
Nor hear their bleeding country weep ;
The shouts of England's triumph telling,
Reach not their dark and silent dwelling ;
And those, surviving to bequeath
Their sons the choice of chains or death,
May give the slumberer's lowly bier
An envying glance—but not a tear.

But thou, the fearless and the free,
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie !
No vassal-spirit, formed to bow
When storms are gathering, clouds thy brow ;
No shade of fear or weak despair
Blends with indignant sorrow there !
The ray which streams on yon red field,
O'er Scotland's cloven helm and shield,
Glitters not *there* alone, to shed
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead ;
But, where smooth Carron's rippling wave
Flows near that death-bed of the brave,
Illuming all the midnight scene,
Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.
But other beams, O Patriot ! shine
In each commanding glance of thine,
And other light hath filled thine eye
With inspiration's majesty,
Caught from th' immortal flame divine,
Which makes thine inmost heart a shrine !
Thy voice a prophet's tone hath won,
The grandeur Freedom lends her son ;
Thy bearing, a resistless power,
The ruling genius of the hour ;
And he, yon Chief, with mien of pride,
Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,
Whose haughty gesture fain would seek
To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek,
Feels his reluctant mind controlled

By thine of more heroic mould :
Though, struggling all in vain to war
With that high mind's ascendant star,
He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,
Would mock the name of Liberty.

Heard ye the Patriot's awful voice ?—
“Proud Victor! in thy fame rejoice!
Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,
The harvest of thy battle-plain,
And bathed thy sword in blood, whose spot
Eternity shall cancel not?
Rejoice!—with sounds of wild lament,
O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent,
With dying moan, and dirge's wail,
Thy ravaged country bids thee hail!
Rejoice!—while yet exulting cries
From England's conquering host arise,
And strains of choral triumph tell
Her Royal Slave hath fought too well!
Oh! dark the clouds of woe that rest,
Brooding o'er Scotland's mountain-crest!
Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,
O'er martyred chiefs her daughters mourn,
And not a breeze, but wafts the sound
Of wailing through the land around.
Yet deem not thou, till life depart,
High hope shall leave the Patriot's heart,
Or courage to the storm inured,
Or stern resolve, by woes matured,
Oppose, to Fate's severest hour,
Less than unconquerable power!
No! though the orbs of heaven expire,
Thine, Freedom! is a quenchless fire,
And woe to him whose might would dare,
The energies of *thy* despair!
No!—when thy chain, O Bruce! is cast
O'er thy land's chartered mountain-blast,
Then in my yielding soul shall die
The glorious faith of Liberty!”

“Wild hopes! o'er dreamer's mind that rise!”
With haughty laugh the Conquerer cries
(Yet his dark cheek is flushed with shame,
And his eye filled with troubled flame);
“Vain, brief illusions! doomed to fly
England's red path of victory!
Is not her sword unmatched in might?
Her course, a torrent in the fight?
The terror of her name gone forth

Wide o'er the regions of the North ?
Far hence, 'midst other heaths and snows,
Must Freedom's footstep now repose.
And thou—in lofty dreams elate,
Enthusiast! strive no more with Fate!
'Tis vain—the land is lost and won—
Sheathed be the sword—its task is done.
Where are the chiefs that stood with thee
First in the battles of the free ?
The firm in heart, in spirit high ?
They sought yon fatal field to die.
Each step of Edward's conquering host
Hath left a grave on Scotland's coast."

"Vassal of England, yes! a grave
Where sleep the faithful and the brave,
And who the glory would resign,
Of death like theirs, for life like thine ?
They slumber—and the stranger's tread,
May spurn thy country's noble dead ;
Yet, on the land they loved so well,
Still shall their burning spirit dwell,
Their deeds shall hallow Minstrel's theme,
Their image rise on warrior's dream,
Their names be inspiration's breath,
Kindling high hope and scorn of death,
Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,
The flame that shall avenge their doom !
This is no land for chains—away !
O'er softer climes let tyrants sway !
Think'st thou the mountain and the storm
Their hardy sons for bondage form ?
Doth our stern wintry blast instil
Submission to a despot's will ?
No ! *we* were cast in other mould
Than theirs by lawless power controlled ;
The nurture of our bitter sky
Calls forth resisting energy ;
And the wild fastnesses are ours,
The rocks, with their eternal towers
The soul to struggle and to dare,
Is mingled with our northern air,
And dust beneath our soil is lying
Of those who died for fame undying.
Tread'st thou that soil ! and can it be,
No loftier thought is roused in thee ?
Doth no high feeling proudly start
From slumber in thine inmost heart ?
No secret voice thy bosom thrill,
For thine own Scotland pleading still ?

Oh! wake thee yet—indignant claim
 A nobler fate, a purer fame,
 And cast to earth thy fetters riven,
 And take thine offered crown from heaven!
 Wake! in that high majestic lot,
 May the dark past be all forgot,
 And Scotland shall forgive the field,
 Where with her blood thy shame was sealed.
 E'en I—though on that fatal plain
 Lies my heart's brother with the slain,
 Though reft of his heroic worth,
 My spirit dwells alone on earth;
 And when all other grief is past,
 Must *this* be cherished to the last—
 Will lead thy battles, guard thy throne,
 With faith unspotted as his own,
 Nor in thy noon of fame recall
 Whose was the guilt that wrought his fall."

Still dost thou hear in stern disdain?
 Are Freedom's warning accents vain?
 No! royal Bruce! within thy breast
 Wakes each high thought, too long suppressed.
 And thy heart's noblest feelings live,
 Blent in that suppliant word—"Forgive!"
 "Forgive the wrongs to Scotland done!
 Wallace! thy fairest palm is won,
 And, kindling at my country's shrine,
 My soul hath caught a spark from thine.
 Oh! deem not in the proudest hour
 Of triumph and exulting power—
 Deem not the light of peace could find
 A home within my troubled mind.
 Conflicts, by mortal eye unseen,
 Dark, silent, secret, there have been,
 Known but to Him, whose glance can trace
 Thought to its deepest dwelling-place!
 —'Tis past—and on my native shore
 I tread, a rebel son no more.
 Too blest, if yet my lot may be,
 In glory's path to follow thee;
 If tears, by late repentance poured,
 May lave the blood-stains from my sword!"
 Far other tears, O Wallace! rise
 From the heart's fountain to thine eyes,
 Bright, holy, and unchecked they spring,
 While thy voice falters, "Hail! my King!
 Be every wrong, by memory traced,
 In this full tide of joy effaced!
 Hail! and rejoice!—thy race shall claim

A heritage of deathless fame,
And Scotland shall arise, at length,
Majestic in triumphant strength,
An eagle of the rock, that won
A way through tempests to the sun!
Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,
The prophet-spirit of thy land!
By torrent-wave, in desert vast,
Those visions o'er my thought have passed,
Where mountain-vapours darkly roll,
That spirit hath possessed my soul!
And shadowy forms have met mine eye,
The beings of futurity!
And a deep voice of years to be,
Hath told that Scotland shall be free!
He comes! exult, thou Sire of Kings!
From thee the chief, th' avenger springs!
Far o'er the land he comes to save,
His banners in their glory wave,
And Albyn's thousand harps awake
On hill and heath, by stream and lake,
To swell the strains, that far around
Bid the proud name of Bruce resound:
And I—but wherefore now recall
The whispered omens of my fall?
They come not in mysterious gloom,
—There is no bondage in the tomb!
O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,
And earth alone for man hath chains!
What though I perish ere the hour
When Scotland's vengeance wakes in power,
If shed for her, my blood shall stain
The field or scaffold not in vain.
Its voice, to efforts more sublime,
Shall rouse the spirit of her clime,
And in the noontide of her lot,
My country shall forget me not!"

*Art thou forgot? and hath thy worth
Without its glory passed from earth?
—Rest with the brave, whose names belong
To the high sanctity of song!
Chartered our reverence to control,
And traced in sunbeams on the soul!
Thine, Wallace! while the heart has still
One pulse a generous thought can thrill,
While youth's warm tears are yet the meed
Of martyr's death, or hero's deed,
Shall brightly live, from age to age,
Thy country's proudest heritage!*

'Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling,
 Thy deeds her mountain-winds are telling,
 Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,
 Thy step hath hallowed rock and cave,
 And cold the wanderer's heart must be
 That holds no converse there with thee!

Yet, Scotland! to thy champion's shade
 Still are thy grateful rites delayed;
 From lands of old renown, o'erspread
 With proud memorials of the dead,
 The trophied urn, the breathing bust,
 The pillar, guarding noble dust,
 The shrine where heart and genius high
 Have laboured for eternity;
 The stranger comes—his eye explores
 The wilds of thy majestic shores,
 Yet vainly seeks one votive stone
 Raised to the hero all thine own.

Land of bright deeds and minstrel-lore!
 Withhold that guerdon now no more.
 On some bold height, of awful form,
 Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,
 Sublimely mingling with the skies,
 Bid the proud Cenotaph arise!
 Not to record the name that thrills
 Thy soul, the watchword of thy hills,
 Not to assert, with needless claim,
 The bright *for ever* of its fame;
 But, in the ages yet untold,
 When *ours* shall be the days of old,
 To rouse high hearts, and speak thy pride
 In him, for thee who lived and died.

1819.

THE SCEPTIC.

[“Leur raison, qu'ils prennent pour guide, ne présente à leur esprit que des conjectures et des embarras; les absurdités où ils tombent en niant la Religion deviennent plus insoutenables que les vérités dont la hauteur les étonne; et pour ne vouloir pas croire des mystères incompréhensibles, ils suivent l'une après l'autre d'incompréhensibles erreurs.”—BOSSUET, *Oraisons funèbres*.]

WHEN the young Eagle, with exulting eye,
 Has learned to dare the splendour of the sky,
 And leave the Alps beneath him in his course,
 To bathe his crest in morn's empyreal source;

Will his free wing, from that majestic height,
 Descend to follow some wild meteor's light,
 Which far below, with evanescent fire
 Shines to delude, and dazzles to expire?
 No! still through clouds he wins his upward way,
 And proudly claims his heritage of day!
 —And shall the spirit, on whose ardent gaze
 The day-spring from on high hath poured its blaze,
 Turn from that pure effulgence to the beam
 Of earth-born light, that sheds a treacherous gleam,
 Luring the wanderer, from the star of faith,
 To the deep valley of the shades of death?
 What bright exchange, what treasure shall be given,
 For the high birthright of its hope in Heaven?
 If lost the gem which empires could not buy,
 What yet remains?—a dark eternity!

Is earth still Eden?—might a Seraph guest
 Still 'midst its chosen bowers delighted rest?
 Is all so cloudless and so calm below,
 We seek no fairer scenes than *life* can show?
 That the cold Sceptic, in his pride elate,
 Rejects the promise of a brighter state,
 And leaves the rock, no tempest shall displace,
 To rear his dwelling on the quicksand's base?

Votary of doubt! then join the festal throng,
 Bask in the sunbeam, listen to the song,
 Spread the rich board, and fill the wine-cup high,
 And bind the wreath ere yet the roses die!
 'Tis well—thine eye is yet undimmed by time,
 And thy heart bounds, exulting in its prime;
 Smile then unmoved at Wisdom's warning voice,
 And in the glory of thy strength, rejoice!

But life hath sterner tasks; e'en youth's brief hours
 Survive the beauty of their loveliest flowers;
 The founts of joy, where pilgrims rest from toil,
 Are few and distant on the desert soil;
 The soul's pure flame the breath of storms must fan
 And pain and sorrow claim their nursling—Man!
 Earth's noblest sons the bitter cup have shared—
 Proud child of reason! how art *thou* prepared?
 When years, with silent might, thy frame have bowed,
 And o'er thy spirit cast their wintry cloud,
 Will Memory soothe thee on thy bed of pain
 With the bright images of p'easuro's train?

Yes! as the sight of some far-distant shore,
 Whose well-known scenes his foot shall tread no more,
 Would cheer the seaman, by the eddying wave

Drawn, vainly struggling, to th' unfathomed grave!
 Shall Hope, the faithful cherub, bear thy call,
 She, who like Heaven's own sunbeam, smiles for all?
 Will *she* speak comfort?—Thou hast shorn her plume
 That might have raised thee far above the tomb,
 And hushed the only voice whose angel tone
 Soothes when all melodies of joy are flown!

For she was born beyond the stars to soar,
 And kindling at the source of life, adore;
 Thou couldst not, mortal! rivet to the earth
 Her eye, whose beam is of celestial birth;
 She dwells with those who leave her pinion free,
 And sheds the dews of heaven on all but thee.

Yet few there are so lonely, so bereft,
 But some true heart, that beats to theirs, is left;
 And haply, one whose strong affection's power,
 Unchanged, may triumph through misfortune's hour,
 Still with fond care supports thy languid head,
 And keeps unwearied vigils by thy bed.

But thou! whose thoughts have no blest home above,
 Captive of earth! and canst thou dare to *love*?
 To nurse such feelings as delight to rest
 Within that hallowed shrine—a parent's breast,
 To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,
 On one frail idol—destined but to die;
 Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light,
 Where severed souls, made perfect, reunite?
 Then tremble! cling to every passing joy,
 Twined with the life a moment may destroy!
 If there be sorrow in a parting tear,
 Still let "*for ever*" vibrate on thine ear!
 If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath flown,
 Find more than anguish in the thought—'tis gone!

Go! to a voice such magic influence give,
 Thou canst not lose its melody, and live;
 And make an eye the load-star of thy soul,
 And let a glance the springs of thought control;
 Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,
 Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight;
 There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,
 Lean on the willow, idolize the dust!
 Then, when thy treasure best repays thy care,
 Think on that dread "*for ever*" and despair!

And oh! no strange, unwonted storm there needs
 To wreck at once thy fragile ark of reeds.
 Watch well its course—explore with anxious eye

Each little cloud that floats along the sky
 Is the blue canopy serenely fair?
 Yet may the thunderbolt unseen be there,
 And the bark sink, when peace and sunshine sleep
 On the smooth bosom of the waveless deep!
 Yes! ere a sound, a sign, announce thy fate,
 May the blow fall which makes thee desolate!
 Not always Heaven's destroying angel shrouds
 His awful form in tempests and in clouds;
 He fills the summer air with latent power,
 He hides his venom in the scented flower,
 He steals upon thee in the Zephyr's breath,
 And festal garlands veil the shafts of death!

Where art thou *then*, who thus didst rashly cast
 Thine all upon the mercy of the blast,
 And vainly hope the tree of life to find
 Rooted in sands that flit before the wind?
 Is not that earth thy spirit loved so well,
 It wished not in a brighter sphere to dwell,
 Become a desert *now*, a vale of gloom,
 O'ershadowed with the midnight of the tomb?
 Where shalt thou turn?—it is not thine to raise
 To yon pure heaven thy calm, confiding gaze—
 No gleam reflected from that realm of rest
 Steals on the darkness of thy troubled breast,
 Not for thine eye shall Faith divinely shed
 Her glory round the image of the dead;
 And if, when slumber's lonely couch is prest,
 The form departed be thy spirit's guest,
 It bears no light from purer worlds to this;
 Thy future lends not e'en a dream of bliss.

But who shall dare the Gate of Life to close,
 Or say, *thus far* the stream of mercy flows?
 That fount unsealed, whose boundless waves embrace
 Each distant isle, and visit every race,
 Pours from the throne of God its current free,
 Nor yet denies th' immortal draught to thee.
 Oh! while the doom impends, not yet decreed,
 While yet th' Atoner hath not ceased to plead—
 While still, suspended by a single hair,
 The sharp bright sword hangs quivering in the air,
 Bow down thy heart to Him, who will not break
 The bruised reed: e'en yet, awake, awake!
 Patient, because Eternal,* He may hear
 The prayer of agony with pitying ear,
 And send His chastening Spirit from above,
 O'er the deep chaos of thy soul to move.

* "He is patient, because He is eternal."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

But seek thou mercy through His name alone,
 To whose unequalled sorrows none was shown ;
 Through Him, who here in mortal garb abode,
 As man to suffer, and to heal, as God ;
 And, born the sons of utmost time to bless,
 Endured all scorn, and aided all distress.

Call thou on Him—for He, in human form,
 Hath walked the waves of Life, and stilled the storm.
 He, when her' hour of lingering grace was past,
 O'er Salem wept, relenting to the last,
 Wept with such tears as Judah's monarch poured
 O'er his lost child, ungrateful, yet deplored ;
 And, offering guiltless blood that guilt might live,
 Taught from His Cross the lesson to forgive !

Call thou on Him—His prayer e'en then arose,
 Breathed in unpitied anguish for His foes.
 And haste ! ere bursts the lightning from on high,
 Fly to the City of thy Refuge, fly !
 So shalt th' Avenger turn his steps away,
 And sheath his falchion, baffled of its prey.

Yet must long days roll on, ere peace shall brood,
 As the soft Halcyon, o'er thy heart subdued ;
 Ere yet the Dove of Heaven descend, to shed
 Inspiring influence o'er thy fallen head.
 —He who hath pined in dungeons, 'midst the shade
 Of such deep night as man for man hath made,
 Through lingering years, if called at length to be
 Once more, by nature's boundless charter, free,
 Shrinks feebly back, the blaze of noon to shun,
 Fainting at day, and blasted by the sun.

Thus when the captive soul hath long remained
 In its own dread abyss of darkness chained,
 If the Deliverer, in his might, at last,
 Its fetters, born of earth, to earth should cast,
 The beam of truth o'erpowers its dazzled sight,
 Trembling it sinks, and finds no joy in light.
 But this will pass away—that spark of mind,
 Within thy frame unquenchably enshrined,
 Shall live to triumph in its brightening ray,
 Born to be fostered with ethereal day.
 Then wilt thou bless the hour when o'er thee passed,
 On wing of flame, the purifying blast,
 And sorrow's voice, through paths before untrod,
 Like Sinai's trumpet, called thee to thy God !

But hop'st thou, in thy panoply of pride,
 Heaven's messenger, affliction, to deride ?

In thine own strength unaided to defy,
 With Stoic smile, the arrows of the sky ?
 Torn by the vulture, fettered to the rock,
 Still, Demigod! the tempest wilt thou mock ?
 Alas! the tower that crests the mountain's brow
 A thousand years may awe the vale below,
 Yet not the less be shattered on its height
 By one dread moment of the earthquake's might !
 A thousand pangs thy bosom may have borne,
 In silent fortitude, or haughty scorn,
 Till comes the one, the master-anguish, sent
 To break the mighty heart that ne'er was bent.

Oh! what is nature's strength? The vacant eye,
 By mind deserted, hath a dread reply !
 The wild delirious laughter of despair,
 The mirth of frenzy, seek an answer there !
 Turn not away, though Pity's cheek grow pale,
 Close not thine ear against their awful tale.
 They tell thee Reason, wandering from the ray
 Of Faith, the blazing pillar of her way,
 In the mid-darkness of the stormy wave,
 Forsook the struggling soul she could not save !
 Weep not, sad moralist! o'er desert plains,
 Strewn with the wrecks of grandeur—mouldering fanes,
 Arches of triumph, long with weeds o'ergrown,
 And regal cities, now the serpent's own :
 Earth has more awful ruins—one lost mind,
 Whose star is quenched, hath lessons for mankind
 Of deeper import than each prostrate dome
 Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome.

But who with eye unshrinking shall explore
 That waste, illumed by Reason's beam no more ?
 Who pierce the deep, mysterious clouds that roll
 Around the shattered temple of the soul,
 Curtained with midnight—low its columns lie,
 And dark the chambers of its imagery ;
 Sunk are its idols now—and God alone
 May rear the fabric by their fall o'erthrown !
 Yet from its inmost shrine, by storms laid bare,
 Is heard an oracle that cries—" Beware !
 Child of the dust! but ransomed of the skies !
 One breath of Heaven—and thus thy glory dies !
 Haste, ere the hour of doom, draw nigh to Him
 Who dwells above between the cherubim !"

Spirit dethroned! and checked in mid career—
 Son of the morning! exiled from thy sphere,
 Tell us thy tale!—Perchance thy race was run
 With Science in the chariot of the sun ;

Free as the winds the paths of space to sweep,
 Traverse the untrodden kingdoms of the deep,
 And search the laws that Nature's springs control,
 There tracing all—save Him who guides the whole!

Haply thine eye its ardent glance had cast
 Through the dim shades, the portals of the past ;
 By the bright lamp of thought thy care had fed
 From the far beacon lights of ages fled,
 The depths of time exploring, to retrace
 The glorious march of many a vanished race.

Or did thy power pervade the living lyre,
 Till its deep chords became instinct with fire,
 Silenced all meaner notes, and swelled on high,
 Full and alone, their mighty harmony,
 While woke each passion from its cell profound,
 And nations started at th' electric sound ?

Lord of the Ascendant ! what avails it now,
 Though bright the laurels waved upon thy brow ?
 What though thy name through distant empires heard,
 Bade the heart bound, as doth a battle-word ?
 Was it for *this* thy still unwearied eye
 Kept vigil with the watch-fires of the sky,
 To make the secrets of all ages thine,
 And commune with majestic thoughts that shine
 O'er Time's long shadowy pathway ?—hath thy mind
 Severed its lone dominions from mankind,
 For *this* to woo their homage ? Thou hast sought
 All, save the wisdom with salvation fraught,
 Won every wreath—but that which will not die,
 Nor aught neglected—save eternity !

And did all fail thee in the hour of wrath,
 When burst th' o'erwhelming vials on thy path ?
 Could not the voice of Fame inspire thee then !
 O spirit ! sceptred by the sons of men,
 With an Immortal's courage, to sustain
 The transient agonies of earthly pain ?

—One, One there was, all-powerful to have saved
 When the loud fury of the billow raved ;
 But Him thou knew'st not—and the light He lent
 Hath vanished from its ruined tenement,
 But left thee breathing, moving, lingering yet,
 A thing we shrink from—vainly to forget !

—Lift the dread veil no further—hide, oh ! hide
 The bleeding form, the couch of suicide !
 The dagger, grasped in death—the brow, the eye,
 Lifeless, yet stamped with rage and agony ;

The soul's dark traces left in many a line
 Graved on *his* mien, who died—"and made no sign!"
 Approach not, gaze not—lest thy fevered brain
 Too deep that image of despair retain.
 Angels of slumber! o'er the midnight hour
 Let not such visions claim unhallowed power,
 Lest the mind sink with terror, and above
 See but th' Avenger's arm, forget th' Atoner's love!

O Thou! the unseen, the all-seeing!—Thou whose ways,
 Mantled with darkness, mock all finite gaze,
 Before whose eyes the creatures of Thy hand,
 Seraph and man, alike in weakness stand,
 And countless ages, trampling into clay
 Earth's empires on their march, are but a day;
 Father of worlds unknown, unnumbered!—Thou
 With whom all time is one eternal *now*,
 Who know'st no past nor future—Thou whose breath
 Goes forth, and bears to myriads life or death,
 Look on us, guide us!—wanderers of a sea
 Wild and obscure, what are we, left of Thee?
 A thousand rocks, deep hid, elude our sight,
 A star may set—and we are lost in night:
 A breeze may waft us to the whirlpool's brink,
 A treacherous song allure us—and we sink!

Oh! by *His* love, who, veiling Godhead's light,
 To moments circumscribed the Infinite,
 And Heaven and Earth disdained not to ally
 By that dread union—Man with Deity;
 Immortal tears o'er mortal woes who shed,
 And, ere He raised them, wept above the dead;
 Save, or we perish! Let Thy word control
 The earthquakes of that universe—the soul;
 Pervade the depths of passion—speak once more
 The mighty mandate, guard of every shore,
 "Here shall thy waves be stayed," in grief, in pain,
 The fearful poise of Reason's sphere maintain,
 Thou, by whom suns are balanced!—thus secure
 In Thee shall Faith and Fortitude endure;
 Conscious of Thee, unfaltering shall the just
 Look upward still, in high and holy trust,
 And, by affliction guided to Thy shrine,
 The first, last thoughts of suffering hearts be Thine.

And oh! be near when clothed with conquering power,
 The King of Terrors claims his own dread hour:
 When, on the edge of that unknown abyss
 Which darkly parts us from the realm of bliss,
 Awestruck alike the timid and the brave,
 Alike subdued the monarch and the slave,

Must drink the cup of trembling—when we see
 Nought in the universe but Death and Thee,
 Forsake us not—if still, when life was young,
 Faith to Thy bosom, as her home, hath sprung,
 If Hope's retreat hath been, through all the past,
 The shadow by the Rock of Ages cast,
 Father, forsake us not!—when tortures urge
 The shrinking soul to that mysterious verge,
 When from Thy justice to Thy love we fly,
 On Nature's conflict look with pitying eye,
 Bid the strong wind, the fire, the earthquake cease,
 Come in the small still voice, and whisper—Peace!

For oh! 'tis awful! He that hath beheld
 The parting spirit, by its fears repelled,
 Cling in weak terror to its earthly chain,
 And from the dizzy brink recoil, in vain;
 He that hath seen the last convulsive throes
 Dissolve the union formed and closed in woe,
 Well knows that hour is awful.—In the pride
 Of youth and health, by sufferings yet untried,
 We talk of Death as something which 'twere sweet
 In Glory's arms exultingly to meet,
 A closing triumph, a majestic scene,
 Where gazing nations watch the hero's mien,
 As, undismayed amidst the tears of all,
 He folds his mantle, regally to fall!

Hush, fond enthusiast!—still, obscure, and lone,
 Yet not less terrible because unknown,
 Is the last hour of thousands—they retire
 From life's thronged path, unnoticed to expire.
 As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
 Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
 Descends in silence—while around waves on
 The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!
 Such is man's doom—and, ere an hour be flown,
 Start not, thou trifle! such may be thine own.

But, as life's current in its ebb draws near
 The shadowy gulf, there wakes a thought of fear,
 A thrilling thought, which, haply mocked before,
 We fain would stifle—but it sleeps no more!
 There are, who fly its murmurs 'midst the throng,
 That join the masque of revelry and song,
 Yet still Death's image, by its power restored,
 Frowns 'midst the roses of the festal board,
 And when deep shades o'er earth and ocean brood,
 And the heart owns the might of solitude,
 Is its low whisper heard—a note profound,
 But wild and startling as the trumpet-sound,

That bursts, with sudden blast, the dead repose
Of some proud city, stormed by midnight foes!

Oh! vainly Reason's scornful voice would prove
That life had nought to claim such lingering love,
And ask if e'er the captive, half unchained,
Clung to the links which yet his steps restrained?
In vain Philosophy, with tranquil pride,
Would mock the feelings she perchance can hide,
Call up the countless armies of the dead,
Point to the pathway beaten by their tread,
And say—"What wouldst thou? Shall the fixed decree,
Made for creation, be reversed for *thee*?"
—Poor, feeble aid!—proud Stoic! ask not why,
It is enough that nature shrinks to die!
Enough *that* horror, which thy words upbraid,
Is her dread penalty, and must be paid!
—Search thy deep wisdom, solve the scarce defined
And mystic questions of the parting mind,
Half checked, half uttered,—tell her, what shall burst,
In whelming grandeur, on her vision first,
When freed from mortal films?—what viewless world
Shall first receive her wing, but half unfurled?
What awful and unbodied beings guide
Her timid flight through regions yet untried?
Say, if at once, her final doom to hear,
Before her God the trembler must appear,
Or wait that day of terror, when the sea
Shall yield its hidden dead, and heaven and earth shall
[flee.

Hast thou no answer? Then deride no more
The thoughts that shrink, yet cease not to explore
Th' unknown, 'th unseen, the future—though the heart,
As at unearthly sounds, before them start,
Though the frame shudder, and the spirits sigh,
They have their source in immortality!
Whence, then, shall strength, which Reason's aid denies,
An equal to the mortal conflict rise?
When, on the swift pale horse, whose lightning pace,
Where'er we fly, still wins the dreadful race,
The mighty rider comes—oh! whence shall aid
Be drawn, to meet his rushing, undismayed?
—Whence, but from thee, Messiah!—Thou hast drained
The bitter cup, till not the dregs remained,
To Thee the struggle and the pangs were known,
The mystic horror—all became Thine own!

But did no hand celestial succour bring,
Till scorn and anguish haply lost their sting?
Came not th' Archangel, in the final hour,

To arm Thee with invulnerable power?
 No, Son of God! upon Thy sacred head
 The shafts of wrath their tenfold fury shed,
 From man averted—and Thy path on high,
 Passed through the strait of fiercest agony:
 For thus th' Eternal, with propitious eyes,
 Received the last, th' almighty sacrifice!

But wake! be glad, ye nations! from the tomb,
 Is won the victory, and is fled the gloom!
 The vale of death in conquest hath been trod,
 Break forth in joy, ye ransomed! saith your God:
 Swell ye the raptures of the song afar,
 And hail with harps your bright and morning Star.

He rose! the everlasting gates of day
 Received the King of Glory on His way!
 The Hope, the Comforter of those who wept,
 The first-fruits of them, in Him that slept,
 He rose, He triumphed! He will yet sustain
 Frail nature sinking in the strife of pain.
 Aided by Him, around the martyr's frame
 When fiercely blazed a living shroud of flame,
 Hath the firm soul exulted, and the voice
 Raised the victorious hymn, and cried, Rejoice!
 Aided by Him, though none the bed attend,
 Where the lone sufferer dies without a friend,
 He whom the busy world shall miss no more
 Than morn one dewdrop from her countless store,
 Earth's most neglected child, with trusting heart,
 Called to the hope of glory, shall depart!

And say, cold Sophist! if by thee bereft
 Of that high hope, to misery what were left?
 But for the vision of the days to be,
 But for the Comforter despised by thee,
 Should we not wither at the Chastener's look,
 Should we not sink beneath our God's rebuke,
 When o'er our heads the desolating blast,
 Fraught with inscrutable decrees, hath passed,
 And the stern power who seeks the noblest prey,
 Hath called our fairest and our best away?
 Should we not madden when our eyes behold
 All that we loved in marble stillness cold,
 No more responsive to our smile or sigh,
 Fixed—frozen—silent—all mortality?
 But for the promise, all shall yet be well,
 Would not the spirit in its pangs rebel,
 Beneath such clouds as darkened, when the hand
 Of wrath lay heavy on our prostrate land,

And thou,* just lent thy gladdened isles to bless,
 Then snatched from earth with all thy loveliness,
 With all a nation's blessings on thy head,
 O England's flower! wert gathered to the dead!
 But thou didst teach us. Thou to every heart
 Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself impart!
 When fled the hope through all thy pangs which smiled,
 When thy young bosom, o'er thy lifeless child,
 Yearned with vain longing—still thy patient eye
 To its last light beamed holy constancy!
 Torn from a lot in cloudless sunshine cast,
 Amidst those agonies—thy first and last,
 Thy pale lip, quivering with convulsive throes,
 Breathed not a plaint—and settled in repose;
 While bowed thy royal head to Him, whose power
 Spoke in the fiat of that midnight hour,
 Who from the brightest vision of a throne,
 Love, glory, empire, claimed thee for His own,
 And spread such terror o'er the sea-girt coast,
 As blasted Israel when her Ark was lost!

"It is the will of God!"—yet, yet we hear
 The words which closed thy beautiful career,
 Yet should we mourn thee in thy blest abode,
 But for that thought—"It is the will of God!"
 Who shall arraign th' Eternal's dark decree,
 If not one murmur then escaped from thee?
 Oh! still, though vanishing without a trace,
 Thou hast not left one scion of thy race,
 Still may thy memory bloom our vales among,
 Hallowed by freedom and enshrined in song!
 Still may thy pure, majestic spirit dwell
 Bright on the isles which loved thy name so well,
 E'en as an angel, with presiding care,
 To wake and guard thine own high virtues there.

For lo! the hour when storm-presaging skies
 Call on the watchers of the land to rise,
 To set the sign of fire on every height,
 And o'er the mountains rear, with patriot might,
 Prepared, if summoned, in its cause to die,
 The banner of our faith, the Cross of victory!

By this hath England conquered—field and flood
 Have owned her sovereignty—alone she stood,
 When chains o'er all the sceptred earth were thrown,
 In high and holy singleness, alone,
 But mighty, in her God—and shall she now
 Forget before th' Omnipotent to bow?

* The Princess Charlotte of Wales.

From the bright fountain of her glory turn,
 Or bid strange fire upon His altars burn?
 No! severed land, 'midst rocks and billows rude,
 Throned in thy majesty of solitude,
 Still in the deep asylum of thy breast
 Shall the pure elements of greatness rest,
 Virtue and faith, the tutelary powers,
 Thy hearths that hallow, and defend thy towers!

Still, where thy hamlet-vales, O chosen isle!
 In the soft beauty of their verdure smile,
 Where yew and elm o'ershade the lowly fanes
 That guard the peasant's records and remains,
 May the blest echoes of the Sabbath-bell
 Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands swell,
 And from each cottage dwelling of thy glades,
 When starlight glimmers through the deepening shades
 Devotion's voice in choral hymns arise,
 And bear the Land's warm incense to the skies.

There may the mother, as with anxious joy,
 To Heaven her lessons consecrate her boy,
 Teach his young accent still th' immortal lays
 Of Zion's bard, in inspiration's days,
 When Angels, whispering through the cedar's shade,
 Prophetic tones to Judah's harp conveyed;
 And as, her soul all glistening in her eyes,
 She bids the prayer of infancy arise,
 Tell of His name, who left His throne on high,
 Earth's lowliest lot to bear and sanctify,
 His love divine, by keenest anguish tried,
 And fondly say—"My child, for thee He died!"

1820.

DARTMOOR.

A PRIZE POEM.

AMIDST the peopled and the regal Isle,
 Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty, smile;
 Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,
 And send on every breeze a voice of power;
 Hath Desolation reared herself a throne,
 And marked a pathless region for her own?—
 Yes! though thy turf no stain of carnage wore,
 When bled the noble hearts of many a shore,

Though not a hostile step thy heath-flowers bent,
 When empires tottered, and the earth was rent;
 Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind
 Had stilled life's busy murmurs on the wind,
 And, flushed with power in daring Pride's excess,
 Stamped on thy soil the curse of barrenness,
 For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,
 In vain the sunbeam and the shower are given;
 Wild DARTMOOR! thou that, 'midst thy mountains rude,
 Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
 As a dark cloud on Summer's clear blue sky,
 A mourner, circled with festivity!
 For all beyond is life!—the rolling sea,
 The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.
 Yet, who shall find a scene so wild and bare,
 But man has left his lingering traces there?—
 E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,
 Where noon, with attributes of midnight, reigns,
 In gloom and silence, fearfully profound,
 As of a world unwaked to soul or sound;
 Though the sad wanderer of the burning zone
 Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
 And naught of life be near; his camel's tread
 Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!
 Some column, reared by long-forgotten hands,
 Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—
 Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene,
 And tells that Glory's footstep there hath been.
 There hath the Spirit of the Mighty passed,
 Not without record; though the desert blast,
 Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away
 The proud creations, reared to brave decay.
 But *thou*, lone region! whose unnoticed name
 No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,
 Who shall unfold *thine* annals?—who shall tell
 If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
 In those far ages, which have left no trace,
 No sunbeam on the pathway of their race?
 Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
 Of kings and chiefs, who passed without their praise,
 Thou mightst have reared the valiant and the free,
 In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
 Still rise the cairns, of yore, all rudely piled,
 But hallowed by that instinct, which reverts
 Things fraught with characters of elder years.
 And such are these. Long centuries have flown,
 Bowed many a crest, and shattered many a throne,
 Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,

With what they hide—their shrined and treasured dust.
Men traverse Alps and Oceans, to behold
Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould ;
But still these nameless chroniclers of death,
'Midst the deep silence of th' unpeopled heath,
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
Th' eternity of nature, with the forms
Of the crowned hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms.

Yet, what avails it, if each moss-grown heap
Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,
Guarding the dust which slumbers well beneath
(Nor needs such care) from each cold season's breath ?
Where is the voice to tell *their* tale who rest,
Thus rudely pillowed, on the desert's breast ?
Doth the sword sleep beside them ?—Hath there been
A sound of battle 'midst the silent scene
Where now the flocks repose ; did the scythed car
Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war ?
And rise these piles in memory of the slain,
And the red combat of the mountain-plain ?

It may be thus: the vestiges of strife,
Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,
And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell
How by its stroke perchance the mighty fell,
To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,
The chieftain's power—they had no bard, and died.
But other scenes, from their untroubled sphere,
Th' eternal stars of night have witnessed here.
There stands an altar of unsculptured stone,
Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone,
Propped on its granite pillars, whence the rains
And pure bright dews have laved the crimson stains
Left by dark rites of blood: for here, of yore,
When the bleak waste a robe of forest wore,
And many a crested oak which now lies low,
Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe ;
Here, at dim midnight, through the haunted shade,
On Druid harps the quivering moonbeam played,
And spells were breathed, that filled the deepening gloom
With the pale shadowy people of the tomb.
Or, haply, torches waving through the night
Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every height,
Like battle-signals, whose unearthly gleams
Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills and streams
A savage grandeur; while the starry skies
Rung with the peal of mystic harmonies,
As the loud harp its deep-toned hymn sent forth
To the storm-ruling powers, the war-gods of the North.

But wilder sounds were there : th' imploring cry,
 That woke the forest's echo in reply,
 But not the heart's !—Unmoved the wizard train
 Stood round their human victim, and in vain
 His prayer for mercy rose ; in vain his glance
 Looked up, appealing to the blue expanse,
 Where, in their calm immortal beauty, shone
 Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and fainter moan,
 Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,
 Till, drop by drop, life's current ebbed away ;
 Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,
 And the pale moon gleamed paler on the dead.
 Have such things been, and here ?—where stillness dwells
 'Midst the rude barrows and the moorland swells,
 Thus undisturbed ?—Oh ! long the gulf of time
 Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of crime,
 And earth no vestige of their path retains,
 Save such as these, which strew her loneliest plains
 With records of man's conflicts and his doom,
 His spirit and his dust—the altar and the tomb.

But ages rolled away : and England stood,
 With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood,
 And with a lofty calmness in her eye,
 And regal in collected majesty,
 To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze
 Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas ;
 And other lands, redeemed and joyous, drank
 The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank
 On the red fields they won ; whose wild flowers wave
 Now, in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.

'Twas then the captives of Britannia's war
 Here, for their lovely southern climes afar,
 In bondage pined ; the spell-deluded throng
 Dragged at Ambition's chariot wheels so long
 To die—because a despot could not clasp
 A sceptre, fitted to his boundless grasp !

Yes ! they whose march had rocked the ancient thrones
 And temples of the world ; the deepening tones
 Of whose advancing trumpet, from repose
 Had startled nations, wakening to their woes,
 Were prisoners here.—And there were some whose dreams
 Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain streams,
 And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain
 And festal melody of Loire or Seine,
 And of those mothers who had watched and wept,
 When on the field th' unsheltered conscript slept,
 Bathed with the midnight dews. And some were there,
 Of sterner spirits, hardened by despair,

Who, in their dark imaginings, again
 Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,
 Drank in their victim's shriek, as music's breath,
 And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death!

And there was mirth, too!—strange and savage mirth,
 More fearful far than all the woes of earth!
 The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that spring
 From minds for which there is no sacred thing,
 And transient bursts of fierce, exulting glee—
 The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree!

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were worn,
 If, from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,
 Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,
 Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—woe.

Yet, was this all?—Amidst the dungeon-gloom,
 The void, the stillness, of the Captive's doom,
 Were there no deeper thoughts?—And that dark power,
 To whom guilt owes one late, but dreadful hour,
 The mighty debt through years of crime delayed,
 But, as the grave's, inevitably paid;
 Came he not thither, in his burning force,
 The Lord, the tamer of dark souls—Remorse?

Yes! as the night calls forth from sea and sky,
 From breeze and wood, a solemn harmony,
 Lost, when the swift, triumphant wheels of day,
 In light and sound, are hurrying on their way:
 Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,
 The voice which sleeps, but never dies, might start,
 Called up by solitude, each nerve to thrill
 With accents heard not, save when all is still!

The voice, inaudible, when Havoc's train
 Crushed the red vintage of devoted Spain;
 Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop rung,
 And the broad light of conflagration sprung
 From the South's marble cities;—hushed, 'midst cries
 That told the Heavens of mortal agonies;
 But gathering silent strength, to wake, at last,
 In concentrated thunders of the past!

And there, perchance, some long-bewildered mind,
 Torn from its lowly sphere, its path confined
 Of village duties, in the alpine glen,
 Where nature cast its lot 'midst peasant-men;
 Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce ruler blent
 The earthquake-power of each wild element,
 To lend the tide which bore his throne on high
 One impulse more of desperate energy;

Might, when the billow's awful rush was o'er,
Which tossed its wreck upon the storm-beat shore,
Won from its wanderings past by suffering tried,
Searched by remorse, by anguish purified,
Have fixed at length its troubled hopes and fears
On the far world, seen brightest through our tears!
And, in that hour of triumph or despair,
Whose secrets all must learn—but none declare,
When, of the things to come, a deeper sense
Fills the dim eye of trembling penitence,
Have turned to Him, whose bow is in the cloud,
Around life's limits gathering, as a shroud;
The fearful mysteries of the heart who knows,
And, by the tempest, calls it to repose!

Who visited that death-bed?—Who can tell
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul might dwell,
And learn immortal lessons?—Who beheld
The struggling hope, by shame, by doubt repelled—
The agony of prayer—the bursting tears—
The dark remembrances of guilty years—
Crowding upon the spirit in their might?—
He, through the storm who looked, and there was light!

That scene is closed!—that wild, tumultuous breast,
With all its pangs and passions, is at rest!
He too is fallen, the master-power of strife,
Who woke those passions to delirious life;
And days, prepared a brighter course to run,
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the sun!

It is a glorious hour when Spring goes forth
O'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy North,
And with one radiant glance, one magic breath,
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep of death;
While the glad voices of a thousand streams,
Bursting their bondage, triumph in her beams!

But *Peace* hath nobler changes! O'er the mind,
The warm and living spirit of mankind,
Her influence breathes, and bids the blighted heart
To life and hope from desolation start!
She with a look dissolves the captive's chain,
Peopling with beauty widowed homes again;
Around the mother, in her closing years,
Gathering her sons once more, and from the tears
Of the dim past, but winning purer light,
To make the present more serenely bright.

Nor rests that influence here. From clime to clime,
In silence gliding with the stream of time,
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a breeze

With healing on its wings, o'er isles and seas;
 And, as Heaven's breath called forth, with genial power,
 From the dry wand, the almond's living flower;
 So doth its deep-felt charm in secret move
 The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love;
 While round its pathway nature softly glows,
 And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

Yes! let the waste lift up the exulting voice!
 Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice!
 And thou, lone moor! where no blithe reaper's song
 E'er lightly sped the summer hours along,
 Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain-source
 Rushing in joy, make music on their course!
 Thou, whose sole records of existence mark
 The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark,
 And of some nameless combat; Hope's bright eye
 Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy!
 Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
 And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast!
 Yet shall thy cottage-smoke, at dewy morn,
 Rise, in blue wreaths, above the flowering thorn,
 And, 'midst thy hamlet-shades, the embosomed spire
 Catch from deep-kindling heavens their earliest fire.

Thee too that hour shall bless, the balmy close
 Of labour's day, the herald of repose,
 Which gathers hearts in peace; while social mirth
 Basks in the blaze of each free village-hearth;
 While peasant-songs are on the joyous gales,
 And merry England's voice floats up from all her vales,
 Yet are there sweeter sounds; and thou shalt hear
 Such as to Heaven's immortal hosts are dear.
 Oh! if there still be melody on earth,
 Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew birth
 When angel-steps their paths rejoicing trod,
 And the air trembled with the breath of God—
 It lives in those soft accents, to the sky
 Borne from the lips of stainless infancy,
 When holy strains, from life's pure fount which sprung
 Breathed with deep reverence, falter on his tongue.

And such shall be *thy* music, when the cells
 Where guilt, the child of hopeless misery, dwells
 (And, to wild strength by desperation wrought,
 In silence broods o'er many a fearful thought),
 Resound to pity's voice; and childhood thence,
 Ere the cold blight hath reached its innocence,
 Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be fled,
 Which vice but breathes on, and its hues are dead,
 Shall at the call press forward, to be made
 A glorious offering, meet for Him who said,

“Mercy, not sacrifice!” and when, of old,
Clouds of rich incense from His altars rolled,
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes, and laid bare
The heart’s deep folds, to read its homage there!

When some crowned conqueror, o’er a trampled world,
His banner, shadowing nations, hath unfurled,
And, like those visitations which deform
Nature for centuries, hath made the storm
His pathway to Dominion’s lonely sphere,
Silence behind—before him, flight and fear;
When kingdoms rock beneath his rushing wheels,
Till each fair isle the mighty impulse feels,
And earth is moulded but by one proud will,
And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are still;
Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay
The earthquake homage on its baleful way?
Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains
O’er burning cities and forsaken plains?
And shall no harmony of softer close,
Attend the stream of mercy as it flows,
And, mingling with the murmur of its wave,
Bless the green shores its gentle currents lave?

Oh! there are loftier themes, for him whose eyes
Have searched the depths of life’s realities,
Than the red battle, or the trophied car,
Wheeling the monarch-victor fast and far;
There are more noble strains than those which swell
The triumphs Ruin may suffice to tell!

Ye Prophet-bards, who sat in elder days
Beneath the palms of Judah! ye whose lays
With torrent rapture, from their source on high,
Burst in the strength of immortality!
Oh! not alone, those haunted groves among,
Of conquering hosts, of empires crushed, ye sung,
But of that Spirit, destined to explore,
With the bright dayspring, every distant shore,
To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,
To make the home of peace in hearts that bleed;
With beams of hope to pierce the dungeon’s gloom,
And pour eternal starlight o’er the tomb.

And blessed and hallowed be its haunts! for there
Hath man’s high soul been rescued from despair!—
There hath th’ immortal spark for heaven been nursed
There from the rock the springs of life have burst,
Quenchless and pure! and holy thoughts that rise,
Warm from the source of human sympathies—
Where’er its path of radiance may be traced,
Shall find their temple in the silent waste.

1821.

WELSH MELODIES.

THE HARP OF WALES.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS, INSCRIBED TO THE RUTHIN WELSH
LITERARY SOCIETY.

HARP of the mountain-land ! sound forth again
As when the foaming Hirlas horn was crowned,
And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,
And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round:
Wake with the spirit and the power of yore !
Harp of the ancient hills ! be heard once more !

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Roman came
O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars :
Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame ;
The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores :
All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
Ring out, thou harp ! he could not silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Saxon passed,
His banners floated on Eryri's gales ;
But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales !
Thine was the voice that cheered the brave and free ;
They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years !—They saw the valiant fall,
The rank weeds gathering round the chieftain's board,
The hearth left lonely in the ruined hall—
Yet power was *thine*—a gift in every chord !
Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
Thou noble harp ! thy tones are not to cease !

DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS.

By the dread and viewless powers
Whom the storms and seas obey,
From the Dark Isle's* mystic bowers,
Romans ! o'er the deep away !
Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom
O'er our shadowy coast which broods ?
By the altar and the tomb,
Shun these haunted solitudes !

* *Ynys Dywyll*, or the Dark Island an ancient name for Anglesey.

Known ye Mona's awful spells?
 She the rolling orbs can stay!
 She the mighty grave compels
 Back to yield its fettered prey!
 Fear ye not the lightning-stroke?
 Mark ye not the fiery sky?
 Hence!—around our central oak
 Gods are gathering—Romans, fly!

THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN.*

WHERE are they, those green fairy islands, reposing
 In sunlight and beauty on ocean's calm breast?
 What spirit, the things which are hidden disclosing,
 Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of rest?
 Oh! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages,
 The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith;
 But the land hath been sad for warriors and sages,
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed is death.

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory,
 Who steered for those distant green spots on the wave?
 To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,
 In the fields of their country they found not a grave.
 Perchance they repose where the summer-breeze gathers
 From the flowers of each vale immortality's breath;
 But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers—
 For the guide to those realms of the blessed is death.

THE SEA-SONG OF GAFRAN.

WATCH ye well! The moon is shrouded
 On her bright throne;
 Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,
 Waves make wild moan,
 'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,
 And gay songs and wine-cups flowing;

* The "Green Islands of Ocean," or "Green Spots of the Floods," called in the *Triads* "Gwerddonan Llŷon" (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales), were supposed to be the abode of the Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this paradise of their own. Gafran, a distinguished British chieftain of the fifth century, went on a voyage with his family to discover these islands; but they were never heard of afterwards. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madoc, were called the three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain.—*Vide* W. O. PUGHES' *Cambrian Biography*; also *Cambro-Briton*, vol. i. p. 124.

But of winds, in darkness blowing
O'er seas unknown!

In the dwellings of our fathers,
Round the glad blaze,
Now the festive circle gathers
With harps and lays;
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,
Steps are bounding, bards are singing,
—Ay, the hour to all is bringing
Peace, joy, or praise,

Save to us, our night-watch keeping,
Storm-winds to brave,
While the very sea-bird sleeping
Rests in its cave!

Think of us when hearts are beaming,
Think of us when mead is streaming,
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming
On the dark wave!

THE HIRLAS HORN.

FILL high the blue hirlas!* that shines like the wave,
When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea;
And hear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,
The dragons of battle, the sons of the free!
To those from whose spears, in the shock of the fight,
A beam, like heaven's lightning, flashed over the field;
To those who came rushing as storms in their might,
Who have shivered the helmet, and cloven the shield;
The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,
When lances were red from the harvest of war.

Fill high the blue hirlas! O cupbearer, fill
For the lords of the field in their festival's hour,
And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill
That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its power:
Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth horn
Of honour and mirth, for the conflict is o'er:
And round let the golden-tipped hirlas be borne
To the lion-defenders of Gwynedd's fair shore,
Who rushed to the field where the glory was won,
As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

Fill higher the hirlas! forgetting not those
Who shared its bright draught in the days that are fled!
Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,
Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead!

* Hirlas, from *hir*, long, and *glas*, blue or azure.

While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
 While regal Eryri with snow shall be crowned—
 So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,
 And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound.
 The free winds of Maelor* shall swell with their name,
 And Owain's rich hirlas be filled to their fame.

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN.

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night;
 I weep, for the grave has extinguished its light;
 The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,
 The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more!

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,
 The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill!
 Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,
 Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been.

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
 No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!
 Oh! where are the warriors who circled its board?—
 The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was
 poured!

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
 Since he is departed whose smile made it bright!
 I mourn; but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
 The pathway is short to the grave of my chief!

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN.

[Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief of the times of Arthur, was Prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contests maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant: and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies and other poems of Llywarch Hen.*]

THE bright hours return, and the blue sky is ringing
 With song, and the hills are all mantled with bloom;
 But fairer than aught which the summer is bringing,
 The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb!
 Oh! why should I live to hear music resounding,
 Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave?

* Maelor, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division.

Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps surround-
ing?

—My sons! they but clothe the green turf of your grave!

Alone on the rock, of the stranger I linger,

My spirit all wrapt in the past as a dream!

Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,

Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad beam;

Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping!

—Oh grave! why refuse to the aged thy bed,

When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,

When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead!

Fair were ye, my sons! and all kingly your bearing,

As on to the fields of your glory ye trod!

Each prince of my race the bright golden chain wearing,

Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the sod!*

I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,

Which rouses ye not, O my lovely! my brave!

When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds are

bounding,

I turn from heaven's light, for it smiles on your grave!

GRUFYDD'S FEAST.

[“Gruffydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace, from *Gwynedd*, *Powys* the *Deheubarth*, *Glamorgan*, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors, with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song; thus patronizing the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honourable gifts.”—*Cambrian Biography*.]

LET the yellow mead shine for the sons of the brave,

By the bright festal torches around us that wave!

Set open the gates of the prince's wide hall,

and hung up the chief's ruddy spear on the wall!

There is peace in the land we have battled to save:

Then spread ye the feast, bid the wine-cup foam high,†

That those may rejoice who have feared not to die!

Let the horn whose loud blast gave the signal for fight,

With the ree's sunny nectar now sparkle in light;‡

* The golden chain, as a badge of honour, worn by heroes, is frequently alluded to in the works of the ancient British bards.

† Wine, as well as mead, is frequently mentioned in the poems of the ancient British bards.

‡ The horn was used for two purposes—to sound the alarm in war, and to drink the mead at feasts.

Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be crowned,
 For the strong hearts in combat that leaped at its sound!
 Like the billows' dark swell was the path of their night—
 Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-cup on high,
 That those may rejoice who have feared not to die!

And wake ye the children of song from their dreams,
 On Maelor's wild hills and by Dyfed's fair streams!*

Bid them haste with those strains of the lofty and free,
 Which shall float down the waves of long ages to be,
 Sheath the sword which hath given them unperishing
 themes,
 And pour the bright mead: let the wine-cup foam high,
 That those may rejoice who have feared not to die!

THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA.

WHEN the last flush of eve is dying
 On boundless lakes afar that shine;
 When winds amidst the palms are sighing,
 And fragrance breathes from every pine:
 When stars through cypress boughs are gleaming,
 And fireflies wander bright and free,
 Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,
 My thoughts, wild Cambria! dwell with thee!
 Alone o'er green savannas roving,
 Where some broad stream in silence flows,
 Or through the eternal forests moving,
 One only home my spirit knows!
 Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted!
 To thee on sleep's light wing I fly;
 But happier could the weary-hearted
 Look on his own blue hills and die!

THE FAIR ISLE.†

FOR THE MELODY CALLED THE "WELSH GROUND."

[The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh Princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country; and, while it was preparing for battle or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbennaeth Prydain*, the Monarchy of Britain. It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained.—See JONES's *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.]

* Dyfed (said to signify a land abounding with streams of water), the modern Pembrokeshire.

† Ynys Prydain was the ancient Welsh name of Britain, and signifies *fair or beautiful isle*.

SONS of the Fair Isle! forget not the time
 Ere spoilers had breathed the free air of your clime :
 All that its eagles behold in their flight
 Was yours, from the deep of each storm-mantled height,
 Though from your race that proud birthright be torn,
 Unquenched is the spirit for monarchy born.

CHORUS.

Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,
 The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

Ages may roll ere your children regain
 The land for which heroes have perished in vain ;
 Yet in the sound of your name shall be power
 Around her still gathering in glory's full hour.
 Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,
 Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep.

CHORUS.

Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,
 Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

[A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the Ancient Britons, is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect:—

"Their God they shall worship,		Their land they shall lose,
Their language they shall retain,		Except wild Wales."]

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
 O Cambria! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin, sung :
 "The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
 The clouds which mantle things unseen away before me roll,
 A light the depths revealing bath o'er my spirit passed,
 A rushing sound from days to be swells fitful in the blast,
 And tells me that for ever shall live the lofty tongue
 To which the harp of Mona's woods by Freedom's hand was
 strung.

"Green island of the mighty!* I see thine ancient race
 Driven from their father's realm to make the rocks their
 dwelling-place!

I see from Uthyr's† kingdom the sceptre pass away,
 And many a line of bards and chiefs and princely men
 decay.

But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign
 forms,

* *Ynys y Gedeirn*, or Isle of the Mighty—an ancient name given to Britain.

† Uthyr Pendragon, King of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.

And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er the
 storms,
 So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty tongue
 To which the harp of Mona's woods by Freedom's hand
 was strung!"

OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR-SONG.

SAW ye the blazing star?
 The heavens looked down on Freedom's war,
 And lit her torch on high!
 Bright on the dragon's crest*
 It tells that glory's wing shall rest,
 When warriors meet to die!

Let earth's pale tyrants read despair
 And vengeance in its flame;
 Hail ye, my bards! the omen fair
 Of conquest and of fame,
 And swell the rushing mountain air
 With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,
 Marked ye how each majestic height
 Burned in its awful beams?
 Red shone the eternal snows,
 And all the land, as bright it rose,
 Was full of glorious dreams!

O eagles of the battle, rise!
 The hope of Gwynedd wakes!
 It is your banner in the skies
 Through each dark cloud which breaks
 And mantles with triumphal dyes
 Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,
 A murmur as of swelling seas!
 The Saxon on his way!
 Lo! spear and shield and lance
 From Deva's waves with lightning glance,
 Reflected to the day!

But who the torrent-wave compels
 A conqueror's chain to bear?
 Let those who wake the soul that dwells

* Owen Glyndwr styled himself the *Dragon*; a name he assumed in imitation of Uthyr, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearance of a star with a dragon beneath, which Uthyr used as a badge, and on that account it became a favourite one with the Welsh.—PENNANT.

On our free winds, beware !
 The greenest and the loveliest dells
 May be the lion's lair !

Of us *they* told, the seers,
 And monarch bards of elder years,
 Who walked on earth as powers !
 And in their burning strains,
 A spell of might and mystery reigns,
 To guard our mountain-towers !

—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay :
 Before his gifted sight
 The march of ages passed away
 With hero-footsteps bright,
 But proudest in that long array
 Was Glyndwr's path of light !

PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL.

WHY lingers my gaze where the last hues of day
 On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep ?
 Too fair is the sight for a wanderer, whose way
 Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep !
 Fall, shadows of twilight ! and veil the green shore,
 That the heart of the mighty may waver no more !

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land
 Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne !
 Be hushed, be forgotten ! for ne'er shall the hand
 Of minstrel with melody greet my return.
 —No ! no !—let your echoes still float on the breeze,
 And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas !

'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth
 Unto bosoms that shrink when their trial is nigh ;
 Away ! we will bear over ocean and earth
 A name and a spirit that never shall die.
 My course to the winds, to the star, I resign ;
 But my soul's quenchless fire, O my country ! is thine.

CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH.

[Caswallon (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons (as recorded in the *Triads*), for the purpose of opposing Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause of triumph; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating that event by feasting and public rejoicing.—See the *Cambrian Biography*.]

FROM the glowing Southern regions,
Where the sun-god makes his dwelling,
Came the Roman's crested legions
O'er the deep, round Britain swelling.
The wave grew dazzling as he passed,
With light from the spear and helmet cast;
And sounds in every rushing blast
Of a conqueror's march were telling.

But his eagle's royal pinion,
Bowing earth beneath its glory,
Could not shadow with dominion
Our wild seas and mountains hoary!
Back from their cloudy realm it flies,
To float in light through softer skies;
O chainless winds of heaven arise!
Bear a vanquished world the story!

Lords of earth! to Rome returning,
Tell how Britain combat wages,
How Caswallon's soul is burning
When the storm of battle rages!
And ye that shrine high deeds in song,
O holy and immortal throng!
The brightness of his name prolong,
As a torch to stream through ages!

HOWEL'S SONG.

[Howel ab Einion Llygliw was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.]

PRESS on, my steed! I hear the swell
Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,
Sweet floating from the holy dell
O'er woods and waters round.
Perchance the maid I love, e'en now,
From Dinas Brân's majestic brow,

Looks o'er the fairy world below,
And listens to the sound!

I feel her presence on the scene!
The summer air is more serene,
The deep woods wave in richer green,
The wave more gently flows!
O fair as Ocean's curling foam!
Lo! with the balmy hour I come—
The hour that brings the wanderer home,
The weary to repose!

Haste! on each mountain's darkening crest
The glow hath died, the shadows rest,
The twilight star on Deva's breast
Gleams tremulously bright;
Speed for Myfanwy's bower on high!
Though scorn may wound me from her eye
O! better by the sun to die,
Than live in rayless night!

THE MOUNTAIN FIRES.

[“The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November eve is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Elved*, or new-year.” When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.]

LIGHT the hills! till heaven is glowing
As with some red meteor's rays!
Winds of night, though rudely blowing,
Shall but fan the beacon-blaze.
Light the hills! till flames are streaming
From Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,*
To the waves round Mona gleaming,
Where the Roman tracked the deep!
Be the mountain watch-fires heightened,
Pile them to the stormy sky!
Till each torrent-wave is brightened,
Kindling as it rushes by.
Now each rock, the mist's high dwelling,
Towers in reddening light sublime;
Heap the flames! around them telling
Tales of Cambria's elder time.

* Yr Wyddfa, the Welsh name of Snowdon, said to mean the conspicuous place, or object.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,
 Many a solemn vigil kept,
 When, in ages long departed,
 O'er the noble dead they wept.
 In the winds we hear their voices—
 "Sons! though yours a brighter lot,
 When the mountain-land rejoices,
 Be her mighty unforget!"

ERYRI WEN.

[“Snowdon was held as sacred by the ancient Britons as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon.—PENNANT.]

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch hill!
 With heaven's own azure crowned!—
 Who called thee—what thou shalt be still,
 White Snowdon!—holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told
 Of the dread power enshrined
 Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,
 And on thy rushing wind!

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,
 It filled thy chainless air,
 Deep thoughts of majesty and might
 For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled! the awful spell
 Yet holds unbroken sway,
 As when on that wild rock it fell
 Where Merddin Emrys lay!

Though from their stormy haunts of yore
 Thine eagles long have flown,
 As proud a flight the soul shall soar
 Yet from thy mountain-throne!

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams!
 And make the snows thy crest!
 The sunlight of immortal dreams
 Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri!* temple of the bard!
 And fortress of the free!
 'Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,
 Their spirit dwells with thee!

* Eryri, Welsh name for the Snowdon mountains.

CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR MASSACRE
BY EDWARD I.

RAISE ye the sword ! let the death-stroke be given ;
Oh ! swift may it fall as the lightning of heaven !
So shall our spirits be free as our strains—
The children of song may not languish in chains !

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest ?
Are heroes reposing in death on her breast ?
Red with their blood do her mountain-streams flow,
And think ye that still we would linger below ?

Rest, ye brave dead ! 'midst the hills of your sires,
Oh ! who would not slumber when Freedom expires ?
Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain—
The children of song may not breathe in the chain !

THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY.

"All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield."—MILTON.

THE hall of harps is lone to-night,
And cold the chieftain's hearth :
It hath no mead, it hath no light ;
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor
Whence the free step is gone ;
The pilgrim turns him from the door,
Where minstrel-blood hath stained the threshold stone.

"And I, too, go : my wound is deep,
My brethren long have died ;
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with sleep,
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride !

"Bear it where, on this battle-plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain—
Say to him—Saxon, think not *all* is won.

"Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,
The minstrel's chainless hand :
Dreamer ! that numberest with the dead
The burning spirit of the mountain-land !

"Think'st thou, because the song hath ceased,
The soul of song is flown ?
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,
It lived beside the ruddy hearth alone ?

"No! by our wrongs, and by our blood!
We leave it pure and free;
Though hushed awhile that sounding flood
Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

"We leave it 'midst our country's woe—
The birthright of her breast;
We leave it as we leave the snow,
Bright and eternal, on Eryri's crest.

"We leave it with our fame to dwell
Upon our children's breath;
Our voice in theirs through time shall swell—
The bard hath gifts of prophecy from death."

He dies; but yet the mountains stand,
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide;
And this is yet *Aneurin's** land—
Winds! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride!

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

[It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an excavation resembling a couch; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow, would be found in the morning either dead, in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.]

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud.
'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan:
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming;
And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw;
Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.
I viewed the dread beings around us that hover,
Though veiled by the mists of mortality's breath;
And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them—the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms;
Like the sweep of the white rolling wave was their motion—
I felt their dim presence, but knew not their forms!

* Aneurin, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.

I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—
 The dead were around me that night on the hill:
 From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they
 darted,—
 There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.
 I saw what man looks on, and dies—but my spirit
 Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour;
 And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
 A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power!
 Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
 And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun;—
 But oh! what new glory all nature invested,
 When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won!

SONGS OF THE CID.

[The following ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the Cid.]

THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE.

With sixty knights in his gallant train,
 Went forth the Campeador of Spain;
 For wild sierras and plains afar,
 He left the lands of his own Bivar.*

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,
 From his home in good Castile he went;
 To the wasting siege and the battle's van—
 For the noble Cid was a banished man!

Through his olive-woods the morn-breeze played,
 And his native streams wild music made,
 And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,
 When for march and combat he took his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,
 And he turned his steed for a parting look,
 For a parting look at his own fair towers;—
 Oh! the Exile's heart hath weary hours!

The pennons were spread, and the band arrayed,
 But the Cid at the threshold a moment stayed,
 It *was* but a moment—the halls were lone,
 And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown.

* The birthplace of the Cid, two leagues from Burgos.
 L*

There was not a steed in the empty stall,
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall,
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door,
Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.

Then a dim tear swelled to the warrior's eye,
As the voice of his native groves went by;
And he said—"My foemen their wish have won,
—Now the will of God be in all things done!"

But the trumpet blew, with its note of cheer,
And the winds of the morning swept off the tear,
And the fields of his glory lay distant far—
He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar!

THE CID'S DEATHBED.

It was an hour of grief and fear
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring-heaven lay still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's* notes were wont to rise,
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief
On bright Valencia's shore,
For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war,
For the Cid was passing to his sleep
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of state,
No weeper's aspect seen,
But by the couch Ximena sate,
With pale, yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the leader's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head,
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering hand,
And cold the valiant breast;—
He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

* A Moorish dance.

What said the Ruler of the field?—
His voice is faint and low;
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield
Hath louder accents now

“Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone;
Be ye of mighty heart!

“Let the cymbal clash and the trumpet strain
From your walls ring far and shrill,
And fear ye not, for the saints of Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

“And gird my form with mail array,
And set me on my steed,
So go ye forth on your funeral way,
And God shall give you speed.

“Go with the dead in the front of war,
All armed with sword and helm,
And march by the camp of King Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

“And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my fathers birth;
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
And my course is done on earth.”

—Now wave, ye glorious banners, wave!
Through the lattice a wind sweeps by
And the arms, o'er the deathbed of the brave,
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight!
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps;
The wind and the banners fall hushed as night,
The Campeador—he sleeps!

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze of morn,
And swell out the trumpet's blast,
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
For the noble Cid hath passed!

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE Moor hath beleaguered Valencia's towers,
And lances gleamed up through her citron-bowers,
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain;
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hushed, as a wizard's cave:
But the Christians woke that right.

They reared the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,
And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard on Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls;
Stars had not faded nor clouds turned red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands;
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep;
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shown,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men;
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woo,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done ;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Nor a footfall heard in the Alcazar,
—So the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;
—And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,
When the Cristians burst on the Paynim throng !
—With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez came !

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had passed before like a threatening cloud !
And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen, with her bands, lay slain ;
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan kings who had joined his war ;
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
And their hands could not wield an assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made,
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep ;
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe !

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire went before them all ;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail ;
He rode in the battle's van !

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
There was death in the giant-warrior's course !
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight—
For it seemed not the sword of man !

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled ;
There was work for the men of the Cid that day !
—They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay.
As reapers whose task is done !

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled !
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread ;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain,
—So the Cid to his grave passed on !

THE CID'S RISING.

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent night,
And Leon in slumber lay,
When the sound went forth in rushing might,
Like an army on its way !
In the stillness of the hour,
When the dreams of sleep have power,
And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went,
Till the slumberers woke in dread ;—
The sound of a passing armament,
With the charger's stony tread.
There was heard no trumpet's peal,
But the heavy tramp of steel,
As a host's to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it passed,
And the hollow pavement rang,
And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,
Rocked to the stormy clang !
But the march of the viewless train
Went on to a royal fane,
Where a priest his night-hymn sang.

There was knocking that shook the marble floor,
And a voice at the gate, which said—
“ That the Cid Ruy Diez, the Campeador,
Was there in his arms arrayed ;
And that with him, from the tomb,
Had the Count Gonzalez come
With a host, uprisen to aid.

“ And they came for the buried king that lay
At rest in that ancient fane ;
For he must be armed on the battle-day,
With them to deliver Spain ! ”
—Then the march went sounding on,
And the Moors by noontide sun
Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

GREEK SONGS.

I.

THE STORM OF DELPHI.

FAR though the Delphian shades
An Eastern trumpet rung !
And the startled eagle rushed on high,
With a sounding flight through the fiery sky,
And banners o'er the shadowy glades,
To the sweeping winds were flung.

Banners, with deep-red gold
All waving, as a flame,
And a fitful glance from the bright spearhead
On the dim wood-paths of the mountain shed,
And a peal of Asia's war notes told
That in arms the Persian came.

He came, with starry gems
On his quiver and his crest ;
With starry gems, at whose heart the day
Of the cloudless Orient burning lay ;
And they cast a gleam on the laurel-stems,
As onward his thousands pressed.

But a gloom fell o'er their way,
And a heavy moan went by !
A moan, yet not like the wind's low swell,
When its voice grows wild amidst cave and dell,
But a mortal murmur of dismay,
Or a warrior's dying sigh !

A gloom fell o'er their way !
'Twas not the shadow cast
By the dark pine-boughs, as they crossed the blue
Of the Grecian heavens with their solemn hue ;
The air was filled with a mightier sway,—
But on the spearmen passed !

And hollow, to their tread,
Came the echoes of the ground,
And banners drooped, as with the dew o'erborne,
And the wailing blast of the battle-horn
Had an altered cadence dull and dead,
Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain
 When the steep defiles were passed !
 And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,
 To shine through heaven with his radiant snows,
 And in golden light the Delphian fane
 Before them stood at last !

In golden light it stood,
 'Midst the laurels gleaming lone,
 For the Sun-God yet, with a lovely smile,
 O'er its graceful pillars looked awhile,
 Though the stormy shade on cliff and wood
 Grew deep round its mountain-throne.

And the Persians gave a shout !
 But the marble walls replied,
 With a clash of steel, and a sullen roar
 Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,
 And a savage trumpet's note pealed out,
 Till their hearts for terror died !

On the armour of the god
 Then a viewless hand was laid ;
 There were helm and spear, with a clanging din,
 And corslet brought from the shrine within,
 From the inmost shrine of the dread abode,
 And before its front arrayed.

And a sudden silence fell
 Through the dim and loaded air !
 On the wild bird's wing, and the myrtle-spray,
 And the very founts, in their silvery way,
 With a weight of sleep came down the spell,
 Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon !
 'Twas not by song or lyre ;
 For the Delphian maids had left their bowers,
 And the hearths were lone in the city's towers,
 But there burst a sound through the misty noon,
 That battle-noon of fire !

It burst from earth and heaven !
 It rolled from crag and cloud !
 For a moment of the mountain-blast,
 With a thousand stormy voices passed,
 And the purple-gloom of the sky was riven,
 When the thunder pealed aloud.

And the lightnings in their play
 Flashed forth, like javelins thrown ;
 Like sun darts winged from the silver-bow,
 They smote the spear and the turbaned brow,

And the bright gems flew from the crest like spray,
And the banners were struck down !

And the massy oak-boughs crashed
To the fire-bolts from on high ;
And the forest lent its billowy roar,
While the glorious tempest onward bore,
And lit the streams, as they foamed and dashed,
With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rushed the Delphian men
On the pale and scattered host ;
Like the joyous burst of a flashing wave,
They rushed from the dim Corycian cave,
And the singing blast o'er wood and glen
Rolled on, with the spears they tossed.

There were cries of wild dismay,
There were shouts of warrior-glee,
There were savage sounds of the tempest's mirth,
That shook the realm of their eagle-birth ;
But the mount of song, when they died away,
Still rose, with its temple, free !

And the Pæan swelled ere long
Io Pæan ! from the fane ;
Io Pæan ! for the war array,
On the crowned Parnassus riven that day !—
Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount of song,
With thy bounding streams again.

II.

THE BOWL OF LIBERTY.

BEFORE the fiery sun,
The sun that looks on Greece with cloudless eye
In the free air, and on the war-field won,
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,
The tombs of heroes ! with the solemn skies,
And the wide plain around, where patriots' blood
Had steeped the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious dead,
In the strong faith which brings the viewless nigh,
And poured rich odours o'er the battle-bed,
And bade them to the rite of Liberty.

They called them from the shades,
The golden-fruited shades, where minstrels tell
How softer light th' immortal clime pervades,
And music floats o'er meads of Asphodel.

Then fast the bright-red wine
 Flowed to *their* names who taught the world to die,
 And made the land's green turf a living shrine,
 Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty.

So the rejoicing earth
 Took from her vines again the blood she gave,
 And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew birth
 From the free soil, thus hallowed to the brave.

We have the battle-fields,
 The tombs, the names, the blue majestic sky,
We have the founts the purple vintage yields ;—
 When shall *we* crown the Bowl of Liberty ?

 III.

THE VOICE OF SCIO.

A VOICE from Scio's Isle—
 A voice of song, a voice of old,
 Swept far as cloud or billow rolled ;
 And earth was hushed the while.

The souls of nations woke !
 Where lies the land whose hills among
 That voice of Victory hath not rung,
 As if a trumpet spoke ?

To sky, and sea, and shore
 Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain,
 Swept from the rivers to the main,
 A glorious tale it bore.

Still, by our sun-bright deep,
 With all the fame that fiery lay
 Threw round them, in its rushing way,
 The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crowned !
 And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave
 Brought garlands there : so rest the brave,
 Who thus their bard have found !

A voice from Scio's isle,
 A voice as deep hath risen again !
 As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
 Where'er our sun may smile !

Let not its tones expire !
 Such power to waken earth and heaven,
 And might and vengeance, ne'er was given
 To mortal song or lyre !

Know ye not whence it comes?
 From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,
 From kindred blood on yon red plains,
 From desolated homes.

'Tis with us through the night!
 'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—
 Hear it, ye heavens! when swords flash high,
 O'er the mid-waves of fight!

IV.

THE SPARTAN'S MARCH.

[“The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle,” says Thucydides, “because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging step was made to the ‘Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.’ The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur.”—CAMPBELL, *On the Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks.*]

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
 Where peasants dressed the vines,
 Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
 Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and flowers,
 Eurotas wandered by,
 When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
 Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain
 To the woodland-goddess poured?
 Did virgin-hands in Pallas' fane
 Strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
 Spears ranged in close array,
 And shields flung back a glorious beam
 To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain-echoes of the land
 Swelled through the deep-blue sky,
 While to soft strains moved forth a band
 Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,
 Nor bade the horn peal out;
 And the laurel-groves, as on they passed,
 Rang with no battle-shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
 Their souls with an impulse high;
 But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre
 For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes, their path around,
 Sent forth Æolian breath;
 They needeth not a sterner sound
 To marshal them for death!
 So moved they calmly to their field,
 Thence never to return,
 Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
 Or on it proudly borne!

V.

THE URN AND SWORD.

THEY sought for treasures in the tomb,
 Where gentler hands were wont to spread
 Fresh boughs and flowers of purple bloom,
 And sunny ringlets, for the dead.
 They scattered far the greensward-heap,
 Where once those hands the bright wine poured:
 What found they in the home of sleep?—
 A mouldering urn, a shivered sword!
 An urn, which held the dust of one
 Who died when hearths and shrines were free:
 A sword, whose work was proudly done,
 Between our mountains and the sea.
 And these are treasures!—undismayed,
 Still for the suffering land we trust,
 Wherein the past its fame hath laid,
 With freedom's sword, and valour's dust.

VI.

THE MYRTLE-BOUGH.

STILL green, along our sunny shore
 The flowering myrtle waves,
 As when its fragrant boughs of yore
 Were offered on the graves;
 The graves, wherein our mighty men
 Had rest, unviolated then.
 Still green it waves! as when the hearth
 Was sacred through the land;
 And fearless was the banquet's mirth,
 And free the minstrel's hand;
 And guests, with shining myrtle crowned,
 Sent the wreathed lyre and wine-cup round.

Still green! as when on holy ground
 The tyrant's blood was poured:—
 Forget ye not what garlands bound
 The young deliverer's sword!—
 Though earth may shroud Harmodius now,
 We still have sword and myrtle-bough!

THE FOREST SANCTUARY.

"Long time against oppression have I fought,
 And for the native liberty of faith
 Have bled and suffered bonds."—*Remorse, a Tragedy.*

[The following Poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts as well as outward sufferings of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.]

I.

THE voices of my home!—I hear them still!
 They have been with me through the dreamy night—
 The blessed household voices, wont to fill
 My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight!
 I hear them still, unchanged—though some from earth
 Are music parted, and the tones of mirth—
 Wild, silvery tones, that rang through days more bright!
 Have died in others—yet to me they come,
 Singing of boyhood back—the voices of my home!

II.

They call me through this hush of woods, reposing
 In the grey stillness of the summer morn;
 They wander by when heavy flowers are closing,
 And thoughts grow deep, and winds and stars are born;
 Even as a fount's remembered gushings burst
 On the parched traveller in his hour of thirst,
 E'en thus they haunt me with sweet sounds, till worn
 By quenchless longings, to my soul I say—
 Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that I might flee away,—

III.

And find mine ark!—yet whither?—I must bear
 A yearning heart within me to the grave.
 I am of those o'er whom a breath of air—
 Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
 And sighing through the feathery canes—hath power
 To call up shadows, in the silent hour,

From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave!—
 So must it be!—These skies above me spread,
 Are they my own soft skies?—Ye rest not here, my dead!

IV.

Ye far amidst the Southern flowers lie sleeping,
 Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear,
 Save one! a blue, lone, distant main is sweeping
 High o'er *one* gentle head—ye rest not here!—
 'Tis not the olive, with a whisper swaying,
 Not thy low rippings, glassy water, playing
 Through my own chestnut groves, which fill mine ear;
 But the faint echoes in my breast that dwell,
 And for their birthplace moan, as moans the ocean-shell.

V.

Peace!—I will dash these fond regrets to earth,
 Even as an eagle shakes the cumbering rain
 From his strong pinion. Thou that gav'st me birth,
 And lineage, and once home—my native Spain!
 My own bright land—my father's land—my child's!
 What hath thy son brought from thee to the wilds?
 He hath brought marks of torture and the chain,
 Traces of things which pass not as a breeze;
 A blighted name, dark thoughts, wrath, woe, thy gifts are
 these.

VI.

A blighted name!—I hear the winds of morn—
 Their sounds are not of this!—I hear the shiver
 Of the green reeds, and all the rustlings, borne
 From the high forest, when the light leaves quiver:
 Their sounds are not of this!—the cedars, waving,
 Lend it no tone: His wide savannahs laving,
 It is not murmured by the joyous river!
 What part hath mortal name, where God alone
 Speaks to the mighty waste, and through its heart is known?

VII.

Is it not much that I may worship Him,
 With nought my spirit's breathings to control,
 And feel His presence in the vast, and dim,
 And whispery woods, where dying thunders roll
 From the far cataracts?—Shall I not rejoice
 That I have learned at last to know *His* voice
 From man's?—I will rejoice!—my soaring soul
 Now hath redeemed her birthright of the day,
 And won, through clouds, to Him, her own unfettered way!

VIII.

And thou, my boy! that silent at my knee
 Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,
 Filled with the love of childhood, which I see
 Pure through its depths, a thing without disguise;
 Thou that hast breathed in slumber on my breast,
 When I have checked its throbs to give thee rest,
 Mine own! whose young thoughts fresh before me rise!
 Is it not much that I may guide thy prayer,
 And circle thy glad soul with free and healthful air?

IX.

Why should I weep on thy bright head, my boy?
 Within thy fathers' halls thou wilt not dwell,
 Nor lift their banner, with a warrior's joy,
 Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs, who fell
 For Spain of old.—Yet what if rolling waves
 Have borne us far from our ancestral graves?
 Thou shalt not feel thy bursting heart rebel
 As mine hath done; nor bear what I have borne.
 Casting in falsehood's mould th' indignant brow of scorn.

X.

This shall not be thy lot, my blessed child!
 I have not sorrowed, struggled, lived in vain—
 Hear me! magnificent and ancient wild;
 And mighty rivers, ye that meet the main,
 As deep meets deep; and forests, whose dim shade
 The flood's voice, and the wind's, by swells pervade;
 Hear me!—'ts well to die, and not complain,
 Yet there are hours when the charged heart must speak,
 Even in the desert's ear to pour itself, or break!

XI.

I see an oak before me, it hath been
 The crowned one of the woods; and might have flung
 Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly green,
 But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,
 From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage throwing,
 Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,
 Hath shrunk and died, those serpent-folds among.
 Alas!—alas!—what is it that I see?
 An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee!

XII.

Yet art thou lovely!—Song is on thy hills—
 O sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,
 That lulled my boyhood, how your memory thrills
 The exile's heart with sudden-wakening pain!—
 Your sounds are on the rocks:—That I might hear

Once more the music of the mountaineer!—
And from the sunny vales the shepherd's strain
Floats out, and fills the solitary place
With the old tuneful names of Spain's heroic race.

XIII.

But there was silence one bright, golden day,
Through my own pine-hung mountains. Clear, yet lone,
In the rich autumn light the vineyards lay,
And from the fields the peasant's voice was gone;
And the red grapes untrodden strewed the ground,
And the free flocks untended roamed around;
Where was the pastor?—where the pipe's wild tone?
Music and mirth were hushed the hills among,
While to the city's gates each hamlet poured its throng.

XIV.

Silence upon the mountains!—But within
The city's gates a rush—a press—a swell
Of multitudes their torrent way to win;
And heavy boomings of a dull, deep bell,
A dead pause following each—like that which parts
The dash of billows, holding breathless hearts
Fast in the hush of fear—knell after knell;
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder-rain,
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing fane!

XV.

What pageant's hour approached?—The sullen gate
Of a strong ancient prison-house was thrown
Back to the day. And who, in mournful state,
Came forth, led slowly o'er its threshold-stone?
They that had learned, in cells of secret gloom,
How sunshine is forgotten!—They to whom
The very features of mankind were grown
Things that bewildered!—O'er their dazzled sight,
They lifted their wan hands, and cowered before the light!

XVI.

To this man brings his brother!—Some were there,
Who with their desolation had entwined
Fierce strength, and girt the strenuousness of despair
Fast round their bosoms, even as warriors bind
The breastplate on for fight: but brow and cheek
Seemed *theirs* a torturing panoply to speak!
And there were some from whom the very mind
Had been wrung out: they smiled!—oh! startling smile,
Whence man's high soul is fled!—Where doth it sleep the
while?

XVII.

But onward moved the melancholy train,
 For their false creeds in fiery pangs to die.
 This was the solemn sacrifice of Spain—
 Heaven's offering from the land of chivalry!
 Through thousands, thousands of their race they moved—
 Oh! how unlike all others!—the beloved,
 The free, the proud, the beautiful! whose eye
 Grew fixed before them, while a people's breath
 Was hushed, and its one soul bound in the thought of death!

XVIII.

It might be that amidst the countless throng,
 There swelled some heart, with Pity's weight oppressed,
 For the wide stream of human love is strong,
 And woman, on whose fond and faithful breast
 Childhood is reared, and at whose knee the sigh
 Of its first prayer is breathed, she too was nigh—
 But life is dear, and the free footstep blessed,
 And home a sunny place, where each may fill
 Some eye with glistening smiles—and therefore all were
 still—

XIX.

All still—youth, courage, strength!—a winter laid,
 A chain of palsy, cast on might and mind!
 Still, as at noon a Southern forest's shade,
 They stood, those breathless masses of mankind;
 Still, as a frozen torrent!—but the wave
 Soon leaps to foaming freedom—they, the brave,
 Endured—they saw the martyr's place assigned
 In the red flames—whence is the withering spell
 That numbs each human pulse?—they saw, and thought
 it well.

XX.

And I, too, thought it well! That very morn
 From a far land I came, yet round me clung
 The spirit of my own. No hand had torn
 With a strong grasp away the veil which hung
 Between mine eyes and truth. I gazed, I saw,
 Dimly, as through a glass. In silent awe
 I watched the fearful rites; and if there sprung
 One rebel feeling from its deep founts up,
 Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's own poison-cup.

XXI.

But I was wakened as the dreamers waken
 Whom the shrill trumpet and the shriek of dread
 Rouse up at midnight, when their walls are taken,

And they must battle till their blood is shed
 On their own threshold floor. A path for light
 Through my torn breast was shattered by the might
 Of the swift thunder-stroke—and Freedom's tread
 Came in through ruins, late, yet not in vain,
 Making the blighted place all green with life again.

XXII.

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass
 Of cloud, o'ersweeping, without wind, the sky,
 Dream-like I saw the sad procession pass,
 And marked its victims with a tearless eye.
 They moved before me but as pictures, wrought,
 Each to reveal some secret of man's thought,
 On the sharp edge of sad mortality,
 Till in his place came one—oh! could it be?
 My friend, my heart's first friend!—and did I gaze on thee?

XXIII.

On thee! with whom in boyhood I had played,
 At the grape-gatherings, by my native streams;
 And to whose eye my youthful soul had laid
 Bare, as to Heaven's, its glowing world of dreams;
 And by whose side 'midst warriors I had stood,
 And in whose helm was brought—oh! earned with blood—
 The fresh wave to my lips, when tropic beams
 Smote on my fevered brow!—Ay, years had passed,
 Severing our paths, brave friend!—and *thus* we met at last!

XXIV.

I see it still—the lofty mien thou borest—
 On thy pale forehead sat a sense of power!
 The very look that once thou brightly worest,
 Cheering me onward through a fearful hour,
 When we were girt by Indian bow and spear,
 'Midst the white Andes—even as mountain deer,
 Hemmed in our camp—but through the javelin-shower
 We rent our way, a tempest of despair!—
 And thou—hadst thou but died with thy true brethren there!

XXV.

I call the fond wish back—for thou hast perished
 More nobly far, my Alvar!—making known
 The might of truth; and be thy memory cherished
 With theirs, the thousands, that around her throne
 Have poured their lives out smiling, in that doom
 Finding a triumph, if denied a tomb!—
 Ay, with their ashes hath the wind been sown,
 And with the wind their spirit shall be spread,
 Filling man's heart and home with records of the dead.

XXVI.

Thou Searcher of the Soul! in whose dread sight
 Not the bold guilt alone, that mocks the skies,
 But the scarce-owned, unwhispered thought of night,
 As a thing written with the sunbeam, lies; [see,
 Thou know'st—whose eye through shade and depth can
 That this man's crime was but to worship thee
 Like those that made their hearts thy sacrifice,
 The called of yore; wont by the Saviour's side,
 On the dim Olive-mount to pray at eventide.

XXVII.

For the strong spirit will at times awake,
 Piercing the mists that wrapt her clay-abode;
 And, born of thee, she may not always take
 Earth's accents for the oracles of God;
 And even for this—O dust, whose mask is power!
 Reed, that wouldst be a scourge thy little hour!
 Spark, whereon yet the mighty hath not trod,
 And therefore thou destroyest!—where were flown
 Our hope, if man were left to man's decree alone?

XXVIII.

But this I felt not yet. I could but gaze
 On him, my friend; while that swift moment threw
 A sudden freshness back on vanished days,
 Like water-drops on some dim picture's hue;
 Calling the proud time up when first I stood
 Where banners floated, and my heart's quick blood
 Sprang to a torrent as the clarion blew,
 And he—his sword was like a brother's worn,
 That watches through the field his mother's youngest born.

XXIX.

But a lance met me in that day's career—
 Senseless I lay amidst th' o'ersweeping fight,
 Wakening at last—how full, how strangely clear.
 That scene on memory flashed!—the shivery light,
 Moonlight on broken shields—the plain of slaughter,
 The fountain-side—the low sweet sound of water—
 And Alvar bending o'er me—from the night
 Covering me with his mantle!—all the past
 Flowed back—my soul's far chords all answered to the blast

XXX.

Till, in that rush of visions, I became
 As one that by the bands of slumber wound,
 Lies with a powerless, but all-thrilling frame,
 Intense in consciousness of sight and sound,
 Yet buried in a wildering dream which brings

Loved faces round him, girt with fearful things!
 Troubled even thus I stood, but chained and bound
 On that familiar form mine eye to keep:—
 Alas! I might not fall upon his neck and weep!

XXXI.

He passed me—and what next?—I looked on two,
 Following his footsteps to the same dread place,
 For the same guilt—his sisters!—Well I knew
 The beauty on those brows, though each young face
 Was changed—so deeply changed!—a dungeon's air
 Is hard for loved and lovely things to bear;
 And ye, O daughters of a lofty race!
 Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez!—flowers,
 So cherished! were ye then but reared for those dark hours?

XXXII.

A mournful home, young sisters! had ye left,
 With your lutes hanging hushed upon the wall,
 And silence round the aged man, bereft
 Of each glad voice, once answering to his call.
 Alas, that lonely father! doomed to pine
 For sounds departed in his life's decline,
 And 'midst the shadowing banners of his hall,
 With his white hair to sit, and deem the name
 A hundred chiefs had borne, cast down by you to shame!

XXXIII.

And woe for you, 'midst looks and words of love,
 And gentle hearts and faces, nursed so long!
 How had I seen you in your beauty move,
 Wearing the wreath, and listening to the song!—
 Yet sat, even then, what seemed the crowd to shun,
 Half veiled upon the clear pale brow of one,
 And deeper thoughts than oft to youth belong,
 Thoughts, such as wake to evening's whispering sway,
 Within the drooping shade of her sweet eyelids lay.

XXXIV.

And if she mingled with the festive train,
 It was but as some melancholy star
 Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
 In its bright stillness present, though afar.
 Yet would she smile—and that, too, bath its smile—
 Circled with joy which reached her not the while,
 And bearing a lone spirit, not at war
 With earthly things, but o'er their form and hue
 Shedding too clear a light, too sorrowfully true.

XXXV.

But the dark hours wring forth the hidden might,
Which bath lain bedded in the silent soul,
A treasure all undreamt of;—as the night
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day. It seemed as if her breast
Had hoarded energies, till then suppressed
Almost with pain, and bursting from control,
And finding first that hour their pathway free:—
Could a rose brave the storm, such might her emblem be!

XXXVI.

For the soft gloom whose shadow still had hung
On her fair brow beneath its garlands worn,
Was fled! and fire, like prophecy's, had sprung
Clear to her kindled eye. It might be scorn—
Pride—sense of wrong—ay, the frail heart is bound
By these at times, even as with adamant round,
Kept so from breaking!—yet not *thus* upborne
She moved, though some sustaining passion's wave
Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for the brave!

XXXVII.

And yet, alas! to see the strength which clings
Round woman in such hours!—a mournful sight,
Though lovely!—an o'erflowing of the springs,
The full springs of affection, deep as bright!
And she, because her life is ever twined
With other lives, and by no stormy wind
May thence be shaken, and because the light
Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
Doth weep such passionate tears—therefore she thus can die.

XXXVIII.

Therefore didst *thou*, through that heart-shaking scene,
As through a triumph move; and cast aside
Thine own sweet thoughtfulness for victory's mien,
O faithful sister! cheering thus the guide,
And friend, and brother of thy sainted youth,
Whose hand had led thee to the source of truth,
Where thy glad soul from earth was purified;
Nor wouldst thou, following him through all the past,
That he should see thy step grow tremulous at last.

XXXIX.

For thou hadst made no deeper love a guest
'Midst thy young spirit's dreams, than that which grows
Between the nurtured of the same fond breast,
The sheltered of one roof; and thus it rose
Twined in with life.—How is it, that the hours

Of the same sport, the gathering early flowers
 Round the same tree, the sharing on repose,
 And mingling one first prayer in murmurs soft,
 From the heart's memory fade, in this world's breath, so oft ?

XL.

But thee that breath had touched not ; thee, nor him,
 The true in all things found !—and thou wert blest
 Even then, that no remembered change could dim
 The perfect image of affection, pressed
 Like armour to thy bosom !—thou hadst kept
 Watch by that brother's couch of pain, and wept,
 Thy sweet face covering with thy robe, when rest
 Fled from the sufferer ; thou hadst bound his faith
 Unto thy soul ;—one light, one hope ye chose—one death.

XLI.

So didst thou pass on brightly !—but for her,
 Next in that path, how may *her* doom be spoken !—
 All-merciful ! to think that such things were,
 And *are*, and seen by men with hearts unbroken !
 To think of that fair girl, whose path had been
 So strewn with rose-leaves, all one fairy scene !
 And whose quick glance came ever as a token
 Of hope to drooping thought, and her glad voice
 As a free bird's in spring, that makes the woods rejoice.

XLII.

And she to die !—she loved the laughing earth
 With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and flowers !—
 Was not her smile even as the sudden birth
 Of a young rainbow, colouring vernal showers ?
 Yes ! but to meet her fawn-like step, to hear
 The gushes of wild song, so silvery clear,
 Which oft unconsciously in happier hours
 Flowed from her lips, was to forget the sway
 Of Time and death below—blight, shadow, dull decay.

XLIII.

Could this change be ?—the hour, the scene, where last
 I saw that form, came floating o'er my mind :—
 A golden vintage eve—the heats were passed,
 And, in the freshness of the fanning wind,
 Her father sat where gleamed the first faint star
 Through the lime-boughs ; and with her light guitar,
 She, on the greensward, at his feet reclined,
 In his calm face laughed up ; some shepherd-lay
 Singing, as childhood sings on the lone hills at play.

XLIV.

And now—O God!—the bitter fear of death,
 The sore amaze, the faint o'ershadowing dread,
 Had grasped her!—panting in her quick-drawn breath,
 And in her white lips quivering;—onward led,
 She looked up with her dim bewildered eyes,
 And there smiled out her own soft brilliant skies,
 Far in their sultry, Southern azure spread,
 Glowing with joy, but silent!—still they smiled,
 Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's poor trembling child.

XLV.

Alas! that earth had all too strong a hold,
 Too fast, sweet Inez! on thy heart, whose bloom
 Was given to early love, nor knew how cold
 The hours which follow. There was one with whom,
 Young as thou wert, and gentle, and untried,
 Thou mightst, perchance, unshrinkingly have died;
 But he was far away;—and with thy doom
 Thus gathering, life grew so intensely dear,
 That all the slight frame shook with its cold mortal fear!

XLVI.

No aid!—thou too didst pass!—and all had passed,
 The fearful—and the desperate—and the strong!
 Some like the bark that rushes with the blast,
 Some like the leaf swept shivering along,
 And some as men that have but one more field
 To fight, and then may slumber on their shield—
 Therefore they arm in hope. But now the throng
 Rolled on, and bore me with their living tide,
 Even as a bark wherein is left no power to guide.

XLVII.

Wave swept on wave. We reached a stately square,
 Decked for the rites. An altar stood on high,
 And gorgeous, in the midst: a place for prayer,
 And praise, and offering. Could the earth supply
 No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice, of all
 Which on her sunny lap unheeded fall?
 No fair young firstling of the flock to die,
 As when before their God the Patriarchs stood?—
 Look down! man brings thee, Heaven! his brother's guiltless
 blood!

XLVIII.

Hear its voice, hear!—a cry goes up to Thee
 From the stained sod; make Thou Thy judgment known
 On him, the shedder!—let his portion be
 The fear that walks at midnight—give the moan
 In the wind haunting him a power to say,

"Where is thy brother?"—and the stars a ray
 To search and shake his spirit, when alone,
 With the dread splendour of their burning eyes!—
 So shall earth own Thy will—mercy, not sacrifice!

XLIX.

Sounds of triumphant praise!—the mass was sung—
 Voices that die not might have poured such strains!
 Through Salem's towers might that proud chant have rung
 When the Most High, on Syria's palmy plains,
 Had quelled her foes!—so full it swept, a sea
 Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling free!—
 Oft when the wind, as through resounding fanes,
 Hath filled the choral forests with its power,
 Some deep tone brings me back the music of that hour.

L.

It died away;—the incense-cloud was driven
 Before the breeze—the words of doom were said;
 And the sun faded mournfully from Heaven:—
 He faded mournfully! and dimly red,
 Parting in clouds from those that looked their last,
 And sighed—"Farewell, thou Sun!"—Eve glowed and
 passed—
 Night—midnight and the moon—came forth and shed
 Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood, peopled spot—
 Save one—a place of death—and there men slumbered not.

LI.

'Twas not within the city—but in sight
 Of the snow-crowned sierras, freely sweeping,
 With many an eagle's eyrie on the height,
 And hunter's cabin, by the torrent peeping
 Far off: and vales between, and vineyards lay,
 With sound and gleam of waters on their way,
 And chestnut woods, that girt the happy sleeping
 In many a pleasant-home!—the midnight sky
 Brought softly that rich world round those who came to die.

LII.

The darkly-glorious midnight sky of Spain,
 Burning with stars!—What had the torches' glare
 To do beneath that Temple, and profane
 Its holy radiance?—by their wavering flare,
 I saw beside the pyres—I see thee *now*,
 O bright Theresa! with thy lifted brow,
 And thy clasped hands, and dark eyes filled with prayer!
 And thee, sad Inez! bowing thy fair head,
 And mantling up thy face, all colourless with dread!

LIII.

And Alvar! Alvar!—I beheld thee too,
 Pale, steadfast, kingly, till thy clear glance fell
 On that young sister; then perturbed it grew,
 And all thy labouring bosom seemed to swell
 With painful tenderness. Why came I there,
 That troubled image of my friend to bear
 Thence, for my after-years?—a thing to dwell
 In my heart's core, and on the darkness rise,
 Disquieting my dreams with its bright mournful eyes?

LIV.

Why came I?—oh! the heart's deep mystery!—Why
 In man's last hour doth vain affection's gaze
 Fix itself down on struggling agony,
 To the dimmed eye-balls freezing as they glaze?
 It might be—yet the power to will seemed o'er—
 That my soul yearned to hear his voice once more!
 But mine was fettered!—mute in strong amaze,
 I watched his features as the night-wind blew,
 And torch-light or the moon's passed o'er their marble hue

LV.

The trampling of a steed!—a tall white steed,
 Rending his fiery way the crowds among—
 A storm's way through a forest—came at speed,
 And a wild voice cried “Inez!” Swift she flung
 The mantle from her face, and gazed around,
 With a faint shriek at that familiar sound;
 And from his seat a breathless rider sprung,
 And dashed off fiercely those who came to part,
 And rushed to that pale girl, and clasped her to his heart.

LVI.

And for a moment all around gave way
 To that full burst of passion!—on his breast,
 Like a bird panting yet from fear she lay,
 But blest—in misery's very lap—yet blest!—
 O love, love strong as death!—from such an hour
 Pressing out joy by thine immortal power,
 Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest
 For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!
 How could we thence be weaned to die without despair?

LVII.

But she, as falls a willow from the storm,
 O'er its own river streaming—thus reclined
 On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form.
 And clasping arms, so passionately twined
 Around his neck—with such a trusting fold,

A full deep sense of safety in their hold,
 As if nought earthly might th' embrace unbind!
 Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still
 Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's reach to kill!

LVIII.

Brief rest! upon the turning billow's height,
 A strange, sweet moment of some heavenly strain,
 Floating between the savage gusts of night,
 That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark again
 The hour—the scene—th' intensely present, rushed
 Back on her spirit, and her large tears gushed
 Like blood-drops from a victim; with swift rain
 Bathing the bosom where she leaned that hour,
 As if her life would melt into th' o'erswelling shower.

LIX.

But he, whose arm sustained her!—oh! I knew
 'Twas vain—and yet he hoped!—he fondly strove
 Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,
 As life might yet be hers!—A dream of love
 Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
 Remembering how like hope, like joy, like spring,
 Her smile was wont to glance, her step to move,
 And deem that men indeed, in very truth,
Could mean the sting of death for her soft flowering youth!

LX.

He wooed her back to life.—“Sweet Inez, live!
 My blessed Inez!—visions have beguiled
 Thy heart—abjure them!—thou wert formed to give,
 And to find, joy; and bath not sunshine smiled
 Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine own!
 Or earth will grow too dark!—for thee alone,
 Thee have I loved, thou gentlest! from a child,
 And borne thine image with me o'er the sea,
 Thy soft voice in my soul—speak! Oh! yet live for me!”

LXI.

She looked up wildly; there were anxious eyes
 Waiting that look—sad eyes of troubled thought,
 Alvar's—Theresa's—Did her childhood rise,
 With all its pure and home affections fraught,
 In the brief glance?—She clasped her hands—the strife
 Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream of life,
 Within her woman's breast so deeply wrought,
 It seemed as if a reed so slight and weak
Must, in the rending storm not quiver only—break!

LXII.

And thus it was—the young cheek flushed and faded,
As the swift blood in currents came and went,
And hues of death the marble brow o'ershaded,
And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
Through its white fluttering lids. Then tremblings past
O'er the frail form, that shook it, as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown—
Pale in love's arms she lay—*she!*—what had loved was
gone!

LXIII.

Joy for thee, trembler!—thou redeemed one, joy!
Young dove set free!—earth, ashes, soulless clay,
Remained for baffled vengeance to destroy;—
Thy chain was riven!—nor hadst thou cast away
Thy hope in thy last hour!—though love was there
Striving to wring thy troubled soul from prayer,
And life seemed robed in beautiful array,
Too fair to leave!—but this might be forgiven,
Thou wert so richly crowned with precious gifts of Heaven!

LXIV.

But woe for him who felt the heart grow still,
Which, with its weight of agony, had lain
Breaking on his!—Scarce could the mortal chill
Of the hushed bosom, ne'er to heave again,
And all the silence curdling round the eye,
Bring home the stern belief that she could die,
That she indeed could die!—for wild and vain
As hope might be—his soul *had* hoped—'twas o'er—
Slowly his failing arms dropped from the form they bore.

LXV.

They forced him from that spot.—It might be well,
That the fierce, reckless words by anguish wrung
From his torn breast, all aimless as they fell,
Like spray-drops from the strife of torrents hung,
Were marked as guilt.—There are who note these things
Against the smitten heart; its breaking strings—
On whose low thrills once gentle music hung—
With a rude hand of touch unholy trying,
And numbering then as crimes, the deep, strange tones
replying.

LXVI.

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful pair!
Stood gazing on your parted sister's dust;
I saw your features by the torch's glare,

And they were brightening with a heavenward trust!
 I saw the doubt, the anguish, the dismay,
 Melt from my Alvar's glorious mien away;
 And peace was there—the calmness of the just!
 And, bending down the slumberer's brow to kiss,
 "Thy rest is won," he said; "sweet sister! praise for this!"

LXVII.

I started as from sleep;—yes! he had spoken—
 A breeze had troubled memory's hidden source!
 At once the torpor of my soul was broken—
 Thought, feeling, passion, woke, in tenfold force.—
 There are soft breathings in the Southern wind,
 That so your ice-chains, O ye streams! unbind,
 And free the foaming swiftness of your course!—
 I burst from those that held me back, and fell—
 Even on his neck, and cried—"Friend! brother! fare thee
 well!"

LXVIII.

Did he not say "Farewell?"—Alas! no breath
 Came to mine ear. Hoarse murmurs from the throng
 Told that the mysteries in the face of death
 Had from their eager sight been veiled too long.
 And we were parted as the surge might part
 Those that would die together, true of heart.—
His hour was come—but in mine anguish strong,
 Like a fierce swimmer through the midnight sea,
 Blindly I rushed away from that which was to be

LXIX.

Away—away I rushed;—but swift and high
 The arrowy pillars of the firelight grew,
 Till the transparent darkness of the sky
 Flushed to a blood-red mantle in their hue;
 And, phantom-like, the kindling city seemed
 To spread, float, wave, as on the wind they streamed,
 With their wild splendour chasing me!—I knew
 The death-work was begun—I veiled mine eyes,
 Yet stopped in spell-bound fear to catch the victims' cries.

LXX.

What heard I then?—a ringing shriek of pain,
 Such as for ever haunts the tortured ear?—
 I heard a sweet and solemn-breathing strain
 Piercing the flames, untremulous and clear!—
 The rich, triumphal tones!—I knew them well,
 As they came floating with a breezy swell!
 Man's voice was there—a clarion voice to cheer
 In the mid-battle—ay, to turn the flying— [dying!
 Woman's—that might have sung of Heaven beside the

LXXI.

It was a fearful, yet a glorious thing
 To hear that hymn of martyrdom, and know
 That its glad stream of melody could spring
 Up from th' unsounded gulfs of human woe!
 Alvar! Theresa —what is deep? what strong?—
 God's breath within the soul —It filled that song
 From your victorious voices!—but the glow
 On the hot air and lurid skies increased—
 Faint grew the sounds—more faint—I listened—they had
 ceased!

LXXII.

And thou indeed hadst perished, my soul's friend!
 I might form other ties—but thou alone
 Couldst with a glance the veil of dimness rend,
 By other years o'er boyhood's memory thrown!
 Others might aid me onward:—thou and I
 Had mingled the fresh thoughts that early die,
 Once flowering—never more!—And thou wert gone!
 Who could give back my youth, my spirit free,
 Or be in aught again what thou hadst been to me?

LXXIII.

And yet I wept thee not, thou true and brave!
 I could not weep, there gathered round thy name
 Too deep a passion!—*thou* denied a grave!
Thou, with the blight flung on thy soldier's fame!
 Had I not known thy heart from childhood's time?—
 Thy heart of hearts?—and couldst thou die for crime?—
 No! had all earth decreed that death of shame,
 I would have set against all earth's decree
 Th' inalienable trust of my firm soul in thee!

LXXIV.

There are swift hours in life—strong, rushing hours,
 That do the work of tempests in their might!
 They shake down things that stood as rocks and towers
 Unto th' undoubting mind; they pour in light,
 Where it but startles—like a burst of day
 For which the uprooting of an oak makes way:—
 They sweep the colouring mists from off our sight,
 They touch with fire thought's graven page, the roll
 Stamped with past years—and lo! it shrivels as a scroll!

LXXV.

And this was of such hours!—the sudden flow
 Of my soul's tide seemed whelming me; the glare
 Of the red flames, yet rocking to and fro,
 Scorched up my heart with breathless thirst for air,
 And solitude and freedom. It had been

Well with me then, in some vast desert scene,
To pour my voice out, for the winds to bear
On with them, wildly questioning the sky,
Fiercely th' untroubled stars, of man's dim destiny.

LXXVI.

I would have called, adjuring the dark cloud;
To the most ancient Heavens I would have said—
“Speak to me! show me truth!”—through night aloud
I would have cried to him, the newly dead,
“Come back! and show me truth!”—My spirit seemed
Gasping for some free burst, its darkness teemed
With such pent storms of thought!—again I fled—
I fled, a refuge from man's face to gain,
Scarcely conscious when I paused, entering a lonely fane.

LXXVII.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast!
Silence was round the sleepers whom its floor
Shut in the grave; a shadow of the past,
A memory of the sainted steps that wore
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement, seemed to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude,
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men,
And all was hushed as night in some deep Alpine glen.

LXXVIII.

More hushed, far more!—for there the wind sweeps by,
Or the woods tremble to the streams' loud play!
Here a strange echo made my very sigh
Seemed for the place too much a sound of day!
Too much my footstep broke the moonlight, fading,
Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading;
And I stood still:—prayer, chant, had died away,
Yet past me flowed a funeral breath
Of incense—I stood still—as before God and death!

LXXIX.

For thick ye girt round, ye long-departed!
Dust—imaged form—with cross, and shield, and crest;
It seemed as if your ashes would have started,
Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest!
Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore
Bear to your thrilling presence what I bore
Of wrath—doubt—anguish—battling in the breast!
I could have poured out words, on that pale air,
To make your proud tombs ring:—no, no! I could not *there*!

LXXX.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thousand years
Mutely as clouds and reverently had swept;
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of tears
And kneeling votaries on their marble kept!
Ye were too mighty in your pomp of gloom
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb!
And you, ye dead!—for in that faith ye slept,
Whose weight had grown a mountain's on my heart,
Which could not *there* be loosed.—I turned me to depart.

LXXXI.

I turned—what glimmered faintly on my sight,
Faintly, yet brightening as a wreath of snow
Seen through dissolving haze?—The moon, the night,
Had waned, and dawn poured in:—grey, shadowy, slow,
Yet dayspring still!—a solemn hue it caught,
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught
With stoles and draperies of imperial glow;
And soft, and sad, that colouring gleam was thrown,
Where, pale, a pictured form above the altar shone.

LXXXII.

Thy form, Thou Son of God!—a wrathful deep,
With foam, and cloud, and tempest round Thee spread,
And such a weight of night!—a night, when sleep
From the fierce rocking of the billows fled,
A bark showed dim beyond Thee, with its mast
Bowed, and its rent sail shivering to the blast;
But, like a spirit in *Thy* gliding tread,
Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that stormy sea
Through rushing winds, which left a silent path for Thee.

LXXXIII.

So still *Thy* white robes fell!—no breath of air
Within their long and slumbrous folds had sway!
So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
From *Thy* clear brow flowed droopingly away!
Dark were the Heavens above Thee, Saviour!—dark
The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark!
But Thou!—o'er all *Thine* aspect and array
Was poured one stream of pale, broad, silvery light—
Thou wert the single star of that all-shrouding night!

LXXXIV.

Aid for one sinking!—*Thy* lone brightness gleamed
On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave,
With its worn, fearful, *human* look, that seemed
To cry, through surge and blast—"I perish—save *c.*"
Not to the winds—not vainly!—Thou wert nigh,

Thy hand was stretched to fainting agony,
 Even in the portals of th' unquiet grave!
 O Thou that art the life! and yet didst bear
 Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal prayer!

LXXXV.

But was it not a thing to rise on death
 With its remembered light, that face of Thine,
 Redeemer! dimmed by this world's misty breath,
 Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?—
 Oh! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
 With its dark depth of grief, love, majesty!
 And the pale glory of the brow!—a shrine
 Where power sat veiled, yet shedding softly round
 What told that *Thou* couldst be but for a time uncrowned!

LXXXVI.

And more than all, the Heaven of that sad smile!
 The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!
 Did not that look, that very look, erewhile,
 Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on the dust?
 Wert Thou not such when earth's dark cloud hung o'er
 Thee?—
 Surely Thou wert!—my heart grew hushed before Thee,
 Sinking with all its passions, as the gust
 Sank at Thy voice, along its billowy way:—
 What had I there to do, but kneel, and weep, and pray?

LXXXVII.

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's cry,
 Amidst the dead—"By that full cup of woe,
 Pressed from the fruitage of mortality,
 Saviour! by Thee—give light! that I may know
 If by *Thy* will, in Thine all-healing name,
 Men cast down human hearts to blighting shame,
 And early death—and say, if this be so,
 Where, then, is mercy?—whither shall we flee,
 So unallied to hope, save by our hold on Thee?

LXXXVIII.

"But didst Thou not, the deep sea brightly treading,
 Lift from despair that struggler with the wave?
 And wert Thou not, sad tears, yet awful, shedding,
 Beheld, a weeper at a mortal's grave?
 And is this weight of anguish, which they bind
 On life, this searing to the quick of mind,
 That but to God its own free path would crave,
 This crushing out of hope, and love, and youth,
Thy will indeed?—Give light! that I may know the truth

LXXXIX.

"For my sick soul is darkened unto death,
 With shadows from the suffering it hath seen;
 The strong foundations of mine ancient faith
 Sink from beneath me—whereon shall I lean?
 Oh! if from Thy pure lips was wrung the sigh
 Of the dust's anguish! if like man to die—
 And earth round *him* shuts heavily—hath been
 Even to *Thee* bitter, aid me!—guide me!—turn
 My wild and wandering thoughts back from their starless
 bourne!"—

XC.

And calmed I rose:—but how the while had risen
 Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist and shade!—
 Could there indeed be wrong, or chain, or prison,
 In the bright world such radiance might pervade?
 It filled the fane, it mantled the pale form
 Which rose before me through the pictured storm,
 Even the grey tombs it kindled, and arrayed
 With life!—How hard to see thy race begun
 And think man wakes to grief, wakening to *thee*, O Sun!

XCI.

I sought my home again:—and thou, my child,
 There at thy play beneath yon ancient pine,
 With eyes, whose lightning-laughter hath beguiled
 A thousand pangs, thence flashing joy to mine;
 Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe, didst meet
 My coming with young smiles, which yet, though sweet,
 Seemed on my soul all mournfully to shine,
 And ask a happier heritage for thee,
 Than but in turn the blight of human hope to see.

XCII.

Now sport, for thou art free, the bright birds chasing
 Whose wings wait star-like gleams from tree to tree;
 Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-playmate racing,
 Sport on, my joyous child! for thou art free!
 Yes, on that day I took thee to my heart,
 And inly vowed, for thee a better part
 To choose; that so thy sunny bursts of glee
 Should wake no more dim thoughts of far-seen woe,
 But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow on—as now they flow.

XCIII.

Thou hast a rich world round thee:—Mighty shades
 Weaving their gorgeous tracery o'er thy head,
 With the light melting through their high arcades,
 As through a pillared cloister's: but the dead
 Sleep not beneath; nor doth the sunbeam pass

To marble shrines through rainbow-tinted glass;
 Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led
 To worship, thou art blest!—to thee is shown
 Earth in her holy pomp, decked for her God alone.

PART SECOND.

“Wie diese treue liebe Seele
 Von ihrem Glauben voll,
 Der ganz allein
 Ihr selig machend ist, sich heilig quäle,
 Das sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll!”—*Faust*.

“I never shall smile more—but all my days
 Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,
 An everlasting hymn within my soul.”—*WILSON*.

I.

BRING me the sounding of the torrent-water,
 With yet a nearer swell—fresh breeze, awake!
 And river, darkening ne’er with hues of slaughter
 Thy wave’s pure silvery green—and shining lake,
 Spread far before my cabin, with thy zone
 Of ancient woods, ye chainless things and lone!
 Send voices through the forest aisles, and make
 Glad music round me, that my soul may dare,
 Cheered by such tones, to look back on a dungeon’s air!

II.

O Indian hunter of the desert’s race!
 That with the spear at times, or bended bow,
 Dost cross my footsteps in thy fiery chase
 Of the swift elk or blue hill’s flying roe;
 Thou that beside the red night-fire thou heapest,
 Beneath the cedars and the starlight sleepest,
 Thou know’st not, wanderer—never mayst thou know!
 Of the dark holds wherewith man cumbereth earth,
 To shut from human eyes the dancing season’s mirth.

III.

There, fettered down from day, to think the while
 How bright in Heaven the festal sun is glowing,
 Making earth’s loneliest places, with his smile,
 Flush like the rose; and how the streams are flowing
 With sudden sparkles through the shadowy grass,
 And water-flowers, all trembling as they pass;
 And how the rich, dark summer-trees are bowing
 With their full foliage;—this to know, and pine,
 Bound unto midnight’s heart, seems a stern lot—’twas mine

IV.

Wherefore was this?—Because my soul had drawn
 Light from the Book whose words are graven in light!
 There, at its well-head, had I found the dawn,
 And day, and noon of freedom:—but too bright
 It shines on that which man to man hath given,
 And called the truth—the very truth from Heaven!
 And therefore seeks he, in his brother's sight,
 To cast the mote; and therefore strives to bind
 With his strong chains to earth, what is not earth's—the
 mind!

V.

It is a weary and a bitter task
 Back from the lip the burning word to keep,
 And to shut out Heaven's air with falsehood's mask,
 And in the dark urn of the soul to heap
 Indignant feelings—making even of thought
 A buried treasure, which may but be sought
 When shadows are abroad—and night—and sleep.
 I might not brook it long—and thus was thrown
 Into that grave-like cell, to wither there alone.

VI.

And I, a child of danger, whose delights
 Were on dark hills and many-sounding seas—
 I, that amidst the Cordillera heights
 Had given Castilian banners to the breeze,
 And the full circle of the rainbow seen
 There, on the snows, and in my country been
 A mountain wanderer, from the Pyrenees
 To the Morena crags—how left I not
 Life, or the soul's life, quenched out, on that sepulchral spot?

VII.

Because *Thou* didst not leave me, O my God!
 Thou wert with those that bore the truth of old
 Into the deserts from th' oppressor's rod,
 And made the caverns of the rock their fold;
 And in the hidden chambers of the dead
 Our guiding lamp with fire immortal fed;
 And met when stars met, by their beams to hold
 The free heart's communing with Thee—and Thou
 Wert in the midst, felt, owned—the Strengthened then as
 now!

VIII.

Yet once I sank. Alas! man's wavering mind!
 Wherefore and whence the gusts that o'er it blow!
 How they bear with them, floating uncombined
 The shadows of the past, that come and go,

As o'er the deep the old long-buried things,
Which a storm's working to the surface brings!
Is the reed shaken—and must we be so,
With every wind?—So, Father! must we be,
Till we can fix undimmed our steadfast eyes on Thee.

IX.

Once my soul died within me. What had thrown
That sickness o'er it?—Even a passing thought
Of a clear spring, whose side, with flowers o'ergrown,
Fondly and oft my boyish steps had sought!
Perchance the damp roof's water-drops, that fell
Just then, low tinkling through my vaulted cell,
Intensely heard amidst the stillness, caught
Some tone from memory, of the music, welling
Ever with that fresh rill, from its deep rocky dwelling.

X.

But so my spirit's fevered longings wrought,
Wakening, it might be, to the faint, sad sound,
That from the darkness of the walls they brought
A loved scene round me, visibly around.
Yes! kindling, spreading, brightening, hue by hue,
Like stars from midnight, through the gloom it grew,
That haunt of youth, hope, manhood!—till the bound
Of my shut cavern seemed dissolved, and I
Girt by the solemn hills and burning pomp of sky.

XI.

I looked—and lo! the clear, broad river flowing,
Past the old Moorish ruin on the steep,
The lone tower dark against a Heaven all glowing,
Like seas of glass and fire!—I saw the sweep
Of glorious woods far down the mountain-side,
And their still shadows in the gleaming tide,
And the red evening on its waves asleep;
And 'midst the scene—oh! more than all—there smiled
My child's fair face, and hers, the mother of my child!

XII.

With their soft eyes of love and gladness raised
Up to the flushing sky, as when we stood
Last by that river, and in silence gazed
On the rich world of sunset:—but a flood
Of sudden tenderness my soul oppressed,
And I rushed forward with a yearning breast
To clasp—alas!—a vision!—Wave and wood,
And gentle faces, lifted in the light
Of day's last hectic blush, all melted from my sight.

XIII.

Then darkness!—Oh! th' unutterable gloom
 That seemed as narrowing round me, making less
 And less my dungeon, when, with all its bloom,
 That bright dream vanished from my loneliness!
 It floated off, the beautiful!—yet left
 Such deep thirst in my soul, that thus bereft,
 I lay down, sick with passion's vain excess,
 And prayed to die.—How oft would sorrow weep
 Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep.

XIV.

But I was roused—and how?—It is no tale
 Even 'midst *thy* shades, thou wilderness, to tell!
 I would not have my boy's young cheek made pale,
 Nor haunt his sunny rest with what befell
 In that drear prison-house. His eye must grow
 More dark with thought, more earnest his fair brow,
 More high his heart in youthful strength must swell:
 So shall it fitly burn when all is told:—
 Let childhood's radiant mist the free child yet unfold!

XV.

It is enough that through such heavy hours,
 As wring us by our fellowship of clay,
 I lived, and undegraded. We have powers
 To snatch th' oppressor's bitter joy away!
 Shall the wild Indian, for his savage fame,
 Laugh and expire, and shall not Truth's high name
 Bear up her martyrs with all-conquering sway?
 It is enough that Torture may be vain—
 I had seen Alvar die—the strife was won from Pain.

XVI.

And faint not, heart of man! though years wane slow!
 There have been those that from the deepest caves,
 And cells of night, and fastnesses below
 The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,
 Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed
 A quenchless hope, and watched their time, and burst
 On the bright day, like wakeners from the graves!
 I was of such at last!—unchained I trod
 This green earth, taking back my freedom from my God!

XVII.

That was an hour to send its fadeless trace
 Down life's far-sweeping tide!—A dim, wild night,
 Like sorrow, hung upon the soft moon's face,
 Yet how my heart leaped in her blessed light!

The shepherd's light—the sailor's on the sea—
 The hunter's homeward from the mountains free,
 Where its lone smile makes tremulously bright
 The thousand streams!—I could but gaze through tears—
 Oh! what a sight is heaven, thus first beheld for years!

XVIII.

The rolling clouds!—they have the whole blue space
 Above to sail in—all the dome of sky!
 My soul shot with them in their breezy race
 O'er star and gloom!—but I had yet to fly,
 As flies the hunted wolf. A secret spot
 And strange, I knew—the sunbeam knew it not;—
 Wildest of all the savage glens that lie
 In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,
 And traversed but by storms, or sounding eagles' wings.

XIX.

Ay, and I met the storm there!—I had gained
 The covert's heart with swift and stealthy tread;
 A moan went past me, and the dark trees rained
 Their autumn foliage rustling on my head;
 A moan—a hollow gust, and there I stood
 Girt with majestic night, and ancient wood,
 And foaming water.—Thither might have fled
 The mountain Christian with his faith of yore,
 When Afric's tambour shook the ringing Western shore!

XX.

But through the black ravine the storm came swelling—
 Mighty thou art amidst the hills, thou blast!
 In thy lone course the kingly cedars felling,
 Like plumes upon the path of battle cast!
 A rent oak thundered down beside my cave,
 Booming it rushed, as booms a deep sea wave;
 A falcon soared; a startled wild-deer passed;
 A far-off bell tolled faintly through the roar:—
 How my glad spirit swept forth with the winds once more!

XXI.

And with the arrowy lightnings!—for they flashed,
 Smiting the branches in their fitful play,
 And brightly shivering where the torrents dashed
 Up, even to crag and eagle's nest, their spray!
 And there to stand amidst the pealing strife,
 The strong pines groaning with tempestuous life,
 And all the mountain-voices on their way—
 Was it not joy?—'twas joy in rushing might,
 After those years that wove but one long dead of night!

XXII.

There came a softer hour, a lovelier moon,
 And lit me to my home of youth again,
 Through the dim chestnut shade, where oft at noon
 By the fount's flashing burst, my head had lain
 In gentle sleep: but now I passed as one
 That may not pause where wood-streams whispering run,
 Or light sprays tremble to a bird's wild strain,
 Because th' avenger's voice is in the wind,
 The foe's quick, rustling step close on the leaves behind.

XXIII.

My home of youth!—oh! if indeed to part
 With the soul's loved ones be a mournful thing,
 When we go forth in buoyancy of heart,
 And bearing all the glories of our spring
 For life to breathe on—is it less to meet,
 When these are faded?—who shall call it sweet?—
 Even though love's mingling tears may haply bring
 Balm as they fall, too well their heavy showers
 Teach us how much is lost of all that once was ours!

XXIV.

Not by the sunshine, with its golden glow,
 Nor the green earth, nor yet the laughing sky,
 Nor the faint flower-scents, as they come and go
 In the soft air, like music wandering by;—
 Oh! not by these, th' unfailing, are we taught
 How time and sorrow on our frames have wrought;
 But by the saddened eye, the darkened brow
 Of kindred aspects, and the long dim gaze,
 Which tells us *we* are changed—how changed from other
 days!

XXV.

Before my father—in my place of birth,
 I stood an alien. On the very floor
 Which oft had trembled to my boyish mirth
 The love that reared me, knew my face no more!
 There hung the antique armour, helm, and crest,
 Whose every stain woke childhood in my breast,
 There drooped the banner, with the marks it bore
 Of Paynim spears; and I, the worn in frame
 And heart, what there was I?—another and the same!

XXVI.

Then bounded in a boy, with clear, dark eye—
 How should *he* know his father?—when we parted,
 From the soft cloud which mantles infancy,
 His soul, just wakening into wonder, darted
 Its first looks round. Him followed one, the bride

Of my young days, the wife how loved and tried!
 Her glance met mine—I could not speak—she started
 With a bewildered gaze;—until there came
 Tears to my burning eyes, and from my lips her name.

XXVII.

She knew me then!—I murmured "*Leonor!*"
 And her heart answered!—oh!—the voice is known
 First from all else, and swiftest to restore
 Love's buried images, with one low tone
 That strikes like lightning, when the cheek is faded,
 And the brow heavily with thought o'ershaded,
 And all the brightness from the aspect gone!—
 Upon my breast she sank, when doubt was fled,
 Weeping as those may weep that meet in woe and dread.

XXVIII

For there we might not rest. Alas! to leave
 Those native towers, and know that they must fall
 By slow decay, and none remain to grieve
 When the weeds clustered on the lonely wall!
 We were the last—my boy and I—the last
 Of a long line which brightly thence had passed!
 My father blessed me as I left his hall—
 With his deep tones and sweet, though full of years.
 He blessed me there, and bathed my child's young head
 with tears.

XXIX.

I had brought sorrow on his grey hairs down,
 And cast the darkness of my branded name
 (For so he deemed it) on the clear renown,
 My own ancestral heritage of fame.
 And yet he blessed me!—Father! if the dust
 Lie on those lips benign, my spirit's trust
 Is to behold thee yet, where grief and shame
 Dim the bright day no more; and thou wilt know
 That not through guilt thy son thus bowed thine age with
 woe!

XXX.

And thou, my *Leonor!* that unrepining,
 If sad in soul, didst quit all else for me,
 When stars—the stars that earliest rise—are shining,
 How their soft glance unseals each thought of thee!
 For on our flight they smiled; their dewy rays,
 Through the last olives, lit thy tearful gaze
 Back to the home we never more might see;
 So passed we on, like earth's first exiles, turning
 Fond looks where hung the sword above their Eden burning.

XXXI.

It was a woe to say, "Farewell, my Spain!
 The sunny and the vintage land, farewell!"—
 I could have died upon the battle-plain
 For thee, my country! but I might not dwell
 In thy sweet vales, at peace.—The voice of song
 Breathes, with the myrtle scent, thy hills along;
 The citron's glow is caught from shade and dell:
 But what are these!—upon thy flowery sod
 I might not kneel, and pour my free thoughts out to God!

XXXII.

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chainless deep!—
 Strange heart of man! that even 'midst woe swells high,
 When through the foam he sees his proud bark sweep,
 Flinging out joyous gleams to wave and sky!
 Yes! it swells high, whate'er he leaves behind;
 His spirit rises with the rising wind;
 For, wedded to the far futurity,
 On, on, it bears him ever, and the main
 Seems rushing, like his hope, some happier shore to gain.

XXXIII.

Not thus is woman. Closely *her* still heart
 Doth twine itself with even each lifeless thing,
 Which, long remembered, seemed to bear its part
 In her calm joys. For ever would she cling,
 A brooding dove, to that sole spot of earth
 Where she hath loved, and given her children birth,
 And heard their first sweet voices. There may Spring
 Array no path, renew no flower, no leaf,
 But hath its breath of home, its claim to farewell grief.

XXXIV.

I looked on Leonor—and if there seemed
 A cloud of more than pensiveness to rise
 In the faint smiles that o'er her features gleamed,
 And the soft darkness of her serious eyes,
 Misty with tender gloom, I called it nought
 But the fond exile's pang, a lingering thought
 Of her own vale, with all its melodies
 And living light of streams. Her soul would rest
 Beneath your shades, I said, bowers of the gorgeous West!

XXXV.

Oh! could we live in visions! could we hold
 Delusion faster, longer, to our breast,
 When it shuts from us, with its mantle's fold,
 That which we see not, and are therefore blest!
 But they, our loved and loving, they to whom

We have spread out our souls in joy and gloom,
Their looks and accents, unto ours addressed,
 Have been a language of familiar tone
 Too long to breathe, at last, dark sayings and unknown.

XXXVI.

I told my heart, 'twas but the exile's woe
 Which pressed on that sweet bosom;—I deceived
 My heart but half:—a whisper, faint and low,
 Haunting it ever, and at times believed,
 Spoke of some deeper cause. How oft we seem
 Like those that dream, and *know* the while they dream,
 'Midst the soft falls of airy voices grieved,
 And troubled, while bright phantoms round them play,
 By a dim sense that all will float and fade away!

XXXVII.

Yet, as if chasing joy, I wooed the breeze
 To speed me onward with the wings of morn.—
 Oh! far amidst the solitary seas,
 Which were not made for man, what man hath borne,
 Answering their moan with his!—what *thou* didst bear,
 My lost and loveliest! while that secret care
 Grew terror, and thy gentle spirit, worn
 By its dull brooding weight, gave way at last,
 Beholding me as one from hope for ever cast!

XXXVIII.

For unto thee, as through all change revealed
 Mine inward being lay. In other eyes
 I had to bow me yet, and make a shield,
 To fence my burning bosom, of disguise;
 By the still hope sustained, are long to win
 Some sanctuary, whose green retreats within,
 My thoughts unfettered to their source might rise,
 Like songs and scents of morn.—But *thou* didst look
 Through all my soul, and thine even unto fainting shook.

XXXIX.

Fallen, fallen, I seemed—yet, oh! not less beloved,
 Though from thy love was plucked the early pride,
 And harshly, by a gloomy faith reproved,
 died.
 And seared with shame!—though each young flower had
 There was the root—strong, living, not the less
 That all it yielded now was bitterness;
 Yet still such love as quits not misery's side
 Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like embrace,
 Nor turns away from death's its pale heroic face.

XL.

Yes! thou hadst followed me through fear and flight!
 Thou wouldst have followed had my pathway led
 Even to the scaffold; had the flashing light
 Of the raised axe made strong men shrink with dread,
 Thou, 'midst the hush of thousands, wouldst have been
 With thy clasped hands beside me kneeling seen,
 And meekly bowing to the shame thy head—
 The shame!—oh! making beautiful to view
 The might of human love—fair thing! so bravely true!

XLI.

There was thine agony—to love so well
 Where fear made love life's chastener.—Heretofore
 Whate'er of earth's disquiet round thee fell,
 Thy soul o'erpassing its dim bounds, could soar
 Away to sunshine, and thy clear eye speak
 Most of the skies when grief most touched thy cheek.
 Now, that far brightness faded! never more
 Couldst thou lift heavenwards for its hope thy heart,
 Since at Heaven's gate it seemed that thou and I must part.

XLII.

Alas! and life hath moments when a glance—
 (If thought to sudden watchfulness be stirred)—
 A flush—a fading of the cheek perchance,
 A word—less, less—the *cadence* of a word,
 Lets in our gaze the mind's dim veil beneath,
 Thence to bring haply knowledge fraught with death!—
 Even thus, what never from thy lip was heard
 Broke on my soul.—I knew that in thy sight
 I stood—howe'er beloved—a recreant from the light!

XLIII.

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along—
 Oh! the deep soul it breathed!—the love, the woe,
 The fervour, poured in that full gush of song,
 As it went floating through the fiery glow
 Of the rich sunset!—bringing thoughts of Spain,
 With all her vesper-voices, o'er the main,
 Which seemed responsive in its murmuring flow.—
 “*Ave sanctissima!*”—how oft that lay
 Hath melted from my heart the martyr-strength away!

Ave sanctissima!
 'Tis nightfall on the sea;
 Ora pro nobis!
 Our souls rise to Thee!

Watch us, while shadows lie
 O'er the dim water spread;
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh—
Thine, too, hath bled!

Thou that hast looked on death,
 Aid us when death is near!
 Whisper of Heaven to faith;
 Sweet Mother, hear!

Ora pro nobis!
 The wave must rock our sleep,
Ora, Mater, ora!
 Thou star of the deep!

XLIV.

"Ora pro nobis, Mater!"—What a spell
 Was in those notes, with day's last glory dyin'
 On the flushed waters!—seemed they not to swell
 From the far dust, wherein my sires were lying
 With crucifix and sword?—Oh! yet how clear
 Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear!
"Ora!"—with all the purple waves replying,
 All my youth's visions rising in the strain—
 And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain!

XLV.

Torture!—the sorrow of Affection's eye,
 Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core,
 Deeper, and teaching more of agony,
 May pierce than many swords!—and this I bore
 With a mute pang. Since I had vainly striven
 From its free springs to pour the truth of Heaven
 Into thy trembling soul, my Leonor!
 Silence rose up where hearts no hope could share:—
 Alas! for these that love, and may not blend in prayer!

XLVI.

We could not pray together 'midst the deep,
 Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
 Through days of splendour, nights too bright for sleep,
 Soft, solemn, holy!—We were on our way
 Unto the mighty Cordillera-land,
 With men whom tales of that world's golden strand
 Had lured to leave their vines.—Oh! who shall say
 What thoughts rose in us, when the tropic sky
 Touched all its molten seas with sunset's alchemy?

XLVII.

Thoughts no more mingled!—Then came night—th'
 intense
 Dark blue—the burning stars!—I saw *thee* shine
 Once more, in thy serene magnificence,
 O Southern Cross! as when thy radiant sign
 First drew my gaze of youth.—No, not as then;
 I had been stricken by the darts of men
 Since those fresh days; and now thy light divine
 Looked on mine anguish, while within me strove
 The still small voice against the might of suffering love.

XLVIII.

But thou, the clear, the glorious! thou wert pouring
 Brilliance and joy upon the crystal wave,
 While she that met thy ray with eyes adoring,
 Stood in the lengthened shadow of the grave!—
 Alas! I watched her dark religious glance,
 As it still sought thee through the Heaven's expanse,
 Bright Cross!—and knew not that I watched what gave
 But passing lustre—shrouded soon to be—
 A soft light found no more—no more on earth or sea!

XLIX.

I knew not all—yet something of unrest
 Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean wind! I said;
 Waft us to land, in leafy freshness drest,
 Where through rich clouds of foliage o'er her head,
 Sweet day may steal, and rills unseen go by,
 Like singing voices, and the green earth lie
 Starry with flowers, beneath her graceful tread!—
 But the calm bound us 'midst the glassy main;
 Ne'er was her step to bend earth's living flowers again.

L.

Yes! as if Heaven upon the waves were sleeping,
 Vexing my soul with quiet, there they lay
 All moveless, through their blue transparence keeping
 The shadows of our sails, from day to day!
 While she—oh! strongest is the strong heart's woe—
 And yet I live! I feel the sunshine's glow—
 And I am he that looked, and saw decay
 Steal o'er the fair of earth, th' adored too much!—
 It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch.

LI.

A fearful thing that love and death may dwell
 In the same world!—She faded on—and I—
 Blind to the last, there needed death to tell
 My trusting soul that she *could* fade to die!

Yet, ere she parted, I had marked a change,—
 But it breathed hope—'twas beautiful, though strange :
 Something of gladness in the melody
 Of her low voice, and in her words a flight
 Of airy thought—alas! too perilously bright!

LII.

And a clear sparkle in her glance, yet wild,
 And quick, and eager, like the flashing gaze
 Of some all-wondering and awakening child,
 That first the glories of the earth surveys.—
 How could it thus deceive me?—She had worn
 Around her, like the dewy mists of morn,
 A pensive tenderness through happiest days;
 And a soft world of dreams had seemed to lie
 Still in her dark, and deep, and spiritual eye.

LIII.

And I could hope in that strange fire!—she died,
 She died, with all its lustre on her mien!—
 The day was melting from the waters wide,
 And through its long bright hours her thoughts had been,
 It seemed, with restless and unwonted yearning,
 To Spain's blue skies and dark sierras turning;
 For her fond words were all of vintage-scene,
 And flowering myrtle, and sweet citron's breath:—
 Oh! with what vivid hues life comes back off on death!

LIV.

And from her lips the mountain-songs of old,
 In wild, faint snatches, fitfully had sprung;
 Songs of the orange bower, the Moorish hold,
 The "*Rio verde*," on her soul that hung,
 And thence flowed forth.—But now the sun was low;
 And watching by my side its last red glow,
 That ever stills the heart, once more she sung
 Her own soft "*Ora, Mater!*"—and the sound
 Was even like love's farewell—so mournfully profound.

LV.

The boy had dropped to slumber at our feet;—
 "And I have lulled him to his smiling rest
 Once more!" she said:—I raised him—it was sweet,
 Yet sad, to see the perfect calm which blessed
 His look that hour:—for now her voice grew weak;
 And on the flowery crimson of his cheek.
 With her white lips a long, long kiss she pressed,
 Yet light, to wake him not.—Then sank her head
 Against my bursting heart:—What did I clasp?—the dead!

LVI.

I called—to call what answers not our cries,
 By that we loved to stand unseen, unheard,
 With the loud passion of our tears and sighs
 To see but some cold glistening ringlet stirred,
 And in the quenched eye's fixedness to gaze,
 All vainly searching for the parted rays;
 This is what waits us!—Dead!—with that chill word
 To link our bosom names!—For this we pour
 Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble to adore!

LVII.

But the true parting came!—I looked my last
 On the sad beauty of that slumbering face;
 How could I think the lovely spirit passed,
 Which there had left so tenderly its trace?
 Yet a dim awfulness was on the brow—
 No! not like sleep to look upon art Thou,
 Death, Death!—She lay, a thing for earth's embrace,
 To cover with spring-wreaths. For earth's! the wave—
 That gives the bierno flowers—makes moan above her grave!

LVIII.

On the mid-seas a knell!—for man was there.
 Anguish and love—the mourner with his dead!
 A long, low-rolling knell—a voice of prayer—
 Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread—
 And the pale-shining Southern Cross on high,
 Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
 Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red:—
 Were these things round me? Such o'er memory sweep
 Wildly when aught brings back that burial of the deep.

LIX.

Then the broad, lonely sunrise! and the plash
 Into the sounding waves!—around her head
 They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
 Then shut—and all was still. And now thy bed
 Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonor!
 Once fairest of young brides!—and never more,
 Loved as thou wert, may human tear be shed
 Above thy rest!—No mark the proud seas keep
 To show where he that wept may pause again to weep.

LX.

So the depth took thee!—Oh! the sullen sense
 Of desolation in that hour compressed!
 Dust going down, a speck, amidst th' immense
 And gloomy waters, leaving on their breast
 The trace a weed might leave there!—Dust!—the thing

Which to the heart was as a living spring
 Of joy, with fearfulness of love possessed,
 Thus sinking!—Love, joy, fear, all crushed to this—
 And the wide Heaven so far—so fathomless th' abyss!

LXI.

Where the line sounds not, where the wrecks lie low,
 What shall wake thence the dead?—Blest, blest are they
 That earth to earth intrust; for they may know
 And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay
 Shall rise at last; and bid the young flowers bloom,
 That waft a breath of hope around the tomb;
 And kneel upon the dewy turf to pray!
 But thou, what cave hath dimly chambered *thee*?
 Vain dreams!—oh! art thou not where there is no more sea?

LXII.

The wind rose free and singing:—when for ever,
 O'er that sole spot of all the watery plain,
 I could have bent my sight with fond endeavour
 Down, where its treasure was, its glance to strain;
 Then rose the reckless wind!—Before our prow
 The white foam flashed—ay, joyously—and thou
 Wert left with all the solitary main
 Around thee—and thy beauty in my heart,
 And thy meek sorrowing love—oh! where could *that* depart?

LXIII.

I will not speak of woe; I may not tell—
 Friend tells not such to friend—the thoughts which rent
 My fainting spirit, when its wild farewell
 Across the billows to thy grave was sent,
 Thou, there most lonely —He that sits above,
 In His calm glory, will forgive the love
 His creatures bear each other, even if blent
 With a vain worship; for its close is dim
 Ever with grief, which leads the wrung soul back to Him!

LXIV.

And with a milder pang if now I bear
 To think of thee in thy forsaken rest,
 If from my heart be lifted the despair,
 The sharp remorse with healing influence pressed,
 If the soft eyes that visit me in sleep
 Look not reproach, though still they seem to weep;
 It is that He my sacrifice hath blessed,
 And filled my bosom, through its inmost cell,
 With a deep chastening sense that all at last is well.

LXV.

Yes! thou art now—oh! wherefore doth the thought
 Of the wave dashing o'er the long bright hair,
 The sea-weed into its dark tresses wrought,
 The sand thy pillow—thou that wert so fair!
 Come o'er me still!—Earth, earth!—it is the hold
 Earth ever keeps on that of earthly mould!
 But *thou* art breathing now in purer air,
 I well believe, and freed from all of error,
 Which blighted here the root of thy sweet life with terror.

LXVI.

And if the love, which here was passing light,
 Went with what died not—oh! that *this* we knew,
 But this!—that through the silence of the night,
 Some voice, of all the lost ones and the true,
 Would speak, and say, if in their far repose,
 We are yet aught of what we were to those
 We call the dead!—their passionate adieu,
 Was it but breath, to perish?—Holier trust
 Be mine!—thy love *is* there, but purified from dust!

LXVII.

A thing all heavenly!—cleared from that which hung
 As a dim cloud between us, heart and mind!
 Loosed from the fear, the grief, whose tendrils flung
 A chain, so darkly with its growth entwined.
 This is my hope!—though when the sunset fades,
 When forests rock the midnight on their shades,
 When tones of wail are in the rising wind.
 Across my spirit some faint doubt may sigh;
 For the strong hours *will* sway his frail mortality!

LXVIII.

We have been wanderers since those days of woe,
 Thy boy and I!—As wild birds tend their young,
 So have I tended him—my bounding roe!
 The high Peruvian solitudes among;
 And o'er the Andes' torrents borne his form,
 Where our frail bridge hath quivered 'midst the storm.
 But there the war-notes of my country rung,
 And, smitten deep of Heaven and man, I fled
 To hide in shades unpierced a marked and weary head.

LXIX.

But he went on in gladness—that fair child!
 Save when at times his bright eye seemed to dream,
 And his young lips, which then no longer smiled,
 Asked of his mother!—That was but a gleam
 Of Memory, fleeting fast;—and then his play

Through the wide Llanos* cheered again our way,
 And by the mighty Oronoco stream,
 On whose lone margin we have heard at morn,
 From the mysterious rocks, the sunrise-music borne.

LXX.

So like a spirit's voice! a harping tone,
 Lovely, yet ominous to mortal ear,
 Such as might reach us from a world unknown,
 Troubling man's heart with thrills of joy and fear!
 'Twas sweet!—yet those deep Southern shades oppressed
 My soul with stillness, like the calms that rest
 On melancholy waves: I sighed to hear
 Once more earth's breezy sounds, her foliage fanned,
 And turned to seek the wilds of the red hunter's land.

LXXI.

And we have won a bower of refuge now,
 In this fresh waste, the breath of whose repose
 Hath cooled, like dew, the fever of my brow,
 And whose green oaks and cedars round me close
 As temple-walls and pillars, that exclude
 Earth's haunted dreams from their free solitude;
 All, save the image and the thought of those
 Before us gone; our loved of early years,
 Gone where affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears.

LXXII.

I see a star—eve's first born!—in whose train
 Past scenes, words, looks, come back. The arrowy spire
 Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt fane,
 Rests dark and still amidst a heaven of fire;
 The pine gives forth its odours, and the lake
 Gleams like one ruby, and the soft winds wake,
 Till every string of nature's solemn lyre
 Is touched to answer; its most secret tone
 Drawn from each tree, for each hath whispers all its own.

LXXIII.

And hark! another murmur on the air,
 Not of the hidden rills, or quivering shades!—
 That is the cataract's, which the breezes bear,
 Filling the leafy twilight of the glades
 With hollow surge-like sounds, as from the bed
 Of the blue, mournful seas, that keep the dead:
 But *they* are far!—the low sun here pervades
 Dim forest-arches, bathing with red gold
 Their stems, till each is made a marvel to behold,—

* Savannahs, or great plains of South America.

LXXIV.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom!—In such an hour,
The Vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each grey convent's tower
O'er shining rivers poured, and olive-dells,
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,
And hamlet, round my home :—and I am here,
Living again through all my life's farewells,
In these vast woods, where farewell ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart—yet unbroken!

LXXV.

In such an hour are told the hermit's beads;
With the white sail the seaman's hymn floats by,
Peace be with all! whate'er their varying creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts on high!
Come to me, boy!—by Guadalquiver's vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day declines,
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy sky,—
We, too, will pray; nor yet unheard, my child!
Of him whose voice we hear at eve amidst the wild.

LXXVI.

At eve?—oh! through all hours!—From dark dreams oft
Awakening, I look forth, and learn the night
Of solitude, while thou art breathing soft,
And low, my loved one! on the breast of night:
I look forth on the stars—the shadowy sleep
Of forests—and the lake, whose gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies' light.
A lonely world!—even fearful to man's thought,
But for His presence felt, whom here my soul hath sought.

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.

THE following pieces may so far be considered a series, as each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*," the execution is, however, different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.

MOORISH BRIDAL SONG.

["It is a custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal-song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home."]

THE citron-groves their fruit and flowers were strewing
Around a Moorish palace, while the sigh
Of low sweet summer winds the branches wooing
With music through their shadowy bowers went by ;
Music and voices, from the marble halls
Through the leaves gleaming, and the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal song came swelling
To blend with fragrance in those Southern shades,
And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,
Bright lamps, and dancing steps, and gem-crowned maids ;
And thus it flowed :—yet something in the lay
Belonged to sadness, as it died away.

"The bride comes forth ! her tears no more are falling
To leave the chamber of her infant years ;
Kind voices from a distant home are calling ;
She comes like day-spring—she hath done with tears ;
Now must her dark eye shine on other flowers,
Her soft smile gladden other hearts than ours !—
Pour the rich odours round !

"We haste ! the chosen and the lovely bringing ;
Love still goes with her from her place of birth ;
Deep, silent joy within her soul is springing,
Though in her glance the light no more is mirth !
Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years ;
Her sisters weep—but she hath done with tears !—
Now may the timbrel sound !"

Know'st thou for *whom* they sang the bridal numbers ?—
One whose rich tresses were to wave no more !
One whose pale cheek soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,
Nor Love's own sigh, to rose-tints might restore !
Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread.
Weep for the young, the beautiful,—the dead !

THE BIRD'S RELEASE.

[The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the description of Virginia's funeral.—See *Paul and Virginia*.]

Go forth! for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air;
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath passed away!
It hath passed away like a summer breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free!
With thy radiant wing, and thy glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught e'en to her we mourn?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not—but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng;
She hath left her dwelling lone!

When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice amidst thousands more,
In the scented woods of our glowing shore;
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Even so with the loved one flown,
Her smile on the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain!
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
Which the bright day rears in our Eastern bowers;
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed,
But it wins *her* back no more!

THE SWORD OF THE TOMB

A NORTHERN LEGEND.

[The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in "Starköther," a tragedy by the Danish Oehlenschläger. The sepulchral fire here alluded to, and supposed to guard the ashes of deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the departed spirit were supposed by the Scandinavian mythologists to be the consequence of any profanation of the sepulchre.—See *Oehlenschläger's Plays*.]

"VOICE of the gifted elder time!
Voice of the charm and the Runic rhyme!
Speak! from the shades and the depths disclose,
How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal foes;
Voice of the buried past!

"Voice of the grave! 'tis the mighty hour,
When night with her stars and dreams hath power,
And my step hath been soundless on the snows,
And the spell I have sung hath laid repose
On the billow and the blast."

Then the torrents of the North,
And the forest pines were still,
While a hollow chant came forth
From the dark sepulchral hill.

"There shines no sun 'midst the hidden dead,
But where the day looks not the brave may tread;
There is heard no song, and no mead is poured,
But the warrior may come to the silent board,
In the shadow of the night.

"There is laid a sword in thy father's tomb,
And its edge is fraught with thy foeman's doom;
But soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

Then died the solemn lay,
As a trumpet's music dies,
By the night-wind borne away
Through the wild and stormy skies.

The fir-trees rocked to the wailing blast,
As on through the forest the warrior passed,—
Through the forest of Odin, the dim and old,
The dark place of visions and legends, told
By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir-trees rocked, and the frozen ground
Gave back to his footstep a hollow sound;

And it seemed that the depths of those awful shades,
From the dreary gloom of their long arcades,
Gave warning with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic knows,
To call wild shape and tone
From the grey wood's tossing boughs,
When Night is on her throne.

The pines closed o'er him with deeper gloom,
As he took the path to the monarch's tomb:
The Pole-star shone, and the heavens were bright
With the arrowy streams of the Northern light,
But his road through dimness lay!

He passed, in the heart of that ancient wood,
The dark shrine stained with the victim's blood;
Nor paused, till the rock where a vaulted bed
Had been hewn of old for the kingly dead,
Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill
Went shuddering through his breast,
And the steel-clad man stood still
Before that place of rest.

But he crossed at length, with a deep-drawn breath,
The threshold-floor of the hall of Death,
And looked on the pale mysterious fire
Which gleamed from the urn of his warrior-sire,
With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding strain
Like an omen rose on his soul again:
"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

But the gleaming sword and shield
Of many a battle-day
Hung o'er that urn, revealed
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray.

With a faded wreath of oak-leaves bound,
They hung o'er the dust of the far-renowned,
Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning voice
Had called to the banquet where gods rejoice,
And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew near,
And still rang the verse in his thrilling ear:
"Soft be thy step through the silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful might!"

And many a Saga's rhyme,
And legend of the grave,
That shadowy scene and time
Called back to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm—and the flame grew dim,
And the sword in its light seemed to wave and swim,
And his faltering hand could not grasp it well—
From the pale oak-wreath, with a clash it fell
Through the chamber of the dead!

The deep tomb rang with the heavy sound,
And the urn lay shivered in fragments round;
And a rush, as of tempests, quenched the fire,
And the scattered dust of his warlike sire
Was strewn on the Champion's head.

One moment—and all was still
In the slumberer's ancient hall,
When the rock had ceased to thrill
With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading, one by one,
The clouds were just tinged by the early sun,
When there streamed through the cavern a torch's flame,
And the brother of Sigurd the valiant came
To seek him in the tomb.

Stretched on his shield, like the steel-girt slain,
By moonlight seen on the battle-plain,
In a speechless trance lay the warrior there,
But he wildly woke when the torch's glare
Burst on him through the gloom.

"The morning wind blows free,
And the hour of chase is near:
Come forth, come forth, with me!
What dost thou, Sigurd, here?"

"I have put out the holy sepulchral fire,
I have scattered the dust of my warrior sire!
It burns on my head, and it weighs down my heart;
But the winds shall not wander without their part
To strew o'er the restless deep!

"In the mantle of death he was here with me now—
There was wrath in his eye, there was gloom on his brow;
And his cold, still glance on my spirit fell
With an icy ray and a withering spell—
Oh! chill is the house of sleep!"

"The morning wind blows free,
And the reddening sun shines clear;

Come forth, come forth, with me!
It is dark and fearful here!"

"He is there, he is there, with his shadowy frown!
But gone from his head is the kingly crown.—
The crown from his head, and the spear from his hand—
They have chased him far from the glorious land
Where the feast of the gods is spread!

"He must go forth alone on his phantom steed,
He must ride o'er the grave-hills with stormy speed;
His place is no longer at Odin's board,
He is driven from Valhalla without his sword!
But the slayer shall avenge the dead!"

That sword its fame had won
By the fall of many a crest,
But its fiercest work was done
In the tomb, on Sigurd's breast!

VALKYRIUR SONG.

[The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin. When a Northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile.—See MALLETT'S *Northern Antiquities*, HERBERT'S *Helga*, &c.]

"Tremblingly flashed th' inconstant meteor light,
Showing thin forms like virgins of this earth,
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
The flush of passion, smile or tear, had seemed
On the fixed brightness of each dazzling cheek
Strange and unnatural."—MILMAN.

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled sleep
Of a vision-haunted night,
And he looked from his bark o'er the gloomy deep,
And counted the streaks of light;
For the red sun's earliest ray
Was to rouse his hands that day,
To the stormy joy of fight!

But the dreams of rest were still on earth,
And the silent stars on high,
And there waved not the smoke of one cabin hearth
'Midst the quiet of the sky;
And along the twilight bay
In their sleep the hamlets lay,
For they knew not the Norse were nigh!

The Sea-king looked o'er the brooding wave;
He turned to the dusky shore,
And there seemed, through the arch of a tide-worn cave,
A gleam, as of snow, to pour;
And forth, in watery light,
Moved phantom's, dimly white,
Which the garb of woman bore.

Slowly they moved to the billow side;
And the forms, as they grew more clear,
Seemed each on a tall, pale steed to ride,
And a shadowy crest to rear,
And to beckon with faint hand,
From the dark and rocky strand,
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
Before th' unearthly train,
For he knew Valhalla's daughters well,
The Choosers of the slain!
And a sudden rising breeze
Bore, across the moaning seas,
To his ear their thrilling strain.

“There are songs in Odin's Hall
For the brave, ere night to fall!
Doth the great sun hide his ray?—
He must bring a wrathful day!
Sleeps the falchion in its sheath?—
Swords must do the work of death!
Regner!—Sea-king!—*thee* we call!—
There is joy in Odin's Hall.

“At the feast and in the song,
Thou shalt be remembered long!
By the green isles of the flood
Thou hast left thy track in blood!
On the earth and on the sea
There are those who will speak of thee!
'Tis enough—the war-gods call—
There is mead in Odin's Hall!

“Regner! tell thy fair-haired bride
She must slumber at thy side!
Tell the brother of thy breast
Even for him thy grave hath rest!
Tell the raven steed which bore thee,
When the wild wolf fled before thee,
He too with his lord must fall—
There is room in Odin's Hall!

“Lo! the mighty sun looks forth—
Arm! thou leader of the North!

Lo! the mists of twilight fly—
 We must vanish, thou must die!
 By the sword and by the spear,
 By the hand that knows not fear,
 Sea-king! nobly shalt thou fall!—
 There is joy in Odin's Hall!"

There was arming heard on land and wave,
 When afar the sunlight spread,
 And the phantom forms of the tide-worn cave
 With the mists of morning fled.
 But at eve the kingly hand
 Of the battle axe and brand
 Lay cold on a pile of dead!

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS.

SWISS TRADITION.

[The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells; and say that they lie there, in their antique garb, in quiet slumber; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken and regain the liberties of the land.—See *Quarterly Review*, No. 44.

The Grütli, where the confederates held their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, or Lake of the Forest-cantons, here called the Forest-sea.]

OH! enter not yon shadowy cave,
 Seek not the bright spars there,
 Though the whispering pines that o'er it wave
 With freshness fill the air:
 For there the Patriot Three,
 In the garb of old arrayed,
 By their native Forest-sea
 On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore
 Beneath the midnight sky,
 And leagued their hearts on the Grütli shore,
 In the name of liberty!
 Now silently they sleep
 Amidst the hills they freed;
 But their rest is only deep,
 Till their country's hour of need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
 Nor at the Lammer-geyer's cry,
 Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
 Nor the Lauwine thundering by!
 And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
 To a Switzer's heart so dear!

On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagles' lonely sky:
When spear-heads light the lakes,
When trumpets loose the snows,
When the rushing war-steed shakes
The glacier's mute repose;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light;—
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!
With a leap, like Tell's proud leap,
When away the helm he flung,*
And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billows sprung!

They shall wake beside their Forest-sea
In the ancient garb they wore
When they linked the hands that made us free,
On the Grütli's moonlight shore:
And their voices shall be heard,
And be answered with a shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirred,
And the signal-fires blaze out.

And the land shall see such deeds again
As those of that proud day,
When Winkelried, on Sempach's plain,
Through the serried spears made way;
And when the rocks came down
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crowned casques,† o'erthrown,
Before our fathers fell!

For the Kùhreihe's‡ notes must never sound
In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on Freedom's holy ground
Untrampled must remain!
And the yellow harvests wave
For no stranger's hand to reap,
While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep!

* The point of rock on which Tell leaped from the boat of Gessler is marked by a chapel, and called the *Tellensprung*.

† *Crowned Helmets*, as a distinction of rank, are mentioned in Simoud's "Switzerland."

‡ The Kùhreihe, the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*.

SWISS SONG.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

[The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient battles with much solemnity; assembling in the open air on the fields where their ancestors fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the priests, and the names of all who shared in the glory of the day enumerated.—See PLANTA'S *Helvetic Confederacy*.]

LOOK on the white Alps round !
If yet they gird a land
Where Freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here, in the narrow battle dell !

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn—
Home!—home!—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perished here !

Look on the white Alps round !
Up to their shining snows
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle, rose !
Their caves prolonged the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it passed !

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner and the mail-clad breast,
Borne down, and trampled here !
They saw—and glorying there they stand,
Eternal records to the land !

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen !
By them no steel array was worn,
They stood as peasant-men !
They left the vineyard and the field
To break an empire's lance and shield !

Look on the white Alps round !
If yet, along their steeps,
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps :
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand !

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When winter stars gleam cold,

The glorious tales of elder days
 May proudly yet be told,
 Forget not then the shepherd race,
 Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!
 If yet the Sabbath-bell
 Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,
 Think on the battle dell!
 For blood first bathed its flowery sod;
 That chainless hearts might worship God!

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

[Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain bird that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.—See PICART's *Ceremonies and Religious Customs*.]

THOU art come from the spirits' land, thou bird!
 Thou art come from the spirits' land!
 Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
 And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
 In the light of that summer shore,
 And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
 They are there—and they weep no more!

And we know they have quenched their fever's thirst
 From the Fountain of Youth ere now,*
 For *there* must the stream in its freshness burst,
 Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lured to earth
 From the land of deathless flowers,
 By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,
 Though their hearts were once with ours:

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
 And bent with us the bow,
 And heard the tales of our father's days,
 Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!
 Can those who have loved forget?
 We call—and they answer not again—
 Do they love—do they love us yet?

*An expedition was actually undertaken by Juan Ponce de Leon, in the sixteenth century, with the view of discovering a wonderful fountain, believed by the natives of Puerto Rico to spring in one of the Lucayo Isles, and to possess the virtue of restoring youth to all who bathed in its waters.—See ROBERTSON's *History of America*.

Doth the warrior think of his brother *there*,
 And the father of his child ?
 And the chief, of those that were wont to share
 His wanderings through the wild ?
 We call them far through the silent night,
 And they speak not from cave or hill ;
 We know, thou bird ! that their land is bright,
 But say, do they love there still ?

 THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

[“J’ai passé moi-même,” says Chateaubriand, in his “Souvenirs d’Amérique,” “chez une peuplade Indienne qui se prenait à pleurer à la vue d’un voyageur, parce qu’il lui rappelait des amis partis pour la Contrée des Ames, et dequis longtemps *en voyage*.”]

WE saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
 We looked for the youth of the sunny glance,
 Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance ;
 The light of his eye was a joy to see,
 The path of his arrows a storm to flee !
 But there came a voice from a distant shore :
 He was called—he is found ’midst his tribe no more !
 He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
 But we look for him still—he will yet return !—
 His brother sat with a drooping brow
 In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough ;
 We roused him—we bade him no longer pine,
 For we heard a step—but the step was thine.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
 We looked for the maid of the mournful song—
 Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long !
 We told her the youth of her love was gone,
 And she went forth to seek him—she passed alone ;
 We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
 From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.
 The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
 The winter is white on his lonely head,
 He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
 He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back ;
 We looked for her eye on the feast to shine,
 For her breezy step—but the step was thine.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept !
 We looked for the chief who hath left the spear
 And the bow of his battles forgotten here !
 We looked for the hunter, whose bride’s lament
 On the wind of the forest at eve is sent :
 We looked for the first-born, whose mother’s cry

Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky!—
 Where are they? thou'rt seeking some distant coast—
 Oh! ask of them, stranger!—send back the lost!
 Tell them we mourn by the dark blue streams,
 Tell them our lives but of them are dreams!
 Tell how we sat in the gloom to pine,
 And to watch for a step—but the step was thine.

THE ISLE OF FOUNTS.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

[“The river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth; they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters when in pursuit of game. When they reported their discovery to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of, so charming a country; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot.”—*BARTRAM'S Travels*.

The additional circumstances in the “Isle of Founts” are merely imaginary.]

SON of the stranger! wouldst thou take
 O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
 To reach the still and shining lake
 Along whose banks the west winds play?—
 Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
 Oh! seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

Lull but the mighty Serpent King,*
 'Midst the grey rocks, his old domain;
 Ward but the cougar's deadly spring—
 Thy step that lake's green shore may gain;
 And the bright Isle, when all is passed,
 Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow streams,
 Clear as within thine arrow's flight,
 The Isle of Founts, the Isle of dreams,
 Floats on the wave in golden light;
 And lovely will the shadows be
 Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

* The Cherokees believe that the recesses of their mountains, overgrown with lofty pines and cedars, and covered with old mossy rocks, are inhabited by the kings and chiefs of the rattlesnakes, whom they denominate the “bright old inhabitants.”

And breathings from their sunny flowers,
Which are not of the things that die,
And singing voices from their bowers,
Shall greet thee in the purple sky;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise
From the deep chambers of the earth?
The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave birth
Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves!—they take their hue
And image from that sunbright shore;
But wouldst thou launch thy light canoe,
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid oar,
Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,
The dreamy land should still recede!

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst hear
The music of its flow'ry shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its glades;
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play!

But woe for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray-showers to the lake:
Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake,
For ever pouring through his dreams
The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lip shall burn,
Parched with the fever's agony!
From the blue mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary quest;—
Had they not seen th' untrodden shore,
And could they 'midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills,
With visions in their darkened eye,
Their joy was not amidst the hills,
Where elk and deer before us fly;

Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest-bow,
They armed not with the warrior band,
The moons waned o'er them dim and slow—
They left us for the spirits' land!
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger! if at eve
Silence be 'midst us in thy place,
Yet go not where the mighty leave
The strength of battle and of chase!
Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

THE BENDED BOW.

[It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bended bow*; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.—See *The Cambrian Antiquities*.]

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a Bended Bow,
And a voice was poured on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

“Heard ye not the battle-horn?—
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of heaven;
Swords must flash, and spears be riven!
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!”

And the reaper armed, like a freeman's son,
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on.

“Hunter! leave the mountain chase!
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungalled sweep by—
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!”

And the hunter armed ere the chase was done,
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on.

“Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased:
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,

Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall."

And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown,
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on.

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold!
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung!—
Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bards a tale of thee!"

And the prince came armed, like a leader's son,
And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart!"

And the Bended Bow and the voice passed on,
And the bards made song for a battle won.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

[It is recorded of Henry I., that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.]

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing,

He saw the Tourney's victor crowned,
 Amidst the knightly ring :
 A murmur of the restless deep
 Was blent with every strain,
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—
 He never smiled again !

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
 Of vows once fondly poured,
 And strangers took the kinsman's place
 At many a joyous board ;
 Graves, which true love had bathed with tears
 Were left to Heaven's bright rain,
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—
 He never smiled again !

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

[The body of Henry II. lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.]

TORCHES were blazing clear,
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a king lay stately on his bier,
 In the church of Fontevraud.
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,
 And warriors slept beneath,
 And light, as Noon's broad light, was flung
 On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
 A strong and ruddy glare,
 Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath,
 Yet it fell still brightest there :
 As if each deeply-furrowed trace
 Of earthly years to show—
 Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race
 Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept
 By many a long dark stole,
 As the kneeling priest round him that slept
 Sang mass for the parted soul ;
 And solemn were the strains they poured
 Through the stillness of the night,
 With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
 And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
 As of steel-girt men the tread,
 And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
 With a sounding thrill of dread ;
 And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
 As by the torch's flame,
 A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
 With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
 An eagle glance and clear,
 But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook,
 When he stood beside the bier !
 He stood there still with a drooping brow,
 And clasped hands o'er it raised ;
 For his father lay before him low—
 It was Cœur de Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
 With the workings of his breast—
 But there's more in late repentant love
 Than steel may keep suppressed !
 And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain ;
 Men held their breath in awe,
 For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
 And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
 And sorrow seemed to lie,
 A weight of sorrow, e'en like lead,
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.
 He stooped, and kissed the frozen cheek,
 And the heavy hand of clay,
 Till bursting words, yet all too weak,
 Gave his soul's passion way.

" O father ! is it vain
 This late remorse and deep ?
 Speak to me, father ! once again,
 I weep—behold, I weep !
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !
 Were but this work undone,
 I would give England's crown, my sire,
 To hear thee bless thy son.

" Speak to me ! mighty grief
 Ere now the dust hath stirred !
 Hear me, but hear me !—father, chief,
 My king ! I *must* be heard !—
 Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call,
 And that thou answerest not ?

When was it thus?—woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

“Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
No longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say, ‘Forgive!’

“Thou wert the noblest king
On royal throne e’er seen;
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
Of all the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert—and *there* thou art

“Thou that my boyhood’s guide
Didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I’ve sported at thy side,
And climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie—
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!”

THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE.

[“Here (at Brereton, in Cheshire) is one thing incredibly strange; but attested, as I myself have heard, by many persons, and commonly believed. Before any heir of this family dies, there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies of trees swimming on the water for several days.”—CAMDEN’S *Britannia*.]

YES! I have seen the ancient oak
On the dark, deep water cast,
And it was not felled by the woodman’s stroke,
Or the rush of the sweeping blast;
For the axe might never touch that tree,
And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
By an arrow in the fight,
And the old woods shook, to their loftiest leaf,
At the crashing of its might!
And the startled deer to their coverts drew,
And the spray of the lake as a fountain’s flew!

'Tis fallen! but think thou not I weep
For the forest's pride o'erthrown;
An old man's tears lie far too deep
To be poured for this alone!
But by that sign too well I know
That a youthful head must soon be low!

A youthful head, with its shining hair,
And its bright, quick-flashing eye—
Well may I weep! for the boy is fair,
Too fair a thing to die!
But on his brow the mark is set—
Oh! could *my* life redeem him yet!

He bounded by me as I gazed
Alone on the fatal sign,
And it seemed like sunshine when he raised
His joyous glance to mine!
With a stag's fleet step he bounded by,
So full of life—but he must die!

He must, he must! in that deep dell,
By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree fell,
But an heir of his fathers died.
And he—there's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice—yet he must die!

I've borne him in these arms, that now
Are nerveless and unstrung;
And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung?
I must!—you green oak, branch and crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's breast!

The noble boy!—how proudly sprung
The falcon from his hand!
It seemed like youth to see *him* young,
A flower in his father's land!
But the hour of the knell and the dirge is nigh,
For the tree hath fallen, and the flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain!—I tell thee, some
Are warned by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them home,
Or a voice on the winds by night;
And they must go!—and he too, he—
Wee for the fall of the glorious Tree!

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

[It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted that the sound of his phantom horses and hounds was heard by the Duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.]

THY rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,
 If thou didst not hear the blast
 Of the savage horn, from the mountain tower,
 As the Wild Night-Huntsman passed,
 And the roar of the stormy chase went by,
 Through the dark unquiet sky!

The stag sprang up from his mossy bed
 When he caught the piercing sounds,
 And the oak-boughs crashed to his antlered head,
 As he flew from the viewless hounds;
 And the falcon soared from her craggy height,
 Away through the rushing night!

The banner shook on its ancient hold,
 And the pine in its desert place,
 As the cloud and tempest onward rolled
 With the din of the trampling race;
 And the glens were filled with the laugh and shout,
 And the bugle, ringing out!

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,
 At the castle's festive board,
 And a sudden pause came o'er the swell
 Of the harp's triumphal chord;
 And the Minnesinger's* thrilling lay
 In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stayed,
 And the hermit dropped his beads,
 And a trembling ran through the forest-shade,
 At the neigh of the phantom steeds,
 And the church-bells pealed to the rocking blast
 As the Wild Night-Huntsman passed.

The storm had passed with the chase away,
 There is stillness in the sky,
 But the mother looks on her son to-day,
 With a troubled heart and eye,
 And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care
 'Midst the gleam of her golden hair.

* Minnesinger, *love-singer*—the wandering minstrels of Germany were so called in the middle ages.

The Rhine flows bright, but its waves ere long
Must hear a voice of war,
And the clash of spears our hills among,
And a trumpet from afar;
And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,
For the Huntsman hath gone by!

BRANDENBURGH HARVEST-SONG.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

THE corn, in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain;
The sickle's gleam is bright;
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
Our harvest lay!—
Alas! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day!

On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour;
We know its cause to well—
She is no more!

Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue—
Now o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew!

THE SHADE OF THESEUS.

ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION.

Know ye not when our dead
From sleep to battle sprang!—
When the Persian charger's tread
On their covering greensward rang!
When the trampling march of foes
Had crushed our vines and flowers,
When jewelled crests arose
Through the holy laurel bowers;
When banners caught the breeze,
When helms in sunlight shone,
When masts were on the seas,
And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crowned,
And armed for Greece that day;

* For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.

But the falchions made no sound
 On his gleaming war-array.
 In the battle's front he stood,
 With his tall and shadowy crest ;
 But the arrows drew no blood,
 Though their path was through his breast,
 When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash
 Where the boldest deeds were done ;
 But it smote without a clash ;
 The stroke was heard by none !
 His voice was not of those
 That swelled the rolling blast,
 And his steps fell hushed like snows—
 'Twas the shade of Theseus passed !

When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,
 With a fiery charge he bore ;
 And the Mede left many a bow
 On the sounding ocean-shore.
 And the foaming waves grew red,
 And the sails were crowded fast,
 When the sons of Asia fled,
 As the shade of Theseus passed !

When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears on Marathon.

GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR MYRIOLOGUE.

[“ Les Chants Funèbres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de Myriologia, comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaintes. Les Myriologues sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poésie.”—*Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, par C. FAUREL.]

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the
 young, [sung :
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother

"Ianthis! dost thou sleep?—Thou sleep'st—but this is
not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillowed on my
breast!

I lulled thee not to *this* repose. Ianthis! my sweet son!
As in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have
done!—

How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now?
And that I die not, seeing death on thy pale glorious brow?

"I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and
brave!

I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave!
Though mournfully thy smile is fixed, and heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it loved to lie;
And fast is bound the springing step, that seemed on breezes
borne,

When on thy couch I came and said, 'Wake, hunter,
wake! 'tis morn!'

Yet art thou lovely still, my flower! untouched by slow
decay—

And I, the withered stem, remain—I would that grief
might slay!

"Oh! ever when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be!
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee!
I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high;—
A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must
die!

That thou must die, my fearless one! where swords were
flashing red.—

Why doth a mother live to say, My first-born and my dead?
They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory
won—

Speak *thou*, and I will hear! my child, Ianthis! my sweet
son!"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the
young,

A fair-haired bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping
sung:

"Ianthis! look'st thou not on *me*?—Can love indeed be fled?
When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head?

I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis, my beloved!
And stood, as woman oft hath stood, where faithful hearts
are proved!—

That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side—
It would have been a blessed thing together had we died!

"But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal
sword?

Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?

Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,
Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine?
And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy
heart

Fast gushing like a mountain-spring!—and couldst thou
thus depart?

Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting
breath!—

Oh! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in
death!

“Yes! I was with thee when the dance through mazy
rings was led,

And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the
feast was spread!

But not where noble blood flowed forth, where sounding
javelins flew—

Why did I hear love’s first sweet words, and not its last
adieu?

What now can breathe of gladness more, what scene, what
hour, what tone?

The blue skies fade with all their lights—they fade, since
thou art gone!

Even *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears
unmoved—

Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis! my
beloved!”

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the
young,

Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung:
“Ianthis! brother of my soul!—oh! where are now the
days

That laughed among the deep green hills, on all our infant
plays?

When we two sported by the streams, or tracked them to
their source,

And like a stag’s, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless
course!—

I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend!

“I come with flowers—for Spring is come!—Ianthis! art
thou *here*?

I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy
bier!

Thou shouldst be crowned with victory’s crown—but oh!
more meet *they* seem,

The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream!
More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low—

Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine’s glow:

The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such
joy to send—
Woe! that it smiles, and not for thee!—my brother and my
friend!"

ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE.

WHERE is the summer, with her golden sun?—

That festal glory hath not passed from earth:

For me alone the laughing day is done!

Where is the summer with her voice of mirth?—

Far in my own bright land!

Where are the Fauns, whose flute-notes breathe and dio

On the green hills?—the founts, from sparry caves

Through the wild places bearing melody?

The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves?—

Far in my own bright land!

Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining,

The virgin-dances, and the choral strains?

Where the sweet sisters of my youth, entwining

The spring's first roses for their sylvan fanes?—

Far in my own bright land!

Where are the vineyards with their joyous throngs,

The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades?

The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs,

And the pine forests, and the olive shades?—

Far in my own bright land!

Where the deep haunted grots, the laurel bowers.

The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams?

Oh! that my life were as a Southern flower's!

I might not languish then by these chill streams.

Far from my own bright land!

GREEK PARTING SONG.

[This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his "*Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*," and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the extempore parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.]

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home

Such as to early thought gives images,

The longest treasured, and most oft recalled,

And brightest kept, of love!—a mountain home,

That, with the murmur of its rocking pines

And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart

Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,
 And half unconscious prayer;—a Grecian home,
 With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,
 And, through the dimness of its olive shades,
 Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam
 Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.

And this was what he left!—Yet many leave
 Far more:—the glistening eye, that first from theirs
 Called out the soul's bright smile; the gentle hand,
 Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps
 To where the violets lay; the tender voice
 That earliest taught them what deep melody
 Lives in affection's tones. *He* left not these.
 Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part
 With all a mother's love!—A bitterer grief
 Was his—To part *unloved*!—of her unloved,
 That should have breathed upon his heart, like spring
 Fostering its young faint flowers!

Yet had he friends,
 And they went forth to cheer him on his way
 Unto the parting spot;—and she too went,
 That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.
 The parting spot was reached:—a lone deep glen,
 Holy, perchance, of yore, for cave and fount
 Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes; and above,
 The silence of the blue, still, upper Heaven
 Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore
 Their crowning snows.—Upon a rock he sprung,
 The unbeloved one, for his home to gaze
 Through the wild laurels back; but then a light
 Broke on the stern, proud sadness of his eye,
 A sudden quivering light, and from his lips
 A burst of passionate song:

“Farewell, farewell!

I hear thee, O thou rushing stream!—thou'rt from my
 native dell,
 Thou'rt bearing thence a mournful song!—a murmur of
 farewell!
 And fare *thee* well—flow on, my stream!—flow on, thou
 bright and free!
 I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me;
 But I have been a thing unloved, from childhood's loving
 years,
 And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known
 my tears;
 The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears
 have known;
 The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept
 alone!

"I see thee once again, my home! thou'rt there amidst
 thy vines,
 And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer
 shines,
 It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through
 thy groves,
 The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother
 loves!—
 The hour *the mother loves!*—for *me* beloved it hath not been;
 Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smilest, a blessed scene!
 Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years
 will come—
 Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home!
 "Not as the dead!—no, not the dead!—We speak of *them*—
 we keep
 Their names, like light that must not fade, within our
 bosoms deep!
 We hallow even the lyre they touched, we love the lay
 they sung,
 We pass with softer step the place *they* filled our band
 among!
 But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on
 earth
 No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth!
 I go!—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell
 When mine is a forgotten voice.—Woods, mountains, home,
 farewell!
 "And farewell, mother!—I have borne in lonely silence
 long,
 But now the current of my soul grows passionate and
 strong!
 And I will speak! though but the wind that wanders
 through the sky,
 And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and rolling streams
 reply.
 Yes! I will speak!—within my breast whate'er hath seemed
 to be,
 There lay a hidden fount of love, that would have gushed
 for thee!
 Brightly it would have gushed, but thou, my mother! thou
 hast thrown
 Back on the forests and the wilds what should have been
 thine own!
 "Then fare thee well! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,
 Since thou hast sons of statelier mien, and fairer brow
 than mine!
 Forgive me that thou couldst not love!—it may be that a
 tone

Yet from my burning heart may pierce through thine
 when I am gone!
 And thou, perchance, mayst weep for him on whom thou
 ne'er hast smiled,
 And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected
 child!
 Might but my spirit *then* return, and 'midst its kindred
 dwell,
 And quench its thirst with love's free tears!—'Tis all a
 dream—farewell!"

"Farewell!"—the echo died with that deep word,
 Yet died not so the late repentant pang
 By the strain quickened in the mother's breast!
 There had passed many changes o'er her brow,
 And cheek, and eye; but into one bright flood
 Of tears at last all melted; and she fell
 On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,
 "Return, return, my son!"—The echo caught
 A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,
 Murmuring—"Return, my son!"—

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

[It is related, in a French Life of Ali Pacha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into their mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.]

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak
 Amidst the clear blue sky,
 A bitter smile was on her cheek,
 And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines
 Dost thou see where the foeman's armour shines?
 Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
 My babe, that I cradled on my breast,
 Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?
 That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,
 Lay Suliote sire and son;
 They had heaped high the piles of death
 Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come!
 Woe for the mountain hearth and home
 There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
 There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,

There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Nought but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirred,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild!
Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?—
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—
Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swelled the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?—
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth—
Free, and now cherished, my warrior's son?
He too hath blessed thee, as I have done!
Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
And fast the fair child bore:
A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was o'er!

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

[The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered), and to bid their final adieu.—See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.]

"'Tis hard to lay into the earth
A countenance so benign! a form that walked
But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!"—WILSON.

COME near! Ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother; and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,

Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings! Yesterday,
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed,
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!

Look yet on him whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth.
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?—
But not where death has power may love be blessed.
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest!

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain—
The lovely must depart!
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near! and bear the early called to rest!

Look on him! Is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?—
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;
Yet that, even that must fade
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest.
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal-feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast.
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched! For him the past
Is sealed: he may not fall, he may not cast

His birthright's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and blessed.
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!

1826.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.

ARABELLA STUART.

["The Lady Arabella," as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret but early-discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape; and having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked; and at break of day a French vessel engaged to receive her was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him; but this wish was overruled by her companions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, "which," says D'Israeli, "occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The time passed—the waves were rising—Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered, to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a large sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders." Arabella, meantime, whilst imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the king's service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank. "What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history, but enough is known—that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that it was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun but never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain among her papers."—D'ISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature*.

The following poem, meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuations of her thoughts and feelings, is supposed to commence during the time of her first imprisonment, whilst her mind was yet buoyed up by the consciousness of Seymour's affection, and the cherished hope of eventual deliverance.]

"And is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?"—BYRON.

"Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto."—PINDEMONTE.

I.

'Twas but a dream! I saw the stag leap free,
Under the boughs where early birds were singing;
I stood o'ershadowed by the greenwood tree,
And heard, it seemed, a sudden bugle ringing
Far through a royal forest. Then the fawn
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook,
And lilies quivered by the glade's lone brook,
And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,
A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,
Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
Into the deep wood's heart; and all passed by
Save one—I met the smile of *one* clear eye,
Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou* wert there,
Seymour! A soft wind blew the clustering hair
Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,
And fling, methought, thy hunting spear away,
And, lightly graceful in thy green array,
Bound to my side. And we that met and parted
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour
Even like the mingling of sweet streams, beneath
Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest-flowers.

II.

'Tis past! I wake
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend! Yet fostering, for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be;
And feeling still my woman-spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervour, and prevail—
Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,
Through hearts now cold; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish. In this trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chilled and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III.

And thou, too, art in bonds! Yet droop thou not,
 O my beloved! there is *one* hopeless lot,
 But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
 Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
 When darkness, from the vainly doting sight
 Covers its beautiful! If thou were gone

To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow—
 If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone
 Of earnest tenderness, which now, even now
 Seems floating through my soul, were music taken
 For ever from this world—oh! thus forsaken
 Could I hear on? Thou livest, thou livest, thou'rt mine!
 With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
 And by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,
 Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV.

And lo! the joy that cometh with the morning,
 Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care!
 I have not watched in vain, serenely scorning
 The wild and busy whispers of despair!
 Thou hast sent tidings, as of Heaven—I wait
 The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.
 Oh! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate
 As a star shoots!—but on the breezy sea
 We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour!
 Will not my heart, o'erburdened by its bliss,
 Faint and give way within me, as a flower
 Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss?
 Yet shall I *fear* that lot—the perfect rest,
 The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,
 After long suffering won? So rich a close
 Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

V.

Sunset! I tell each moment. From the skies
 The last red splendour floats along my wall,
 Like a king's banner! Now it melts, it dies!
 I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,
 The expected voice; my quick heart throbbed too soon.
 I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
 Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
 Through my lone lattice poured, I sit and dream
 Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,
 Under the vine or in the citron grove,
 May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,
 And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
 I hear my veins beat. Hark! a bell's slow chime!
 My heart strikes with it. Yet again—'tis time!
 A step!—a voice!—or but a rising breeze?
 Hark!—haste!—I come, to meet thee on the seas!

* * * * *

VI.

Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
 Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
 Trust fondly—never more! The hope is crushed
 That lit my life, the voice within me hushed
 That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
 To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,
 Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!
 No tempest met our barks—no billow tossed;
 Yet were they severed, even as we must be,
 That so have loved, so striven our hearts to free
 From their close-coiling fate! In vain—in vain!
 The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,
 And press out life. Upon the deck I stood,
 And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,
 Like some proud bird of ocean; then mine eye
 Strained out, one moment earlier to descry
 The form it ached for, and the bark's career
 Seemed slow to that fond yearning: it drew near,
 Fraught with our foes! What boots it to recall
 The strife, the tears? Once more a prison wall
 Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my sight,
 And joyous glance of waters to the light,
 And thee, my Seymour!—thee!

I will not sink!

Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy chain that bound thee!
 And this shall be my strength—the joy to think
 That thou mayest wander with Heaven's breath around
 thee,
 And all the laughing sky! This thought shall yet
 Shine o'er my heart a radiant amulet,
 Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken;
 And unto me, I know, thy true love's token
 Shall one day be deliverance, though the years
 Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

VII.

My friend! my friend! where art thou? Day by day
 Gliding like some dark mournful stream away,
 My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
 Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
 Round hall and hamlet; Summer with her smile

Fills the green forest: young hearts breathe their vows;
 Brothers long parted meet; fair children rise
 Round the glad board; hope laughs from loving eyes:
 All this is in the world!—These joys lie sown,
 The dew of every path! On *one* alone
 Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer
 Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

VIII.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers!
 By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent;
 O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
 And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
 Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen
 Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,
 Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
 Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you
 Hath murmured, and the rill. My soul grows faint
 With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
 Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,
 The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me!

IX.

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—
 O Love and Freedom! ye are lovely things!
 With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
 And by the streams. But I—the blood of kings,
 A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
 Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts are chains!
 Kings!—I had silent visions of deep bliss,
 Leaving their thrones far distant; and for this
 I am cast under their triumphal car,
 An insect to be crushed! Oh! Heaven is far—
 Earth pitiless!

Dost thou forget me, Seymour? I am proved
 So long, so sternly! Seymour, my beloved!
 There are such tales of holy marvels done
 By strong affection, of deliverance won
 Through its prevailing power! Are these things told
 Till the young weep with rapture, and the old
 Wonder, yet dare not doubt; and thou! oh, thou!

Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay?—
 Thou canst not! Through the silent night, even now,

I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray
 Still first for thee. O gentle, gentle friend!
 How shall I bear this anguish to the end?

Aid!—comes there yet no aid? The voice of blood
 Passes heaven's gate, even ere the crimson flood
 Sinks through the greensward! Is there not a cry

From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,
 To pierce the clouds? Hear, Mercy!—hear me! None
 That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun
 Have heavier cause! Yet hear!—my soul grows dark!—
 Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark
 On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,
 And bearing to the abyss, unseen, unknown,
 Its freight of human hearts? The o'ermastering wave
 Who shall tell how it rushed—and none to save!
 Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,
 There would be rescue if this were not so.
 Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,
 Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is poured,
 Thou'rt where the dancers meet! A magic glass
 Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
 Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall;
 I see one shadow, stateliest there of all—

Thine! What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair,
 Whispering light words, and mocking my despair!
 It is not well of thee! My love was more
 Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore:
 And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
 With all its blighted hopes around it lying:
 Even thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—
 Yet smile, smile on! too bright art thou for grief!

Death! What! is death a locked and treasured thing,
 Guarded by swords of fire? a hidden spring,
 A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,
 As if the world within me held no cure?
 Wherefore not spread free wings—Heaven, Heaven con-

trol
 These thoughts!—they rush—I look into my soul
 As down a gulf, and tremble at the array
 Of fierce forms crowding it! Give strength to pray!
 So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is stilled,
 Father in heaven, Thou, only Thou, canst sound
 The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish filled,
 For human line too fearfully profound.
 Therefore, forgive, my Father! if Thy child,
 Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
 And sinned in her despair! It well may be
 That Thou wouldst lead my spirit back to Thee,
 By the crushed hope too long on this world poured
 The stricken love which hath perchance adored
 A mortal in Thy place! Now let me strive
 With Thy strong arm no more! Forgive, forgive!
 Take me to peace!

And peace at last is nigh.

A sign is on my brow, a token sent
The o'erwearied dust from home : no breeze flits by
But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
Of many mysteries.

Hark ! the warning tone
Deepens—its word is *Death* ! Alone, alone,
And sad in youth, but chastened, I depart,
Bowing to Heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,
Even in this hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,
Thee, its first love ! O tender still, and true
Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw
Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,
Though but a moment !

Now, with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun.
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee ! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame when I am with the dead !
I bid this prayer survive me, and retain
Its might, again to bless thee, and again !
Thou hast been gathered into my dark fate
Too much ; too long, for my sake, desolate
Hath been thine exiled youth : but now take back,
From dying hands, thy freedom and re-track
(After a few kind tears from her whose days
Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways
Of hope, and find thou happiness ! Yet send
Even then, in silent hours, a thought, dear friend !
Down to my voiceless chamber ; for thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
Though bought with burning tear ! It is the sting
Of death to leave that vainly precious thing
In this cold world ! What were it, then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now ?
Too keen a pang. Farewell ! and yet once more,
Farewell ! The passion of long years I pour
Into that word ! Thou hearest not—but the woe
And fervour of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place : there let them dwell.
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet. Farewell !

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

"Fear! I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom?"

I will not live degraded."—*Sardanapalus*.

I.

COME from the woods with the citron-flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
Like starry dew's 'midst the roses there;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone.
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of women at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervent beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;
She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;
She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from love which hath still been true:
Mute be the song and the choral train,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again!
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
In his that waited her dawning smile—
Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less
For the gush of nature's tenderness!
She lifted her graceful head at last—
The choking swell of her heart was passed;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Why do I weep?—To leave the vine
 Whose clusters o'er me bend;
 The myrtle—yet, oh, call it mine!—
 The flowers I love to tend.
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear
 Like shadows o'er me sweep;
 I leave my sunny childhood here,
 Oh! therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played
 Through many a joyous hour,
 Where the silvery green of the olive shade
 Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
 Yes! thou and I, by stream, by shore,
 In song, in prayer, in sleep,
 Have been as we may be no more—
 Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
 Must now light other feet,
 With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,
 Thy homeward step to greet,
 Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
 Lay tones of love so deep,
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
 I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast
 Pouring out joy and woe,
 I have found that holy place of rest
 Still changeless—yet I go!
 Lips, that have lulled me with your strain!
 Eyes, that have watched my sleep!
 Will earth give love like *yours* again?—
 Sweet mother! let me weep!

And like a slight young tree that throws
 The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
 Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
 Is the human heart—as a mountain spring
 That works its way, through the torrent's foam,
 To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!
 It is well!—the cloud on her soul that lay
 Hath melted, in glittering drops, away.
 Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!
 She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
 Mother! on earth it must still be so:
 Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!
 They are moving onward, the bridal throng,
 Ye may track their way by the swells of song;

Ye may catch through the foliage their white robes'
gleam,
Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a shadowy stream;
Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread
Is over the deep-veined violet's bed;
They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,
An arch for the triumph of youth and love!

II.

Still and sweet was the home that stood
In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,
Making a gleam round the lone abode;
Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
Scattered out rays like a glancing river;
Stars of jasmine its pillars crowned,
Vine-stalks its lattice and the walls had bound;
And brightly before it a fountain's play
Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
And the guests were met by that fountain side.
They lifted the veil from Eudora's face—
It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
With lips of love, and a brow serene,
Meet for the soul of the deep-wood scene,
Bring wine, bring odours!—the board is spread;
Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!
The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered
On the young and fair from the world embowered;
The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,
The winds amid scented boughs were laid;
And there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush! be still! Was that no more
Than the murmur from the shore?
Silence!—did thick rain-drops beat
On the grass like trampling feet!
Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!
The groves are filled with a pirate horde!
Through the dim olives their sabres shine!
Now must the red blood stream for wine!

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,
The woods with the shrieks of the maidens rang;

Under the golden-fruited boughs
 There were flashing poniards and darkening brows—
 Foot-steps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,
 And the dying soon on a greensward bed.
 —Eudora, Eudora! *thou* dost not fly!—
 She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
 With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
 Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,
 And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
 That sought his young bride out mournfully.
 She knelt down beside him—her arms she wound,
 Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,
 As if the passion of that fond grasp
 Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.
 But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
 The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there:
 They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
 And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
 And a hush of fear through the summer grove.—
 So closed the triumph of youth and love!

III.

Gloomy lay the shore that night,
 When the moon, with sleepy light,
 Bathed each purple Sciote hill—
 Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
 O'er the wave no gay guitar
 Sent its floating music far;
 No glad sound of dancing feet
 Woke the starry hours to greet.
 But a voice of mortal woe,
 In its changes wild or low,
 Through the midnight's blue repose,
 From the sea-beat rocks arose,
 As Eudora's mother stood
 Gazing o'er the Ægean flood,
 With a fixed and straining eye—
 Oh! was the spoiler's vessel nigh!
 Yes! there, becalmed in silent sleep,
 Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
 On a sea of molten silver, dark
 Brooding it frowned, that evil bark!
 There its brood pennon a shadow cast,
 Moveless and black from the tall still mast;
 And the heavy sound of its flapping sail
 Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
 Hushed was all else—had ocean's breast
 Rocked e'en Eudora that hour to rest?
 To rest? the waves tremble!—what piercing cry
 Bursts from the heart of the ship on high!

What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
Shoots from the deck up? Fire! 'tis fire!
There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow!
There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
And the dashing of water—but fruitless all!
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing flame!
It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake;
It hath touched the sails, and their canvas rolls
Away from its breath into shrivelled scrolls;
It hath taken the flag's high place in the air,
And reddened the stars with its wavy glare;

And sent out bright arrows, and soared in glee,
To a burning mount 'midst the moonlight sea.
The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
Eudora! Eudora! where, where art thou?
The slave and his master alike are gone—
Mother! who stands on the deck alone?
The child of thy bosom!—and lo! a brand
Blazing up high in her lifted hand!
And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare;
And her fragile form to its loftiest height
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might;
And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught —
Oh! could this work be of woman wrought?
Yes! 'twas her deed!—by that haughty smile,
It was hers; she hath kindled her funeral pile!
Never might shame on that bright head be.
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free!

Proudly she stands like an Indian bride,
On the pyre with the holy dead beside;
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
As the flames to her marriage robe draw near,
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
To the form they must never unfold again.
—One moment more, and her hands are clasped—
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped—
Her sinking knee unto heaven is bowed,
And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move;—
Now the night gathers o'er youth and love!

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

[Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of a heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

"Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
Save woman's quietness of thought;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might."—M. J. J.

* * * *

"Wer solch ein herz an sienen Busen drückt,
Der kann fur herd und hof mit freuden fechten."—WILLHELM TELL.

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet,
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touched with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first looked mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
The accustomed joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien!—he marked it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child
Rang from the greensward round the sheltered spot,
But seemed unheard; until at last the boy
Raised from his heaped-up flowers a glance of joy,

And met his father's face. But then a change
Passed swiftly over the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
He often climbed, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook ;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent and said :
"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey—
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away ?

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend !
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine ! Oh, cheer thee ! bend
To his soft arms : unseal thy thoughts e'en now !
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully ; not yet the band
Was loosened from his soul ; its inmost place
Not yet unveiled by love's o'ermastering hand.
"Speak low !" he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glittered through the solemn sky :

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents ; for the days are come
When tyranny lies couched by forest rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear—
Keep silence by the hearth ! its foes are near.

"The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not serene,
Yet with the faces best beloved in sight :
To-morrow eve may find me chained, and thee—
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see !"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek ;
Back on the linden stem she leaned her form ;
And her lip trembled as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp-string shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness passed,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour—
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,

And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might
As it found language: "Are we thus oppressed?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do;—and be it done!
Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband! this thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills; thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can hear all, but seeing *thee* subdued—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois paths, and through the forests go;
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved! Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me—I can pray!"

He sprang up, like a warrior youth awaking
To clarion sounds upon the ringing air;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes fell o'er her braided hair;
And "Worthy art thou," was his joyous cry,
"That man for thee should gird himself to die!

"My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
Now shall thy name be armour to my heart:
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell:
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps. Farewell!"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight: he the strength to rouse
Of the free hills: she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

PROPERZIA ROSSI.

[Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.]

"Tell me no more, no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place, a home for all
Its burden of affections? I depart,
Unknown, though Fame goes with me; I must leave
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
Shall give my name a power to win such tears
As would have made life precious."

I.

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more!
And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
My soul away! Let earth retain a trace
Of that which lit my being, though its race
Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream!
From my deep spirit one victorious gleam
Ere I depart! For thee alone, for thee!
May this last work, this farewell triumph be—
Thou, loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined
Something immortal of my heart and mind,
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
Of lost affection—something that may prove
What she hath been, whose melancholy love
On thee was lavished; silent pang and tear,
And fervent song that gushed when none were near,
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
Stealing the brightness from her life away—
While thou—Awake! not yet within me die!
Under the burden and the agony
Of this vain tenderness—my spirit, wake!
Even for thy sorrowful affection's sake,
Live! in thy work breathe out!—that he may yet,
Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
Thine unrequited gift.

II.

It comes! the power
Within me born flows back—my fruitless dower
That could not win me love. Yet once again
I greet it proudly, with its rushing train
Of glorious images: they throng—they press—

A sudden joy lights up my loneliness—
I shall not perish all!

The bright work grows
Beneath my hand, unfolded as a rose,
Leaf after leaf, to beauty; line by line,
I fix my thought, heart, soul to burn, to shine,
Through the pale marble's veins. It grows!—and now
I give my own life's history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne!—thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments: but oh! more fair,
Touched into lovelier being by the glow
Which in me dwells, as by the summer light
All things are glorified. From thee my woe
Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight
When I am passed away. Thou art the mould,
Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, the untold,
The self-consuming! Speak to him of me,
Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,
With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye—
Speak to him, lone one! deeply, mournfully,
Of all my love and grief! Oh! could I throw
Into thy frame a voice—a sweet, and low,
And thrilling voice of song! when he came nigh,
To send the passion of its melody
Through his pierced bosom—on its tones to bear
My life's deep feeling, as the Southern air
Wafts the faint myrtle's breath—to rise, to swell,
To sink away in accents of farewell,
Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow
Surely my parted spirit yet might know,
If love be strong as death!

III.

Now fair thou art,
Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart!
Yet all the vision that within me wrought,
I cannot make thee. Oh! I might have given
Birth to creations of far nobler thought;
I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,
Things not of such as die! But I have been
Too much alone! A heart whereon to lean,
With all these deep affections that o'erflow
My aching soul, and find no shore below;
An eye to be my star; a voice to bring
Hope o'er my path like sounds that breathe of spring:
These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain.
Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain
Are ever but as some wild fitful song,
Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
In dirge-like echoes.

IV.

Yet the world will see
Little of this, my parting work! in thee.

Thou shalt have fame! Oh, mockery! give the reed
From storms a shelter—give the drooping vine
Something round which its tendrils may entwine—

Give the parched flower a raindrop, and the meed
Of love's kind words to woman! Worthless fame!
That in *his* bosom wins not for my name
The abiding place it asked! Yet how my heart,
In its own fairy world of song and art,
Once beat for praise! Are those high longings o'er?
That which I have been can I be no more?
Never! oh, never more! though still thy sky
Be blue as then, my glorious Italy!

And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still;
And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams
Unchanged on forms, instinct with poet-dreams.

Never! oh, never more! Where'er I move
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around! Too well *they* know

Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight hath settled! But I go
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell;
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain.
The inward burning of those words—"in vain,"

Seared on the heart—I go. 'Twill soon be past!
Sunshine and song, and bright Italian heaven.

And thou, O thou! on whom my spirit cast
Unvalued wealth—who knowest not what was given
In that devotedness—the sad, and deep,
And unrepaid—farewell! If I could weep
Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest!
But that were happiness!—and unto me
Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was formed to be
So richly blessed! With thee to watch the sky,
Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh;
With thee to listen, while the tones of song
Swept even as part of our sweet air along—
To listen silently; with thee to gaze
On forms, the deified of olden days—
This had been joy enough; and hour by hour,
From its glad well-springs drinking life and power,
How had my spirit soared, and make its fame

A glory for thy brow! Dreams, dreams!—the fire
Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name—

As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre

When its full chords are hushed—awhile to live,
 And one day haply in thy heart revive
 Sad thoughts of me. I leave it, with a sound,
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound;
 I leave it on my country's air to dwell—
 Say proudly yet—" 'Twas hers who loved me well!"

GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

[The Baron Von der Wart, accused—though it is believed unjustly—as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonising hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart; or, Fidelity unto Death.*]

"Dark lowers our fate,
 And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us;
 But nothing, till that latest agony
 Which severs thee from nature shall unloose
 This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison house,
 In the terrific face of armed law,
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
 I never will forsake thee."—JOANNA BAILLIE.

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
 The breeze threw back her hair;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her clear and cold,
 The holy heaven above,
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried;
 "My Rudolph, say not so!
 This is no time to quit thy side—
 Peace! peace! I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for me to fear,
 When death is on thy brow?
 The world! what means it? *Mine is here—*
 I will not leave thee now.

"I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss;
 Doubt not its memory's living power
 To strengthen me through *this!*
 And thou, mine honoured love and true,
 Bear on, bear nobly on!
 We have the blessed Heaven in view,
 Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
 From woman's breaking heart?
 Through all that night of bitterest woe
 She bore her lofty part;
 But oh! with such a glazing eye,
 With such a curdling cheek—
 Love, Love! of mortal agony
 Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak!

The wind rose high—but with it rose
 Her voice, that he might hear:—
 Perchance that dark hour brought repose
 To happy bosoms near;
 While she sat striving with despair
 Beside his tortured form,
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer
 Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow
 With her pale hands and soft,
 Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
 Had stilled his heart so oft.
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
 She bathed his lips with dew,
 And on his cheek such kisses pressed
 As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
 Enduring to the last!
 She had her meed—one smile in death—
 And his worn spirit passed!
 While even as o'er a martyr's grave
 She knelt on that sad spot,
 And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
 Strength to forsake it not!

IMELDA.

"Sometimes
 The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
 And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda."—*Italy: a Poem.*

"Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma."—TASSO.

WE have the myrtle's breath around us here,
 Amidst the fallen pillars: this hath been
 Some Naïad's fane of old. How brightly clear,
 Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,
 Up through the shadowy grass the fountain wells,
 And music with it, gushing from beneath

The ivy-l altar! That sweet murmur tells
 The rich wild flowers no tale of woe or death;
 Yet once the wave was darkened, and a stain
 Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not of rain—
 On the dim violets by its marble bed,
 And the pale shining water-lily's head.

Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair girl met
 One whom she loved, by this lone temple's spring,
 Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,
 And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring
 All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle pair,
 With the blue heaven of Italy above,
 And citron-odours dying on the air,
 And light leaves trembling round, and early love
 Deep in each breast. What recked *their* souls of strife
 Between their fathers! Unto them young life
 Spread out the treasures of its vernal years;
 And if they wept, they wept far other tears
 Than the cold world brings forth. They stood that hour
 Speaking of hope; while tree, and fount, and flower,
 And star, just gleaming through the cypress boughs,
 Seemed holy things, as records of their vows.

But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying tread
 Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew
 The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled
 Up where the cedars make you avenue
 Dim with green twilight; pausing there, she caught—
 Was it the clash of swords? A swift dark thought
 Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it passed,
 And from her eye the sunny sparkle took
 One moment with its fearfulness, and shook
 Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast
 Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once more,
 She stilled her heart to listen—all was o'er;
 Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,
 Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

That night Imelda's voice was in the song—
 Lovely it floated through the festive throng,
 Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night
 Her eye looked starry in its dazzling light,
 And her cheek glowed with beauty's flashing dyes,
 Like a rich cloud of eve in Southern skies—
 A burning, ruby cloud. There were whose gaze
 Followed her form beneath the clear lamp's blaze,
 And marvelled at its radiance. But a few
 Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue
 With something of dim fear; and in that glance

Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,

Where thought, if present, an unbidden guest,
Comes not unmasked. Howe'er this were, the time
Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime
Alike: and when the banquet's hall was left

Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft;
When trembling stars looked silvery in their wane,
And heavy flowers yet slumbered, once again
There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,
Through the dim cedar shade—the step of one
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,
Of one that panted with some secret dread.

What did Imelda there? She sought the scene
Where love so late with youth and hope had been.
Bodings were on her soul; a shuddering thrill
Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill
Met her with melody—sweet sounds and low:
We hear them yet, they live along its flow—
Her voice is music lost! The fountain-side
She gained—the wave flashed forth—'twas darkly dyed
Even as from warriors' hearts; and on its edge,

Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,
There lay, as lulled by stream and rustling sedge,

A youth, a graceful youth. "Oh! dost thou sleep?
Azzo!" she cried, "my Azzo! is this rest?"
But then her low tones faltered:—"On thy breast
Is the stain—yes, 'tis blood! And that cold cheek—
That moveless lip:—thou dost not slumber?—speak,
Speak, Azzo, my beloved! No sound—no breath—
What hath come thus between our spirits? Death!
Death?—I but dream—I dream!" And there she stood,
A fair faint trembler, gazing first on blood,
With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,
Her form sustained by that dark stem alone,
And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,
Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold;
When from the grass her dimmed eye caught a gleam
'Twas where a sword lay shivered by the stream—
Her brother's sword!—she knew it; and she knew
'Twas with a venomed point that weapon slew!
Woe for young love! But love is strong. There came
Strength upon woman's fragile heart and frame;
There came swift courage! On the dewy ground
She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round
Like a long silken stole: she knelt, and pressed
Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's breast,
Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight!
Pale death, and fearless love, and solemn night!
—So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing
 Through the green forests of the Apennines,
 With all her joyous birds their free flight winging
 And steps and voices out amongst the vines.
 What found that dayspring *here*? Two fair forms laid
 Like sculptured sleepers; from the myrtle shade
 Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the wave,
 Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave?
 Could it be so indeed? That radiant girl,
 Decked as for bridal hours!—long braids of pear
 Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,
 As tears might shine, with melancholy light;
 And there was gold her slender waist entwining,
 And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright!
 And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
 And round her marble brow red roses dying.
 But she died first!—the violet's hue had spread
 O'er her sweet eyelids with repose oppressed;
 She had bowed heavily her gentle head,
 And on the youth's hushed bosom sunk to rest.
 So slept they well!—the poison's work was done;
 Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won!

EDITH.

A TALE OF THE WOODS.

"Du Heilige! rufe dein Kind zurück!
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."—WALLENSTEIN.

THE woods—oh! solemn are the boundless woods
 Of the great Western world when day declines,
 And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
 More deep the rustling of the ancient pines.
 When dinness gathers on the stilly air,
 And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,
 Awful it is for human heart to bear
 The might and burden of the solitude!
 Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes, there sate
 One young and fair; and oh! how desolate!
 But undismayed—while sank the crimson light,
 And the high cedars darkened with the night.
 Alone she sate; though many lay around,
 They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,
 Were severed from her need and from her woe,
 Far as death severs life. O'er that wild spot
 Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low,
 And left them, with the history of their lot,

Unto the forest oaks—a fearful scene
 For her whose home of other days had been
 'Midst the fair halls of England! But the love
 Which filled her soul was strong to cast out fear;
 And by its might upborne all else above,
 She shrank not—marked not that the dead were near.
 Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
 Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell;
 Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,
 While heavily she felt his life-blood well
 Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound
 With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound—
 Yet hoped, still hoped! Oh! from such hope how long
 Affection woos the whispers that deceive,
 Even when the pressure of dismay grows strong!
 And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe
 The blow indeed can fall. So bowed she there
 Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
 Filled all her soul. Now poured the moonlight down,
 Veining the pine-stems through the foliage brown,
 And fireflies, kindling up the leafy place,
 Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
 Whereby she caught its changes. To her eye,
 The eye that faded looked through gathering haze,
 Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
 Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze,
 When voice was not; that fond, sad meaning passed—
 She knew the fulness of her woe at last!
 One shriek the forests heard—and mute she lay
 And cold, yet clasping still the precious clay
 To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and Death!
 Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth,
 Many and sad!—but airs of heavenly breath
 Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
 Is far apart.

Now light of richer hue
 Than the moon sheds came flushing mist and dew;
 The pines grew red with morning; fresh winds played;
 Bright-coloured birds with splendour crossed the shade,
 Flitting on flower-like wings; glad murmurs broke
 From reed, and spray, and leaf—the living strings
 Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke
 Into young life and joy all happy things.
 And she, too, woke from that long dreamless trance
 The widowed Edith: fearfully her glance
 Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
 And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change
 Flashed o'er her spirit, even ere memory swept
 The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept;
 Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread

Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
 Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,
 With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now.
 Where was she? 'Midst the people of the wild,
 By the red hunter's fire: an aged chief,
 Whose home looked sad—for therein played no child—
 Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,
 To that lone cabin of the woods; and there,
 Won by a form so desolately fair,
 Or touched with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,
 O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung;
 While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
 The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,
 Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,
 And leaning on his bow.

And life returned,
 Life, but with all its memories of the dead.
 To Edith's heart; and well the sufferer learned
 Her task of meek endurance—well she wore
 The chastened grief that humbly can adore
 'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,
 Even as a breath of spring's awakening air,
 Her presence was; or as a sweet wild tune
 Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon
 Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen

A daughter to the land of spirits go;
 And ever from that time her fading mien,
 And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,
 Had haunted their dim years: but Edith's face
 Now looked in holy sweetness from her place,
 And they again seemed parents. Oh! the joy,
 The rich deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,
 Fear, that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth
 The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth
 Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,
 On something all its own! that kindling glow,
 Which to shut inward is consuming pain,
 Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,
 When, like the sunshine, freed. And gentle cares
 The adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs
 Who loved her thus. Her spirit dwelt the while
 With the departed, and her patient smile
 Spoke of farewells to earth; yet still she prayed
 E'en o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
 One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace
 Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
 Had been among the wilds; for well she knew
 The secret whisper of her bosom true,
 Which warned her hence.

And now, by many a word

Linked unto moments when the heart was stirred—
By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
Sung when the woods at eve grew hushed and dim—
By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
All eloquent with childlike piety—
By the still beauty of her life she strove
To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love
Poured out on her so freely. Nor in vain
Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain
The soul in gentle bonds; by slow degrees
Light followed on, as when a summer breeze
Parts the deep masses of the forest shade,
And lets the sunbeam through. Her voice was made
Even such a breeze; and she a lowly guide,
By faith and sorrow raised and purified,
So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
Until their prayers were one. When morning spread
O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
Touched into golden bronze the cypress bough,
And when the quiet of the Sabbath time
Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
Wakened the wilderness, their prayers were one.
Now might she pass in hope—her work was done!
And she *was* passing from the woods away—
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades. Her eye was bright
Even yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forest had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strewn,
Flushing the air; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark brows: for spring again had come,
The sunny spring! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things—when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake:
Is it not brighter, then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours, with the breezes' play,
Whispering of spring-time through the cabin door,
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore.
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,

"My father!"—to the grey-haired chief she spoke—
"Knowest thou that I depart?" "I know, I know,"
He answered mournfully, "that thou must go
To thy beloved, my daughter!" "Sorrow not
For me, kind mother!" with meek smiles once more
She murmured in low tones: "one happy lot
Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore;
For we have prayed together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust
To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
Under the cedar shade: where he is gone,
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learned—the Saviour's prayer,
Which now *ye* know—and I shall meet you there.
Father and gentle mother! ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By Mercy's children." From the matron's eye
Dropped tears, her sole and passionate reply.
But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep,
Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in woe,
"Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters rolled.

"Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away:
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter! thou canst not stay.

"Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear:
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

"And we shall miss thy voice, my bird!
Under our whispering pine;
Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

"A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

"But thou, my bright one! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er,
Thou, in the eyes thou lovest, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

"The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
'Midst flowers—not such as die.

"The shadow from thy brow shall melt
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

"Dim will our cabin be and lone
When thou, its light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

"And we will follow thee, our guide,
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land!"

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath:
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

THE INDIAN CITY.

"What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it."—*Childe Harold*.

I.

ROYAL in splendour went down the day
On the plain where an Indian city lay,
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
Red, as if fused in the burning sky.
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
A bright stream's way through the long arcade,
Till the pillared vaults of the banian stood
Like torch-lit aisles 'midst the solemn wood;
And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,
As a tree 'midst the genii gardens old,
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water-vase from the palmy shade,
Came gliding, light as the desert's roe,

Down marble-steps, to the tanks below ;
 And a cool, sweet plashing was ever heard,
 As the molten glass of the wave was stirred,
 And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,
 Told where the Brahmin bowed in prayer.
 —There wandered a noble Moslem boy
 Through the scene of beauty in breathless joy ;
 He gazed where the stately city rose,
 Like a pageant of clouds in its red repose :
 He turned where birds through the gorgeous gloom
 Of the woods went glancing on starry plume ;
 He tracked the brink of the shining lake,
 By the tall canes feathered in tuft and brake.
 Till the path he chose, in its mazes, wound
 To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water, as if enshrined
 In a rocky urn, from the sun and wind.
 Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
 Far down through its dark still purity
 The flood beyond, to the fiery west,
 Spread out like a metal mirror's breast ;
 But that lone bay in its dimness deep,
 Seemed made for the swimmer's joyous leap,
 For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,
 For all free things of the wild wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky,
 Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye ;
 Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,
 From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave ;
 Dashing the spray-drops, cold and white,
 O'er the glossy leaves in its young delight,
 And bowing his locks to the waters clear—
 Alas ! he dreamt not that fite was near.

His mother looked from her tent the while,
 O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile :
 She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
 Had stayed the march of her pilgrim train,
 Calmly to linger a few brief hours
 In the Brahmin city's glorious bowers ;
 For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,
 The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

II.

The moon rose clear in the splendour given
 To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven ;
 The boy from the high-arched woods came back—
 Oh ! what had he met in his lonely track ?
 The serpent's glance through the long reeds bright ?

The arrowy spring of the tiger's might ?
No ! yet as one by a conflict worn,
With his graceful hair all soiled and torn,
And a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye,
And a gash on his bosom—he came to die !
He looked for the face to his young heart sweet,
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.

“ Speak to me ! whence does the swift blood run ?
What hath befallen thee, my child, my son ? ”
The mist of death on his brow lay pale,
But his voice just lingered to breathe the tale,
Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,
And wounds from the children of Brahma borne.
This was the doom for a Moslem found
With a foot profane on their holy ground—
This was for sullyng the pure waves, free
Unto them alone—’twas their god’s decree.
A change came o’er his wandering look—
The mother shrieked not then nor shook :
Breathless she knelt in her son’s young blood,
Rending her mantle to stanch its flood ;
But it rushed like a river which none may stay,
Bearing a flower to the deep away.
That which our love to the earth would chain,
Fearfully striving with heaven in vain—
That which fades from us while yet we hold,
Clasped to our bosoms, its mortal mould,
Was fleeting before her, afar and fast ;
One moment—the soul from the face had passed !
Are there no words for that common woe ?
Ask of the thousands its depth that know !
The boy hath breathed, in his dreaming rest,
Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast ;
He had stood, when she sorrowed, beside her knee,
Painfully stilling his quick heart’s glee ;
He had kissed from her cheek the widow’s tears,
With the loving lip of his infant years ;
He had smiled o’er her path like a bright spring day—
Now in his blood on the earth he lay !
Murdered ! Alas ! and we love so well
In a world where anguish like this can dwell !

She bowed down mutely o’er her dead—
They that stood round her watched in dread ;
They watched—she knew not they were by—
Her soul sat veiled in its agony.
On the silent lips she pressed no kiss—
Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this :
She shed no tear, as her face bent low
O’er the shining hair of the lifeless brow ;

She looked but into the half-shut eye
 With a gaze that found there no reply,
 And shrieking mantled her head from sight,
 And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might.

And what deep change, what work of power,
 Was wrought on her secret soul that hour?
 How rose the lonely one? She rose
 Like a prophetess from dark repose!
 And proudly flung from her face the veil,
 And shook the hair from her forehead pale,
 And 'midst her wondering handmaids stood,
 With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood—
 Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky
 A brow in its regal passion high,
 With a close and rigid grasp she pressed
 The blood-stained robe to her heaving breast,
 And said: "Not yet, not yet I weep,
 Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep!
 Not till your city, in ruins rent,
 Be piled for its victim's monument.
 Cover his dust! bear it on before!
 It shall visit those temple gates once more."
 And away in the train of the dead she turned,
 The strength of her step was the heart that burned
 And the Brahmin groves in the starlight smiled,
 As the mother passed with her slaughtered child.

III.

Hark! a wild sound of the desert's horn
 Through the woods round the Indian city borne,
 A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar—
 War! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war!
 The Brahmin looked from the leaguered towers—
 He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers;
 And the lake that flashed through the plantain shade,
 As the light of the lances along it played;
 And the canes that shook as if winds were high,
 When the fiery steed of the waste swept by;
 And the camp as it lay like a billowy sea,
 Wide round the sheltering banian-tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart—
 That was the place of a wounded heart.
 Oh! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
 A voice that cries against mighty wrong;
 And full of death as a hot wind's blight
 Doth the ire of a crushed affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had passed,
 And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.

There had been words from her pale lips poured,
Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.
The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
And the dark chief of Araby grasped his spear,
Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
And a vow was recorded that doomed its fall.
Back with the dust of her son she came,
When her voice had kindled that lightning flame;
She came in the might of a queenly foe,
Banner, and javelin, and bended bow;
But a deeper power on her forehead sate—
There sought the warrior his star of fate:
Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,
And the faintest tone from her lip was caught
As a sybil's breath of prophetic thought.
—Vain, bitter glory!—the gift of grief,
That lights up vengeance to find relief,
Transient and faithless! it cannot fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor still
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die!

Sickening she turned from her sad renown,
As a king in death might reject his crown.
Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—
She withered faster from day to day;
All the proud sounds of that bannered plain,
To stay the flight of her soul were vain;
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
As on that eve when the fair boy died:
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell;
She spoke, and her voice, in its dying tone,
Had an echo of feelings that long seemed flown.
She murmured a low, sweet cradle-song,
Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng—
A song of the time when her boy's young cheek
Had glowed on her breast in its slumber meek.
But something which breathed from that mournful strain—
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again;
And starting, as if from a dream, she cried:
"Give him proud burial at my side!
There, by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,
When the temples are fallen, make there our grave."

And the temples fell, though the spirit passed,
That stayed not for victory's voice at last;
When the day was won for the martyr dead,
For the broken heart and the bright blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquished the Tartar steed
Bore in the avenger with foaming speed;
Free swept the flame through the idol fanes,
And the streams glowed red, as from warrior veins;
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
Till a city of ruin begirt the shade
Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.
Palace and tower on that plain were left,
Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft;
The wild vine mantled the stately square,
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,
And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—
This was the work of one deep heart wrung!

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE.

—“There is but one place in the world—
Thither, where he lies buried!

* * *
There, there is all that still remains of him :
That single spot is the whole earth to me.”

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

“Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert.”—*Childe Harold*.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread
In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
As chieftains passed; and solemnly the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver,
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly;—but of *one*,
Oh, who shall speak? What words *his* brow unveil?
A father following to the grave his son!—
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,
Through the wood-shadows, moved the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low—
Fair even when found amidst the bloody slain,
Stretched by its broken lance. They reached the lone
Baronial chapel, where the forest-gloom

Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown

Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.

Stately they trode the hollow-ringing aisle,

A strange deep echo shuddered through the pile,

Till crested heads at last in silence bent

Round the De Coucis' antique monument,

When dust to dust was given :—and Aymer slept

Beneath the drooping banners of his line,

Whose broidered folds the Syrian wind had swept

Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine.

So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave

Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave;

And the pale image of a youth, arrayed

As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid

In slumber on his shield. Then all was done—

And still around the dead. His name was heard

Percunance when wine-cups flowed, and hearts were stirred

By some old song, or tale of battle won

Told round the hearth. But in his father's breast

Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed

On to their mark; and in his friend's clear eye

There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by;

And with the brethren of his fields, the feast

Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased

Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide

Bears back affection from the grave's dark side;

Alas! to think of this!—the heart's void place

Filled up so soon!—so like a summer cloud,

All that we loved to pass and leave no trace!—

He lay forgotten in his early shroud.

Forgotten?—not of all! The sunny smile

Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,

And the dark locks, whose breezy waving threw

A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew

From the bright brow; and all the sweetness lying

Within that eagle eye's jet radiance deep,

And all the music with that young voice dying,

Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap

As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived

Still in one breast, whose silent love survived

The poms of kindred sorrow. Day by day,

On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,

Through the dim fane soft summer odours breathing,

And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,

And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing

In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing

Through storied windows down. The violet there

Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly;

And the rose image all things fleet and fair;

And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,

Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,
 As for an altar, wove the radiant band?
 Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells,
 That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,
 To blush through every season? Blight and chill
 Might touch the changing woods; but duly still
 For years those gorgeous coronals renewed,
 And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,
 Even through mid-winter, filled the solitude
 With a strange smile—a glow of summer's realm.
 Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring
 Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring
 In lone devotedness!

One spring morn rose,
 And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid—
 Oh! not as 'midst the vineyards, to repose
 From the fierce noon—a dark-haired peasant maid.
 Who could reveal her story? That still face
 Had once been fair; for on the clear arched brow
 And the curved lip there lingered yet such grace
 As sculpture gives its dreams; and long and low
 The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—
 For death was on its lids—fell mournfully.
 But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
 Dimmed, the slight form all wasted, as by care.
 Whence came that early blight? *Her* kindred's place
 Was not amidst the high De Couci race;
 Yet there her shrine had been! She grasped a wreath—
 The tomb's last garland!—This was love in death.

INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG.

[An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's "Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River."]

"Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air."—*Briek of Messina*, translated by MADAME DE STAEL.

"Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman."
 —*The Prairie*.

DOWN a broad river of the Western wilds,
 Piercing thick forest-glooms, a light canoe
 Swept with the current: fearful was the speed
 Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
 Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
 Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within.

Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
A woman stood! Upon her Indian brow
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved
As if triumphantly. She pressed her child,
In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
Above the sound of waters, high and clear
Wafting a wild proud strain—a song of death:

“Roll swiftly to the spirit’s land, thou mighty stream and
free!

Father of ancient waters, roll! and bear our lives with thee!
The weary bird that storms have tossed would seek the
sunshine’s calm,
And the deer that hath arrow’s hurt flies to the woods of
balm.

“Roll on!—my warrior’s eye hath looked upon another’s
face,
And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam’s
trace:

My shadow comes not o’er his path, my whisper to his
dream,
He flings away the broken reed. Roll swifter yet, thou
stream!

“The voice that spoke of other days is hushed within *his*
breast,
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest;
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone—
I cannot live without that light. Father of waves! roll on!

“Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from
the chase?

The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny place?
The hand that spread the hunter’s board, and decked his
couch of yore?—

He will not! Roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better
shore!

“Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land
must flow,

Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this
woe;

Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may
waft away

The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.

“And thou, my babe! though born, like me, for woman’s
weary lot,

Smile!—to that wasting of the heart, my own! I leave
thee not;

Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away—
Thy mother bears thee far, young fawn! from sorrow and
decay.

"She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are
heard to weep,

And where the unkind one hath no power again to trouble
sleep;

And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening from
a dream:

One moment, and that realm is ours. On, on, dark rolling
stream!"

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS.

["Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis
de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims,
au sein de son triomphe: Jacques d'Arc, son père, y se trouva,
aussitôt que de troupes de Charles VII. y furent entrées; et comme
les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnée, elle se vit
pour un instant au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père
vertueux."—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

"Thou hast a charmèd cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earth-born frame
Above mortality;
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring!"

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral; while around
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within? Within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—
The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage! While 'midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censor's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar stone,
With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleaming
Silent and radiant stood? The helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,

Youthful but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek
 And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
 Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
 On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
 The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
 Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form!
 Was that the leader through the battle storm?
 Had the soft light in that adoring eye
 Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
 'Twas so, even so!—and thou the shepherd's child,
 Joanne, the lovely dreamer of the wild!
 Never before, and never since that hour,
 Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
 Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
 Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,
 And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
 Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
 Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
 And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,
 And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing sun
 May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
 Daughter of victory! A triumphant strain,
 A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
 Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
 And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound:
 Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
 The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
 Man gives to glory on her high career!
 Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
 In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
 Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that filled
 The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled
 One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
 As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
 Sank on the bright maid's heart. "Joanne!"—Who spoke
 Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
 Under one roof! "Joanne!"—*that* murmur broke
 With sounds of weeping forth! She turned—she knew
 Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
 In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
 The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy,
 From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,
 The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—
 "Father! and ye, my brothers!" On the breast
 Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
 Even in an instant, to their native track,
 Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no more,
 The plumes, the banners: to her cabin-door,

And to the Fairy's Fountain in the glade,
 Where her young sisters by her side had played,
 And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
 Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
 Her spirit turned. The very wood-note sung
 In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
 Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
 Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
 Winning her back to nature. She unbound
 The helm of many battles from her head,
 And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
 Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said:
 "Bless me, my father! bless me! and with thee,
 To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
 Let me return!"

Oh! never did thine eye
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy
 Wander again, Joanne! Too much of fame
 Hath shed its radiance on thy peasant name;
 And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
 The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
 Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow
 The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

PAULINE.

"To die for what we love! Oh! there is power
 In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this*;
 It is to *live* without the vanished light
 That strength is needed."

"Così trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno
 Della vita mortal il fiore e'l verde."—TASSO.

ALONG the starlit Seine went music swelling,
 Till the air thrilled with exulting mirth;
 Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
 For cares of stricken hearts were found on earth!
 And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
 A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,
 Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung,
 And from the painted walls a stream of light
 On flying forms beneath soft splendour flung;
 But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
 Was one—the lady from the Danube side.

Pauline, the meekly bright! though now no more
 Her clear eye flashed with youth's all-tameless glee,
 Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
 There in soft rest lay beautiful to see;

A charm with graver, tenderer, sweetness fraught—
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky
Sat on her brow beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurked there no secret boding in her breast?
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh?
Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
'Midst the light laughter of festivity.
Whence come those tones? Alas! enough we know
To mingle fear with all triumphal show!

Who spoke of evil when young feet were flying
In fairy rings around the echoing hall?
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,
Glad pulses beating unto music's call?
Silence!—the minstrels pause—and hark! a sound,
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drowned!

And lo! a light upon the dancers breaking—
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed!
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
One moment holds them still in breathless dread.
The wild fierce lustre grows: then bursts a cry—
Fire! through the hall and round it gathering—fly!

And forth they rush, as chased by sword and spear,
To the green coverts of the garden bowers—
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers:
While from the dome behind, red sparkles driven
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she—Pauline? the hurrying throng
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along—
Till now the threshold of that death is past,
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

"Bertha! where art thou? Speak! oh, speak, my own!"
Alas! unconscious of her pangs the while,
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,
Powerless had sunk within the blazing pile;
A young bright form, decked gloriously for death,
With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath!

But oh! thy strength, deep love! There is no power
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,

Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
 And forth like banners from each lattice wave:
 Back, back she rushes through a host combined—
 Mighty is anguish, with affection twined!

And what bold step may follow, 'midst the roar
 Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise?
 None!—Courage there stood still—and never more
 Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes!
 Was one bright meeting theirs, one wild farewell?
 And died their heart to heart!—Oh! who can tell?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
 On that sad palace, 'midst its pleasure shades;
 Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke
 And lonely stood its marble colonnades:
 But yester-eve their shafts with wreaths were bound,
 Now lay the scene one shrivelled scroll around!

And bore the ruins no recording trace
 Of all that woman's heart had dared and done?
 Yes! there were gems to mark its mortal place,
 That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone!
 Those had the mother, on her gentle breast
 Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.

And they were all!—the tender and the true
 Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
 Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
 To deep lone chastened thoughts of grief and love.
 Oh! we have need of patient faith below,
 To clear away the mysteries of such woe.

JUANA.

[Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress, and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of returning life.]

“It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
 This wild and passionate idolatry,
 What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
 Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
 So must it ever end: too much we give
 Unto the things that perish.”

THE night wind shook the tapestry round an ancient
 palace room,
 And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gor-
 geous gloom,

And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and
red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the
dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and
step were free:

No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watched by the cold
slumberer's side,
On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no
pride;

Only her full impassioned eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul, like shadows
of a cloud,

Amidst the silent room of death the dreamer spoke aloud?
She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried: "Thou
yet wilt wake,

And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one! for
thy sake.

"They told me this was death, but well I knew it could
not be;

Fairest and stateliest of the earth! who spoke of death for
thee?

They would have wrapped the funeral shroud thy gallant
form around,

But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, robed and
crowned!

"With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal
beneath,

And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this
was death?

Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee
long,

But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimmed and
strong.

"I know thou hast not loved me yet; I am not fair like
thee,

The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of
glee!

A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek—
Oh! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart to
seek.

"But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord! and hear'st
 how I have kept
 A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed and wept—
 How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days
 have past—
 Surely that humble patient love *must* win back love at last!

"And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the
 sunny smile,
 Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile!
 No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall
 pine—
 Oh! years of hope deferred were paid by one fond glance
 of thine!

"Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou com'st
 from the chase—
 For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face!
 Thou'lt reck no more though beauty's gift mine aspect
 may not bless;
 In thy kind eyes this deep, deep love shall give me
 loveliness.

"But wake! my heart within me burns, yet once more to
 rejoice [voice
 In the sound to which it ever leaped, the music of thy
 Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,
 And the gladness of thy opening eyes, may all be mine
 alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured forth day by
 day, [found way,
 The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul
 Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,
 Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the princely form
 and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's
 breast, [rest,
 And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his
 With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the
 wind—

But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair
 behind.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

"A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
 Woman!—a power to suffer and to love:
 Therefore thou so canst pity."

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
 On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke—

"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come"—

So the red warriors to their captive spoke.

Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,

A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood,

Like a king's son; though from his cheek had flown

The mantling crimson of the island blood,

And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright

And high around him blazed the fires of night,

Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,

As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow

Lighting the victim's face: but who could tell

Of what within his secret heart befell,

Known but to Heaven that hour? Perchance a thought

Of his far home then so intensely wrought,

That its full image, pictured to his eye

On the dark ground of mortal agony,

Rose clear as day!—and he might see the band

Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,

Where the laburnums drooped; or haply binding

The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding;

Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,

Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,

Where sat their mother; and that mother's face

Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place

Where so it ever smiled! Perchance the prayer

Learned at her knee came back on his despair;

The blessing from her voice, the very tone

Of her "*Good-night*" might breathe from boyhood go

—He started and looked up: thick cypress boughs,

Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red

In the broad stormy firelight; savage brows,

With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,

Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars

Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,

Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom—

Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom

That happy hall in England! Idle fear!

Would the wind tell it? Who might dream or hear

The secret of the forests? To the stake

They bound him; and that proud young soldier strove

His father's spirit in his breast to wake,

Trusting to die in silence! He, the love

Of many hearts!—the fondly reared—the fair,

Gladdening all eyes to see! And fettered there

He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand

Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.

He thought upon his God. Hush! hark! a cry

Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity—

A step hath pierced the ring! Who dares intrude

On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?

A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
 Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
 Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
 Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
 For *hers* had mourned a playmate-brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
 And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
 Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
 His bright head on her bosom, and around
 His form her slender arms to shield it wound
 Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye,
 And clear-toned voice, that said, "He shall not die!"
 "He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrilled
 To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
 On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were stilled,
 Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
 They gazed: their dark souls bowed before the maid,
 She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
 And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
 As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
 Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
 Something of heaven in silence felt and seen;
 And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath;
 From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
 They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree:
 "Away!" they cried, "young stranger, thou art free!"

COSTANZA.

"Art thou then desolate?
 Of friends, of hopes forsaken? Come to me!
 I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved false?
 Fatterers deceived thee? Wanderer, come to me!
 Why didst thou ever leave me? Knowest thou all
 I would have borne, and called it joy to bear.
 For thy sake? Knowest thou that thy voice hath power
 To shake me with a thrill of happiness
 By one kind tone?—to fill mine eyes with tears
 Of yearning love? And thou—oh! thou didst throw
 That crushed affection back upon my heart;
 Yet come to me!—it died not."

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell
 Through the stained window of her lonely cell,
 And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow,
 Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow,
 While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw

Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's hue—
 Seemed all a vision's mist of glory, spread
 By painting's touch around some holy head,
 Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye,
 Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,
 What solemn fervour lived! And yet what woe,
 Lay like some buried thing, still seen below
 The glassy tide! Oh! he that could reveal
 What life had taught that chastened heart to feel,
 Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,
 And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears!
 But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone,
 And of the gentle saint no more was known
 Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made
 A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,
 Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn
 Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,
 And ancient solitude; where hidden streams
 Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams
 Music for weary hearts! 'Midst leaves and flowers
 She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,
 All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread
 To the sick peasant on his lowly bed
 Came and brought hope! while scarce of mortal birth
 He deemed the pale fair form that held on earth
 Communion but with grief.

Ere long, a cell,

A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone
 Gleamed through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well;
 And a sweet voice, of rich yet mournful tone,
 Told the Calabrian wilds that duly there
 Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.
 And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again
 Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,
 That made the cypress quiver where it stood,
 In day's last crimson soaring from the wood
 Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,
 Other and wilder sounds in tumult met
 The floating song. Strange sounds! the trumpet's peal,
 Made hollow by the rocks—the clash of steel;
 The rallying war-cry. In the mountain-pass
 There had been combat; blood was on the grass,
 Banners had strewn the waters; chiefs lay dying,
 And the pine-branches crashed before the flying.

And all was changed within the still retreat,
 Costanza's home: there entered hurrying feet,
 Dark looks of shame and sorrow—mail-clad men,
 Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,
 Scaring the ringdoves from the porch-roof, bore

A wounded warrior in. The rocky floor
 Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,
 As there they laid their leader, and implored
 The sweet saint's prayers to heal him: then for flight,
 Through the wide forest and the mantling night,
 Sped breathlessly again. They passed; but he,
 The stateliest of a host—alas! to see
 What mother's eyes have watched in rosy sleep,
 Till joy, for very fulness, turned to weep,
 Thus changed!—a fearful thing! His golden crest
 Was shivered, and the bright scarf on his breast—
 Some costly love-gift—rent: but what of these?
 There were the clustering raven locks—the breeze,
 As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,
 Might scarcely lift them; steeped in bloody showers
 So heavily upon the pallid clay
 Of the damp cheek they hung. The eyes' dark ray,
 Where was it? And the lips!—they gasped apart,
 With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,
 Still proudly beautiful! but that white hue—
 Was it not death's—that stillness—that cold dew
 On the scarred forehead? No! his spirit broke
 From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke
 To wander in wild dreams; and there he lay,
 By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,
 The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken
 Of all save one. *She* fled not. Day by day
 Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,
 Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone;
 Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving
 His brow with tears that mourned the strong man's raving
 He felt them not, nor marked the light veiled form
 Still hovering nigh! yet sometimes, when that storm
 Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low
 As a young mother's by the cradle singing,
 Would soothe him with sweet *aces*, gently bringing
 Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow
 Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
 Of memory dawned upon the cloud of dreams,
 And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,
 And gazing round him from his leafy bed,
 He murmured forth, "Where am I? What soft strain
 Passed like a breeze across my burning brain?
 Back from my youth it floated, with a tone
 Of life's first music, and a thought of one—
 Where is she now? and where the gauds of pride,
 Whose hollow splendour lured me from her side?
 All lost!—and this is death —I cannot die
 Without forgiveness from that mournful eye!

Away! the earth hath lost her. Was she born
To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn?
My first, my holiest love!—her broken heart
Lies low, and I—unpardoned I depart.”

But then Costanza raised the shadowy veil
From her dark locks and features brightly pale,
And stood before him with a smile—oh! ne’er
Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear—
And said, “Cesario look on me; I live
To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.
I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust,
As should be Heaven’s alone—and Heaven is just!
I bless thee—be at peace!”

But o’er his frame
Too fast the strong tide rushed—the sudden shame,
The joy, the amaze! He bowed his head—it fell
On the wronged bosom, which had loved so well;
And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there—
His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

MADELINE.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

“Who should it be?—Where shouldst thou look for kindness?
When we are sick, where can we turn for succour;
When we are wretched, where can we complain;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother?”—JOANNA BAILLIE.

“My child, my child, thou leav’st me! I shall hear
The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear
With its first utterance: I shall miss the sound
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,
And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight’s close,
And thy ‘Good-night’ at parting for repose.
Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child! and thou, along the moonlit sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France,
Fading to air. Yet blessings with thee go!
Love guard thee, gentlest! and the exile’s woe
From thy young heart be far! And sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter! in my lonely lot,
God shall be with me. Now, farewell! farewell!
Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother’s bosom, since the days

When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to raise
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
That still sought mine : these moments are gone by—
Thou too must go, my flower ! Yet with thee dwell
The peace of God ! One, one more gaze : farewell !”

This was a mother's parting with her child—
A young meek bride, on whom fair Fortune smiled,
And wooed her with a voice of love away
From childhood's home : yet there, with fond delay,
She lingered on the threshold, heard the note
Of her caged bird through trellised rose-leaves float,
And fell upon her mother's neck and wept,
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
Gushed o'er her soul, and many a vanished day,
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said : and on the deep,
When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,
With a calmed heart, young Madeline ere long
Poured forth her own sweet, solemn vesper-song,
Breathing of home. Through stillness heard afar,
And duly rising with the first pale star,
That voice was on the waters ; till at last
The sounding ocean solitudes were passed,
And the bright land was reached, the youthful world
That glows along the West : the sails were furled
In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
Looked on the home that promised hearts untried
A bower of bliss to come. Alas ! we trace

The map of our own paths, and long ere years
With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,

On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears !
That home was darkened soon : the summer breeze
Welcomed with death the wanderers from the seas :
Death unto one, and anguish—how forlorn !

To her that, widowed in her marriage morn,
Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,
Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,
Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,

As from the sun shut out on every side
By the close veil of misery. Oh ! but ill,
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
Bears its first blow ! it knows not yet the part
Which life will teach—to suffer and be still,
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spread, and through the future hours
To send no busy dream ! *she* had not learned
Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turned
In weariness from life. Then came the unrest,

The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
 The haunting sounds of voices far away,
 And household steps: until at last she lay
 On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
 Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing streams
 In her own sunny land; and murmuring oft
 Familiar names, in accents wild yet soft,
 To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
 Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
 To strangers? Oh! could strangers raise the head
 Gently as *hers* was raised? Did strangers shed
 The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow
 And wasted cheek with half-unconscious flow?
 Something was there that, through the lingering night,
 Outwatches patiently the taper's light—
 Something that faints not through the day's distress,
 That fears not toil, that knows not weariness—
 Love, true and perfect love! Whence came that power,
 Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower?
 Whence?—who can ask? The wild delirium passed
 And from her eyes the spirit looked at last
 Into her *mother's* face, and wakening knew
 The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
 The kind sweet smile of old!—and had *she* come,
 Thus in life's evening from her distant home,
 To save her child? Even so—nor yet in vain:
 In that young heart a light sprang up again,
 And lovely still, with so much love to give,
 Seemed this fair world, though faded; still to live
 Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
 That rocked her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
 "Sweet mother! gentlest mother! can it be?"
 The lorn one cried, "and do I look on thee?
 Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore,
 Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more."

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

["This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed."—SHERER'S *Rambles in Germany*.]

"In sweet pride upon that insult keen
 She smiled: then drooping mute and broken-hearted,
 To the cold comfort of the grave departed.—MILMAN.

It stands where Northern willows weep,
A temple fair and lone ;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep
From cypress branches thrown ;
While silently around it spread,
Thou feelest the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined ?
A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm :
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
The mantle's quiet flow,
The gentle yet majestic grace
Throned on the matron brow ;
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought ;
A kingly emblem—nor unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought :
She whose high heart finds rest below
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,
Of dying scent and hue ;
She was a mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true !
Oh ! hallowed long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief !

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoiled,
The standard of their sires borne down,
The shield's bright blazon soiled :
She met the tempest, meekly brave,
Then turned o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumbered : but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout, and signal flame
Sent on from tower to tower !
Fast through the realm a spirit moved—
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep ;

Her memory, as a banner flung
 Forth by the Baltic deep :
 Her grief, a bitter vial poured
 To sanctify the avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again
 His pinion to the sun ;
 And the strong land shook off its chain—
 So was the triumph won !
 But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone
 Still blends with victory's !—*She* was gone !

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR.

[On the roadside, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription: "This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd April, 1616."
 —See *Pleasures of Memory*.]

MOTHER and child ! whose blending tears

Have sanctified the place,
 Where, to the love of many years,
 Was given one last embrace—
 Oh ! ye have shrined a spell of power
 Deep in your record of that hour !

A spell to waken solemn thought—
 A still, small under tone,
 That calls back days of childhood, fraught
 With many a treasure gone ;
 And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
 Though long untroubled, of remorse.

For who that gazes on the stone
 Which marks your parting spot,
 Who but a mother's love hath known—
 The *one* love changing not ?
 Alas ! and haply learned its worth
 First with the sound of "Earth to earth !"

But thou, high-hearted daughter ! thou,
 O'er whose bright honoured head
 Blessings and tears of holiest flow
 E'en here were fondly shed—
 Thou from the passion of thy grief,
 In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For, oh ! though painful be the excess,
 The might wherewith it swells,
 In nature's fount no bitterness
 Of nature's mingling dwells ;

And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more
Which thy young heart first knew?

And all—was all in this world o'er

With ties thus close and true?

It was! On earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze

Where, deep within thy breast,

The sounds and dreams of other days

With memory lay at rest;

No other smile to thee could bring

A gladdening, like the breath of spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still

Its lone memorial keeps,

While on thy name, 'midst wood and hill,

The quiet sunshine sleeps,

And touches, in each graven line,

Of reverential thought a sign;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear

The impress of the dead,

Think of the love embodied there

As of a vision fled?

A perished thing, the joy and flower

And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so!—I will not bow me so

To thoughts that breathe despair!

A loftier faith we need below,

Life's farewell words to bear.

Mother and child!—your tears are past—

Surely your hearts have met at last.

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.*

I stood beside thy lowly grave;
Spring odours breathed around,
And music, in the river wave,
Passed with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun
In the bright air glanced by,
And a glad murmur seemed to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough
That fringed the ruins near;

* Mrs. Tighe, author of "Psyche."

Young voices were abroad—but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee!
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song, was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom
Thou wouldst have loved so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the blush and life of spring—
And thou wert passed away.

But then, e'en then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came;
The immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have looked ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth!
What seest thou, then, where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gavest; but where thou art,
The sway is not with changeeful hours—
There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep,
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep?

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?—
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye.

1828.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

A SPIRIT'S RETURN.

"This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality." *Manfred.*

THY voice prevails ; dear Friend, my gentle Friend !
This long-shut heart for thee shall be unsealed,
And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend
Over the troubled stream, yet once revealed
Shall its freed waters flow ; then rocks must close
For evermore above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries of the sky
Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie ;
Come to the woods, where all strange wandering sound
Is mingled into harmony profound ;
Where the leaves thrill with spirit, while the wind
Fills with a viewless being, unconfined,
The trembling reeds and fountains :—Our own dell
With its green dimness and Æolian breath,
Shall suit th' unveiling of dark records well—
Hear me in tenderness and silent faith !

Thou knew'st me not in life's fresh vernal noon—
I would thou hadst !—for then my heart on thine
Had poured a worthier love ; now, all o'erworn
By its deep thirst for something too divine,
It hath but fitful music to bestow,
Echoes of harp-strings, broken long ago.

Yet even in youth companionless I stood,
As a lone forest-bird 'midst ocean's foam ;
For me the silver chords of brotherhood
Were early loosed ;—the voices from my home
Passed one by one, and Melody and Mirth
Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fulness of a heart that burned
For the deep sympathies of mind, I turned
From that unanswering spot, and fondly sought
In all wild scenes with thrilling murmurs fraught,
In every still small voice and sound of power,
And flute-note of the wind through cave and bower,
A perilous delight ! for then first woke

My life's lone passion, the mysterious quest
 Of secret knowledge; and each tone that broke,
 From the wood-arches or the fountain's breast,
 Making my quick soul vibrate as a lyre,
 But ministered to that strange inborn fire.
 'Midst the bright silence of the mountain-dells,
 In noontide-hours or golden summer-eves,
 My thoughts have burst forth as a gale that swells
 Into a rushing blast, and from the leaves
 Shakes out response:—O thou rich world unseen!
 Thou curtailed realm of spirits!—thus my cry
 Hath troubled air and silence—dost thou lie
 Spread all around, yet by some filmy screen
 Shut from us ever?—The resounding woods,
 Do their depths teem with marvels?—and the floods,
 And the pure fountains leading secret veins
 Of quenchless melody through rock and hill,
 Have they bright dwellers?—are their lone domains
 Peopled with beauty, which may never still
 Our weary thirst of soul?—Cold, weak and cold,
 Is Earth's vain language, piercing not one fold
 Of our deep being!—Oh! for gifts more high!
 For a seer's glance to rend mortality!
 For a charmed rod, to call from each dark shrine
 The oracles divine!

I woke from those high fantasies, to know
 My kindred with the Earth—I woke to love:—
 O gentle Friend! to love in doubt and woe,
 Shutting the heart the worshipped name above,
 Is to love deeply—and *my* spirit's dower
 Was a sad gift, a melancholy dower
 Of so adoring:—with a buried care,
 And with the overflowing of a voiceless prayer,
 And with a deepening dream, that day by day,
 In the still shadow of its lonely sway,
 Folded me closer;—till the world held nought
 Save the *one* Being to my centred thought.
 There was no music but his voice to hear,
 No joy but such as with *his* step drew near;
 Light was but where he looked—life where he moved—
 Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.
 Oh! but such love is fearful!—and I knew
 Its gathering doom. The soul's prophetic sight
 Even then unfolded in my breast, and threw
 O'er all things round a full, strong, vivid light,
 Too sorrowfully clear;—an under-tone
 Was given to Nature's harp, for me alone
 Whispering of grief.—Of grief?—be strong, awake!
 Hath not thy love been victory, O my soul?



There was no music but his voice to hear,
No joy but such as with *his* step drew near;
Light was but where he looked—life where he moved—
Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.

Hath not its conflict won a voice to shake
 Death's fastness!—a magic to control
 Worlds far removed?—from o'er the grave to thee
 Love hath made answer; and *thy* tale should be
 Sung like a lay of triumph!—Now return,
 And take thy treasure from its bosomed urn,
 And lift it once to light!

In fear, in pain,
 I said I loved—but yet a heavenly strain
 Of sweetness floated down the tearful stream,
 A joy flashed through the trouble of my dream!
 I knew myself beloved!—we breathed no vow,
 No mingling visions might our fate allow,
 As unto happy hearts; but still and deep,
 Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,
 Like golden sand in some dark river's wave,
 So did my soul that costly knowledge keep
 So jealously!—a thing o'er which to shed,
 When stars alone beheld the drooping head,
 Lone tears! yet oftentimes burdened with the excess
 Of our strange nature's quivering happiness.

But oh! sweet Friend! we dream not of love's might
 Till Death has robed with soft and solemn light
 The image we enshrined.—Before *that* hour
 We have but glimpses of the o'er-mastering power
 Within us laid!—*then* doth the spirit-flame
 With sword-like lightning rend its mortal frame!
 The wings of that which pants to follow fast
 Shake their clay-bars, as with a prisoned blast—
 The sea is in our souls!

He died, *he* died,
 On whom my lone devotedness was cast!
 I might not keep one vigil by his side,
 I, whose wrung heart watched with him to the last;
 I might not once his fainting head sustain,
 Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour of pain,
 Nor say to him, "Farewell!"—He passed away—
 Oh! had *my* love been there, its conquering sway
 Had won him back from death!—but *thus* removed,
 Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-line hath proved,
 Joined with the unknown, the viewless—he became
 Unto my thoughts another yet the same—
 Changed—hallowed—glorified!—and his low grave
 Seemed a bright, mournful altar—mine, all mine:—
 Brother and Friend soon left me—*that* sole shrine,
 The birthright of the Faithful!—*their* world's wave.
 Soon swept them from its brink.—Oh! deem thou not
 That on the sad and consecrated spot
 My soul grew weak!—I tell thee that a power

There kindled heart and lip :—a fiery shower
 My words were made ;—a might was given to prayer,
 And a strong grasp to passionate despair,
 And a dread triumph !—Knowest thou what I sought ?
 For what high boon my struggling spirit wrought ?—
 Communion with the dead !—I sent a cry,
 Through the veiled empires of eternity,
 A voice to cleave them ! By the mournful truth,
 By the lost promise of my blighted youth,
 By the strong chain a mighty love can bind
 On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er mind ;
 By words, which in themselves are magic high,
 Armed, and inspired, and winged with agony ;
 By tears, which comfort not, but burn, and seem
 To bear the heart's-blood in their passion-stream ;
 I summoned, I adjured !—with quickened sense,
 With the keen vigil of a life intense,
 I watched, an answer from the winds to wring,
 I listened, if perchance the stream might bring,
 Token from worlds afar : I taught *one* sound
 Unto a thousand echoes ; one profound
 Imploring accent to the tomb, the sky ;
 One prayer to night—“ Awake, appear, reply !”

Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
 The dark way never hath allowed return ?
 That all which tears can move with life is fled,
 That earthly love is powerless on the dead ?
 Believe it not !—there is a large lone star,
 Now burning o'er yon western hill afar,
 And under its clear light there lies a spot,
 Which well might utter forth—Believe it not !

I sat beneath that planet,—I had wept
 My woe to stillness ; every night-wind slept ;
 A hush was on the hills ; the very streams
 Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams,
 And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour
 Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower
 Whereon I gazed unconsciously :—there came
 A low sound like the tremor of a flame,
 Or like the light quick shiver of a wing
 Flitting through the twilight woods, across the air ;
 And I looked up !—Oh ! for strong words to bring
 Conviction o'er thy thought !—Before me, there,
 He, the Departed, stood !—Ay, face to face
 So near, and yet how far !—his form, his mien,
 Gave to remembrance back each burning trace
 Within :—Yet something awfully serene,
 Pure—sculpture-like—on the pale brow that wore

Of the once beating heart no token more;
 And stillness on the lip—and o'er the hair
 A gleam that trembled through the breathless air.
 And an unfathomed calm, that seemed to lie
 In the grave sweetness of the illumined eye;
 Told of the gulfs between our being set,
 And as that unsheathed spirit-glance I met,
 Made my soul faint:—with *fear*?—Oh! *not* with fear!
 With the sick feeling that in *his* far sphere
My love could be as nothing!—But he spoke—
 How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill
 In that low voice whose breezy tones could fill
 My bosom's infinite!—O Friend, I woke
 Then first to heavenly life!—Soft, solemn, clear,
 Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear.
 Yet strangely seemed as if the while they rose
 From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose
 Of slumbering waters wafted, o'er the dells
 Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells;
 But, as they murmured on, the mortal chill
 Passed from me, like mist before the morn,
 And, to that glorious intercourse upborne,
 By slow degrees, a calm, divinely still
 Possessed my frame:—I sought that lighted eye—
 From its intense and searching purity
 I drank in *soul*!—I questioned of the dead—
 Of the hushed, starry shores their footsteps tread—
 And I was answered:—If remembrance there,
 With dreamy whispers fill the immortal air;
 If Thought, here piled from many a jewel-heap,
 Be treasure in that pensive land to keep;
 If Love, o'ersweeping change, and blight, and blast,
 Find *there* the music of his home at last;
 I asked, and I was answered:—Full and high
 Was that communion with eternity,
 Too rich for aught so fleeting!—Like a knell
 Swept o'er my sense its closing words—“Farewell,
 On earth we meet no more!”—and all was gone—
 The pale bright settled brow—the thrilling tone—
 The still and shining eye!—and never more
 May twilight gloom or midnight hush restore
 That radiant guest!—One full-fraught hour of Heaven,
 To earthly passion's wild implorings given,
 Was made my own—the ethereal fire hath shivered
 The fragile censer in whose mould it quivered,
 Brightly, consumingly!—What now is left?—
 A faded world, of glory's hues bereft,
 A void, a chain!—I dwell, 'midst throngs, apart,
 In the cold silence of the stranger's heart;
 A fixed, immortal shadow stands between

My spirit and life's fast-receding scene ;
 A gift hath severed me from human ties,
 A power is gone from all earth's melodies,
 Which never may return ;—their chords are broken—
 The music of another land hath spoken—
 No after-sound is sweet!—this weary thirst!—
 And I have heard celestial fountains burst!—
 What *here* shall quench it ?

Dost thou not rejoice
 When the spring sends forth an awakening voice [birth
 Through the young woods?—Thou dost!—And in that
 Of early leaves, and flowers, and songs of mirth,
 Thousands, like thee, find gladness!—Couldst thou know
 How every breeze then summons *me* to go!
 How all the light of love and beauty shed
 By those rich hours, but woos me to the Dead!
 The *only* beautiful that change no more,
 The *only* loved!—the dwellers on the shore
 Of spring fulfilled!—The Dead!—*whom* call we so?
 They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
 Things wrapt from us!—Away!—within me pent
 That which is barred from its own element
 Still droops or struggles!—But the day *will* come—
 Over the deep the free bird finds its home,
 And the stream lingers 'midst the rocks, yet greets
 The sea at last; and the winged flower-seed meets
 A soil to rest in;—shall not *I*, too, be
 My spirit-love! upborne to dwell with thee?
 Yes! by the power whose conquering anguish stirred
 The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars was heard,
 Whose agony of triumph won thee back
 Through the dim pass no mortal step may track,
 Yet shall we meet!—that glimpse of joy divine
 Proved thee for ever and for ever mine!

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.*

"Courage was cast about her like a dress
 Of solemn comeliness,
 A gathered mind and an untroubled face
 Did give her dangers grace."—DONNE.

The war-note of the Saracen
 Was on the winds of France;
 It had stilled the harp of the Troubadour,
 And the clash of the tourney's lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
 And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,

* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
 In a chapel where the mighty lay
 On the old Provençal shore;
 Many a Chatillon beneath,
 Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's breath,
 His shroud of armour wore.
 And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
 Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,
 Gave quivering life to the slumber pale
 Of stern forms couched in their marble mail,
 At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
 The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
 As leaders in many a bold career,
 And haughty their stillness looked and high,
 Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory:
 But meekly the voice of the lady rose
 Through the trophies of their proud repose;
 Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,
 Under their banners of battle she prayed;
 With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
 Upraised to the Virgin's portrayed above,
 And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
 Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
 And her fragile frame, at every blast,
 That full of the savage war-horn passed,
 Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart,
 When it vainly strives from its cage to part—

 So knelt she in her woe;
 A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
 Oh! they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
 Or the dust that stirred below!

Hark! a swift step! she hath caught its tone,
 Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan:
 Is her lord returned with his conquering bands?
 No! a breathless vassal before her stands!—
 "Hast thou been on the field?—Art thou come from the
 "From the slaughter, Lady! All, all is lost! [host?"—
 Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
 Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe,
 And thy Lord," his voice took a sadder sound—
 "Thy Lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
 There are those who tell that the leader's plume
 Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom."—

A change o'er her mien and her spirit passed!
 She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
 She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,

With a glance, as of sudden royalty:
 The proud blood sprang in a fiery flow,
 Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and brow,
 And her young voice rose till the peasant shook
 At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look:—
 "Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
 And fear not to say that their son hath fled?—
 Away! he is lying by lance and shield—
 Point me the path to his battle-field!"

The shadows of the forest
 Are about the lady now;
 She is hurrying through the midnight on,
 Beneath the dark pine bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
 There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief;
 The branches that rock to the tempest-strife
 Are groaning like things of troubled life;
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by
 With a funeral march through the gloomy sky;
 The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
 When she reached the field of the warrior-dead;
 There lay the noble, the valiant, low—
 Ay! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe;
 There lay the *loved*—on each fallen head
 Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed;
 Sisters were watching in many a home
 For the fettered footstep, no more to come;
 Names in the prayer of that night were spoken,
 Whose claim unto kindred prayer was broken,
 And the fire was heaped, and the bright wine poured,
 For those now needing nor hearth nor board;
 Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
 And, oh! ye beloved of women, farewell!

Silently, with lips compressed,
 Pale hands clasped above her breast,
 Stately brow of anguish high,
 Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye;
 Silently o'er that red plain,
 Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seemed as a charging cry,
 Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh;
 Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,

Sudden and shrill from the mountain borne;
 And her maidens trembled;—but on *her* ear
 No meaning fell with those sounds of fear!
 They had less of mastery to shake her now,
 Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen bough
 She searched into many an unclosed eye,
 That looked, without soul, to the starry sky:
 She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—
 Not there, not there he lay!
 “Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled—lead on!”
 And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree
 That waved o'er a fountain red;
 Oh! swiftly *there* had the currents free
 From noble veins been shed.
 Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed,
 And the scattered plumage streamed,
 And the broken shields were tossed,
 And the shivered lances crossed,
 And the mail-clad sleepers round
 Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there! the leader amidst his band,
 Where the faithful had made their last vain stand;
 He was there! but affection's glance alone
 The darkly-changed in that hour had known;
 With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,
 And a banner of France to his bosom clasped,
 And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
 And the face—oh! speak not of that dead face!
 As it lay to answer love's look no more,
 Yet never so proudly loved before!
 She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,
 The time was not yet for their waves to flow:
 She felt the full presence, the might of Death,
 Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
 And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
 As she turned to his followers—“Your Lord is there!
 Look on him! know him by scarf and crest!—
 Bear him away with his sires to rest!”

Another day—another night—
 And the sailor on the deep
 Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
 From the lordly chapel sweep:

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
 As if that rite were in terror done;

Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
Through the aisle the mourners go ;
With a hushed and stealthy tread,
Bearing on the noble dead,
Sheathed in armour of the field—
Only his wan face revealed.
Whence the still and solemn gleam
Doth a strange sad contrast seem
To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
With torches wavering in every hand,
For they dread each moment the shout of war,
And the burst of the Moslem scimitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
No brother of battle, no princely friend ;
No sound comes back like the sounds of yore,
Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor ;
By the red fountain the valiant lie,
The flower of Provençal chivalry ;
But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
To the verge of his own ancestral grave ;
She hath held o'er her spirit long rigid sway,
But the struggling passion must now have way.
In the cheek, half seen through her mourning veil,
By turns does the swift blood flush and fail ;
The pride on the lip is lingering still,
But it shakes as a flame to the blast might thrill ;
Anguish and Triumph are met at strife,
Rending the chords of her frail young life,
And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
Lifting her voice, as if Death might hear :

"I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong !
Now call me hence, by thy side to be,
The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me forth !
Give me my home on thy noble heart—
Well have we loved, let us both depart !"
And pale on the breast of the Dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;
The *living* cheek !—Oh ! it was not vain,
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain ;
She is there at rest in her place of pride,
In death how queen-like—a glorious bride !

Joy for the freed One!—she might not stay
 When the crown had fallen from her life away;
 She might not linger—a weary thing,
 A dove, with no home for its broken wing,
 Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
 That know not its own land's melodies.
 From the long heart-withering early gone;
 She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

[“Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie!”—MADAME DE STAEL.]

THERE was music on the midnight;—
 From a royal fane it rolled,
 And a mighty bell, each pause between,
 Sternly and slowly tolled.
 Strange was their mingling in the sky,
 It hushed the listener's breath;
 For the music spoke of triumph high,
 The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight!—
 A sound of many feet;
 But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
 Along the shadowy street:
 And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
 As it neared the minster-gate,
 Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
 From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance
 In the centre of the nave,
 Where the folds of a purple canopy
 Swept down in many a wave;
 Loading their marble pavement old
 With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
 For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
 Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
 High on a glittering throne,
 A woman's form sat silently,
 'Midst the glare of light alone.
 Her jewelled robes fell strangely still—
 The drapery on her breast
 Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill
 So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stepped Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death! Death! canst *thou* be lovely
Unto the eye of life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?—
It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compressed,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not,
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turned,
Save of the breathless queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed—bear back the Dead
Unto the chamber deep!

Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lowered the dust again.
'Tis hushed at last the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"O sanctissima, O purissima!
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intemerata
Ora, ora pro nobis."—*Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.*

In the deep hour of dreams,
Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea,
And by the starlight gleams,
Mother of Sorrows! lo, I come to thee.

Unto thy shrine I bear
Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart, to lie
All, all unfolded there,
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move,
In thy still beauty, through an early home,
Thou knowest the grief, the love,
The fear of woman's soul;—to thee I come!

Many, and sad, and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast;
Thou, too, couldst watch and weep—
Hear, gentlest mother! hear a heart oppress!

There is a wandering bark
Bearing one from me o'er the restless waves;
Oh! let thy soft eye mark
His course;—be with him, Holiest, guide and save!

My soul is on that way;
 My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim;
 Through the long weary day,
 I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.

Aid him—and me, too, aid!
 Oh! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess!
 On thy weak child is laid
 The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er *him* is poured
 My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven apart;
 Too fearfully adored,
 Oh! make not him the chastener of my heart!

I tremble with a sense
 Of grief to be;—I hear a warning low
 Sweet mother! call me hence!
 This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,
 Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known;
 And, worn with feverish strife,
 Would fold its wings;—take back, take back thine own!

Hark! how the wind swept by!
 The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—
 Hope of the sailor's eye,
 And maiden's heart, blest mother, guide and save!

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

FROM the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
 Or from some world unreach'd by human thought,
 Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
 And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
 Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here of life and death?
 Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
 Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
 To melt away, like song from festal bowers?
 Answer, oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
 Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze—
 Didst thou bear with thee to the shore unknown,
 Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze?
 Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone
 Thrilled through the tempest of the parting strife,

Like a faint breeze:—oh! from that music flown,
Send back *one* sound, if love's be quenchless life,
But once, oh! answer me!

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep,
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep—
Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended prayer;
By all our tears, whose mingling made them sweet;
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair;—
Speak! if our souls in deathless yearnings meet;
Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent:—and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight—silent all, and lone!
Oh! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has Earth?—Hear, pity, speak, mine own!
Answer me, answer me!

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE.

"For all his wildness and proud fantasies,
I love him!"—CROLY.

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the Chamois
bounds,
Thy heart is where the mountain-fir shakes to the torrent-
sounds;
And where the snow-peaks gleam like stars, through the
stillness of the air,
And where the Lauwine's* peal is heard—Hunter! thy
heart is there!

I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend! but better, better
far,
Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with rocks and
storms at war;
In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but
pine—
And yet I will be thine, my Love! and yet I will be thine!

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy na-
tive heights,
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral
delights;
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine—
And yet I will be thine, my Love! and yet I will be thine!

* The avalanche.

And I will leave my blessed home, my father's joyous hearth,
 With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
 With all the kind and laughing eyes, that in its firelight
 shine,

To sit forsaken in thy hut—yet know that thou art mine!

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
 That I cast away for thee—for thee—all reckless as thou
 art!

With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to
 dwell;

Yet, yet I would not change that lot,—oh, no! I love too
 well!

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as
 thou,

With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of
 brow!

Mournful!—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
 And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
 To watch through long, long nights of storm, to sleep and
 dream of death,

To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is
 mine—

And yet I will be thine, my Love! and yet I will be thine!

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou
 com'st at last,

That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger
 past,

That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid
 divine—

For this I will be thine, my Love! for this I will be thine!

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD.*

In the silence of the midnight

I journey with my dead:

In the darkness of the forest-boughs,

A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,

As by mighty wings upborne;

The mountain eagle hath not plumes

So strong as Love and Scorn.

* An Indian, who had established himself in a township of Maine, feeling indignantly the want of sympathy evinced towards him by the white inhabitants, particularly on the death of his only child, gave up his farm soon afterwards, dug up the body of his child, and carried it with him two hundred miles through the forest to join the Canadian Indians.—See TUDOR'S *Eastern States of America*.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path defiled;
On to th' ancestral wilderness,
I bear thy dust, my child!

I have asked the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer:
"Go, bring us back thine own!"
And the streams from all the hunters' hills
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoiler's dwellings,
For evermore, behind;
Unmingled with their household sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watched my child's decay,
Uncheered, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is near!"
There was none!—pale race, farewell!

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing thence,
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone;
I shall hear thee in the forest-breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead;
But my heart is strong, my step is fleet,
My father's path I tread.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away, o'er the foaming main!"—
This was the free and the joyous strain—
"There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But, alas! that we should go,"—
Sang the farewell voices then—
"From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow,
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still."

"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children played
'Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no farther pass:'
We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the earth at night."

"But, oh! the grey church-tower,
And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
And the sheltered garden-bower—
We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;

We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
 And the path of our daring in boundless woods !
 And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
 Where the Indians' graves lay, alone, before."

"But who shall teach the flowers,
 Which our children loved, to dwell
 In a soil that is not ours ?—
 Home, home and friends, farewell!"

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.

"If I could see him, it were well with me!"—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the van-
 quished city's halls,
 As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;
 And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of
 bright blood shed;
 But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph,
 wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and
 flowers below,
 The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets—and a gloom came
 o'er his brow:
 The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and
 cymbal's tone;
 But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly
 alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the
 sea!

But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?—
 I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past
 them roll,

And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to
 my soul.

"My brother! O my brother! thou art gone—the true and
 brave,

And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave;
 There are many round my throne to stand, and to march
 where I lead on;

There was *one* to love me in the world—my brother! thou
 art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
 We stood together side by side; one hope was ours—one
 path;

Thou hast wrapped me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast
fenced me with thy breast;
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest
heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around;—o'er a dull sad world
they shine;

I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is *thine*?
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!—
O brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts and gallant fleets to spread my glory and
my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly;—my *friend* hath passed
away!

For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst
in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come
again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for
a crown;

With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have pur-
chased cold renown;

How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of tri-
umph die,

When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is even as death!

Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-
trumpet's breath;

Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner
wave—

But where art thou, my brother? where?—in thy low and
early grave!"

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious
night,

And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and
torches' light;

But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the con-
querors' moan—

"My brother! O my brother! best and bravest! thou art
gone!"

THE RETURN.

"HAST thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?
The free, the pure, the kind?"

So murmured the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain-wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early love?"
 Whispered my native streams;
 "Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill and grove
 Still revered its first high dreams?"
 "Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
 Of the child in his parent-halls?"—
 Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
 From the old ancestral walls.
 "Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
 Whose place of rest is nigh?
 With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,
 With the mother's trusting eye?"—
 Then my tears gushed forth in sudden rain,
 As I answered—"O ye shades!
 I bring not my childhood's heart again
 To the freedom of your glades.
 "I have turned from my first pure love aside,
 O bright and happy streams!
 Light after light, in my soul have died
 The dayspring's glorious dreams.
 "And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath passed—
 The prayer at my mother's knee;
 Darkened and troubled I come at last,
 Home of my boyish glee!
 "But I hear from my childhood a gift of tears,
 To soften and atone;
 And oh! ye scenes of those blessed years
 They shall make me again your own."

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.*

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
 Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress:
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think—
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess—
 That thou to me hast been all tenderness,
 And friend, to more than human friendship just.
 Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
 God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in dust."
Gertrude of Wyoming.

THY voice is in mine ear, beloved!
 Thy look is in my heart,
 Thy bosom is my resting-place,
 And yet I must depart.

* The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain—though mighty—vain!

Thou seest mine eye grow dim, beloved!
Thou seest my life-blood flow—
Bow to the chastener silently,
And calmly let me go!
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,
My spirit they detain;
I know that from thine agony
Is rung that burning rain.
Best, kindest, weep not;—make the pang,
The bitter conflict, less—
Oh! sad it is, and yet a joy,
To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! Let the thought of death
A solemn peace restore!
The voice that must be silent soon
Would speak to thee once more,
That thou mayst bear its blessings on
Through years of after-life—
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman knew;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Showered on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes,
A gladness ever new!
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried,

The right to gaze on death with thee,
 To perish by thy side!
 And yet more for the glorious hope
 Even to *these* moments given—
 Did not *thy* spirit ever lift
 The trust of *mine* to Heaven?

Now be *thou* strong! Oh! knew we not
 Our path must lead to this?
 A shadow and a trembling still
 Were mingled with our bliss!
 We plighted our young hearts when storms
 Were dark upon the sky,
 In full, deep knowledge of their task
 To suffer and to die!

Be strong! I leave the living voice
 Of this, my martyred blood,
 With the thousand echoes of the hills
 With the torrent's foaming flood—
 A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
 A token on the air,
 To rouse the valiant from repose,
 The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love!
 Ay, joyously endure!
 Our mountains must be altars yet,
 Inviolable and pure;
 There must our God be worshipped still
 With the worship of the free—
 Farewell!—There's but *one* pang in death,
 One only,—leaving thee!

THE GUERRILLA LEADER'S VOW.

"All my pretty ones!
 Did you say all?"

* * * * *
 Let us make medicine of this great revenge,
 To cure this deadly grief!"—*Macbeth*.

My battle-vow!—no minster walls
 Gave back the burning word,
 Nor cross nor shrine the low deep tone
 Of smothered vengeance heard:
 But the ashes of a ruined home
 Thrilled, as it sternly rose,
 With the mingling voice of blood that shook
 The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kindly tombs,
 But where my children lay,

And the startled vulture, at my step,
 Soared from their precious clay.
 I stood amidst my dead alone—
 I kissed their lips—I poured,
 In the strong silence of that hour,
 My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering floor,
 The blackened threshold-stone,
 The bright hair torn, and soiled with blood,
 Whose fountain was my own;
 These, and the everlasting hills,
 Bore witness that wild night;
 Before them rose th' avenger's soul,
 In crushed affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of heaven,
 With keen looks would upbraid,
 If from my heart the fiery vow,
 Seared on it then, could fade.
 They have no cause!—Go, ask the streams
 That by my paths have swept,
 The red waves that unstained were born—
 How hath my faith been kept?

And other eyes are on my soul
 That never, never close,
 The sad, sweet glances of the lost—
 They leave me no repose.
 Haunting my night-watch 'midst the rocks,
 And by the torrent's foam,
 Through the dark-rolling mists they shine,
 Full, full of love and home!

Alas! the mountain-eagle's heart,
 When wronged, may yet find rest;
 Scorning the place made desolate,
 He seeks another nest.
 But I—your soft looks wake the thirst
 That wins no quenching rain;
 Ye drive me back, my beautiful!
 To the stormy fight again!

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE.

“Thither where he lies buried!
 That single spot is the whole world to me.”
 COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THY voice was in my soul! it called me on;
 O my lost friend! thy voice was in my soul;



——— Mighty is the tomb,
But one thing mightier which it cannot quell,
'Tis Woman's heart !

From the cold, faded world, whence thou art gone,
To hear no more life's troubled billows roll,
I come, I come!

Now speak to me again! we loved so well—
We *loved*! oh! still I know that still we *love*!
I have left all things with thy dust to dwell,
Through these dim aisles in dreams of *thee* to rove:
This is my home!

Speak to me in the thrilling minster's gloom!
Speak! thou hast died, and sent me no farewell!
I will not shrink;—oh! mighty is the tomb,
But one thing mightier which it cannot quell,
This woman's heart!

This lone, full, fragile heart!—the strong alone
In love and grief—of both the burning shrine!
Thou, my soul's friend! with grief hast surely done,
But with the love which made thy spirit mine,
Say, couldst thou part?

I hear the rustling banners: and I hear
The wind's low singing through the fretted stone;
I hear not *thee*; and yet I feel thee near—
What is this bound that keeps thee from thy own?
Breathe it away!

I wait thee—I adjure thee! hast thou known
How I have loved thee? couldst thou dream it all?
Am I not here, with night and death alone,
And fearing not? and hath my spirit's call
O'er thine no sway?

Thou *canst* not come! or thus I should not weep!
Thy love is deathless—but no longer free!
Soon would its wing triumphantly o'ersweep
The viewless barrier, if such power might be,
Soon, soon, and fast!

But I shall come to thee! our souls' deep dreams,
Our young affections, have not gushed in vain;
Soon in one tide shall blend the severed streams,
The worn heart break its bonds—and death and pain
Be with the past!

THE SISTERS OF SCIO.

"As are our hearts, our way is one,
And cannot be divided. Strong affection
Contents with all things, and o'ercometh all things.
Will I not live with thee? will I not cheer thee?
Wouldst thou be lonely then? wouldst thou be sad?"

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"SISTER, sweet sister! let me weep awhile!
Bear with me—give the sudden passion way!

Thoughts of our own lost home, our sunny isle,
Come, as a wind that o'er a reed hath away;
Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears;—
Oh! could my life melt from me in these tears!

"Our father's voice, our mother's gentle eye,
Our brother's bounding step—where are they, where?
Desolate, desolate our chambers lie!—

How hast *thou* won thy spirit from despair?
O'er *mine* swift shadows, gusts of terror, sweep;—
I sink away—bear with me—let me weep!"

"Yes! weep, my sister! weep, till from thy heart
The weight flow forth in tears; yet sink thou not!
I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,
For thee, my gentle one! our orphan lot
To meet in quenchless trust; my soul is strong—
Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might ere long.

"A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,
A memory of our old victorious dead—
These mantle me with power! and though their fires
In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
Yet shall they light us onward, side by side;—
Have the wild birds, and have not *we*, a guide?

"Cheer, then, beloved!—on whose meek brow is set
Our mother's image—in whose voice a tone,
A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,
An echo of our childhood's music gone;—
Cheer thee! thy sister's heart and faith are high;
Our path is one—with thee I live and die!"

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "'Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?'—'Look where he is,' replied the cruel King; 'and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see.'" The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart
of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;

"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh! break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And, lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went:
He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead—
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight?

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low—and wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly
mournful brow,

"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword
for now.—

My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father, oh! the
worth,

The glory, and the loveliness are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside
thee yet

I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had
met,—

Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my
fields were won,—

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst
no son!"

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the
monarch's rein,

Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp the rearing war-
horse led,

And sternly set them face to face—the king before the
dead!—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to
kiss?—

Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is
this!

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer,
where are they?—

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through
this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—he still! keep down
thine ire;

Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my
sire!

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood
was shed—

Thou canst not—and a king! His dust be mountains on
thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—upon the silent
face

He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned from
that sad place:

His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial
strain—

His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS

"To a mysteriously consorted pair
This place is consecrate ; to death and life,
And to the best affections that proceed
From this conjunction."—WORDSWORTH.

[At Hindelbank, near Berne, she is represented as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the sound of the last trumpet. An inscription on the tomb concludes thus :—" Here am I, O God! with the child whom Thou hast given me."]

How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,
O bride of stricken love! in anguish hither!
Like flowers, the first and fairest of the year
Plucked on the bosom of the dead to wither;
Hopes, from their source all holy, though of earth,
All brightly gathering round affection's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told; of Sabbath hours;
Of morn's farewell, and evening's blessed meeting;
Of childhood's voice, amidst the household bowers;
And bounding step, and smile of joyous greeting;—
But thou, young mother! to thy gentle heart
Didst take thy babe, and meekly so depart.

How many hopes have sprung in radiance hence!
Their trace yet lights the dust where thou art sleeping!
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a sense
Of triumph, blent with nature's gush of weeping,
As, kindling up the silent stone, I see
The glorious vision, caught by faith, of thee.

Slumberer! love calls thee, for the night is past;
Put on the immortal beauty of thy waking!
Captive! and hear'st thou not the trumpet's blast,
The long, victorious note, thy bondage breaking?
Thou hear'st, thou answer'st: "God of earth and heaven!
Here am I, with the child whom Thou hast given!"

THE EXILE'S DIRGE.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."—*Cymbeline*.

["I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to

his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sang as they bore the body along; the words '*mein Gott*,' '*mein Bruder*,' and '*Vaterland*,' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn."—*FLINT'S Valley of the Mississippi.*]

THERE went a dirge through the forest's gloom.—
An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

"Brother!" (so the chant was sung
In the slumberer's native tongue),
"Friend and brother! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be:—
Long the Exile's woe hath lain
On thy life a withering chain;
Music from thine own blue streams
Wandered through thy fever-dreams;
Voices from thy country's vines
Met thee 'midst the alien pines,
And thy true heart died away;
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swelled the chant! and the deep wind's moan
Seemed through the cedars to murmur—"Gone!"

"Brother! by the rolling Rhine
Stands the home that once was thine—
Brother! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian arrow flies!
He that blest thine infant head
Fills a distant greensward bed;
She that heard thy lisping prayer
Slumbers low beside him there;
They that earliest with thee played
Rest beneath their own oak shade,
Far, far hence!—yet sea nor shore
Haply, brother! part ye more;
God hath called thee to that band
In the immortal Fatherland!"

"The *Fatherland*!"—with that sweet word
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.

"Brother! were we there with thee,
Rich would many a meeting be!
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourned and lost one found!
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air;
Loved and bright things to resign,
As even now this dust of thine;

Yet to hope!—to hope in Heaven,
 Though flowers fall, and ties be riven—
 Yet to pray! and wait the hand
 Beckoning to the Fatherland!"

And the requiem died in the forest's gloom;—
 They had reached the exile's lonely tomb.

THE DREAMING CHILD.

"Alas! what kind of grief should thy years know?
 Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be
 When no breath troubles them."—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AND is there sadness in *thy* dreams, my boy?
 What should the cloud be made of?—blessed child!
 Thy spirit borne upon a breeze of joy,
 All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear, yet mild:

And now thou tremblest!—wherefore?—in *thy* soul
 There lies no past, no future.—Thou hast heard
 No sound of presage from the distance roll,
 Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy word.

From thee no love hath gone; thy mind's young eye
 Hath looked not into Death's, and thence become
 A questioner of mute Eternity,
 A weary searcher for a viewless home:

Nor hath thy sense been quickened unto pain,
 By feverish watching for some step beloved;
 Free are thy thoughts, an ever changeful train,
 Glancing like dewdrops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange passion tossed
 How art thou withered in the cave of sleep!
 My gentle child! 'midst what dim phantoms lost,
 Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep?

Awake! they sadden me—those early tears,
 First gushings of the strong dark river's flow,
 That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with coming years,
 Th' unfathomable flood of human woe!

Awful to watch, e'en rolling through a dream,
 Forcing wild spray-drops but from childhood's eyes!
 Wake, wake as yet *thy* life's transparent stream
 Should wear the tinge of none but summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms unknown,
 Where now thy thoughts dismayed and darkling rove;
 Come to the kindly region all thine own,
 The home, still bright for thee with guardian love.

Happy, fair child! that yet a mother's voice
 Can win thee back from visionary strife!—
 Oh! shall *my* soul, thus wakened to rejoice,
 Start from the dreamlike wilderness of life?

THE CHARMED PICTURE.

Oh! that those lips had language!—Life hath passed
 With me but roughly since I saw thee last.”—COWPER.

THINE eyes are charmed—thine earnest eyes—
 Thou image of the dead!
 A spell within their sweetness lies,
 A virtue thence is shed.

Oft in their meek blue light enshrined
 A blessing seems to be,
 And sometimes there my wayward mind
 A still reproach can see:

And sometimes Pity—soft and deep,
 And quivering through a tear;
 Even as if Love in Heaven could weep,
 For Grief left drooping here.

And oh! my spirit needs that balm,
 Needs it 'midst fitful mirth:
 And in the night-hour's haunted calm,
 And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow praise
 Hath made the weary pine
 For one true tone of other days,
 One glance of love like thine!

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee
 Bears my quick heart along,
 On wings that struggle to be free,
 As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain;—too soon are felt
 The wounds they cannot flee;
 Better in childlike tears to melt,
 Pouring my soul on thee!

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone,
 Whence is thy power of change,
 Thus ever shadowing back my own,
 The rapid and the strange?

Whence are they charmed—those earnest eyes?—
 I know the mystery well!

In mine own trembling bosom lies
The spirit of the spell!

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born—
Oh! change no longer, thou!
For ever be the blessing worn
On thy pure thoughtful brow!

PARTING WORDS.

"One struggle more, and I am free."—BYRON.

LEAVE me, oh, leave me!—unto all below
Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell;
Thou mak'st those mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace!

Leave me!—thy footstep, with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong for aught that loves and dies, to bear—
Oh! bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
Thou bidd'st the peace, the reverential hush,
The still submission from my thoughts depart:
Dear one, this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days;
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,
Too much—and death is there!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
From the old beech-roots flashing into day?
Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow?
Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!—

Not now! 'twill be not now!—my aching sight
 Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
 Bearing all strength away!

Leave me!—thou com'st between my heart and Heaven!
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die!—
 Why must our souls thus love, and then be riven?—
 Return! thy parting wakes mine agony!—
 Oh, yet a while delay!

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.*

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
 Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
 Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
 In a lonely home to dwell;
 And from the hills, and from the hearth,
 And from the household tree,
 With thee departs the lingering mirth,
 The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
 Thou'rt speeding to the shore
 Where the dirgelike tone of parting words
 Shall smite the soul no more!
 And thou wilt see our holy dead,
 The lost on earth and main;
 Into the sheaf of kindred hearts,
 Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood
 That yet his name is heard
 On the blue mountains, whence his youth
 Passed like a swift bright bird.
 The light of his exulting brow,
 The vision of his glee,
 Are on me still—oh! still I trust
 That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
 The rose cut down in spring,
 That yet my gushing soul is filled
 With lays she loved to sing.
 Her soft, deep eyes look through my dreams,
 Tender and sadly sweet;—

* "Messages from the living to the dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time, and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections. —See the *Notes to Mrs. Brunton's Works*.

Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet!

And tell our white-haired father,
That in the paths he trod,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks and worships God.
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother
That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore.
Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
Our good and bright will see!—
Oh! brother, brother! may I dwell,
Ere long, with them and thee!

THE SOLDIER'S DEATHBED.

[“Wie herrlich die Sonne dort untergeht! da ich noch ein Bube war—war's mein Lieblingsge-danke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben!”—*Die Rauber.*]

Like thee to die, thou sun!—My boyhood's dream
Was this; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
Ebbs from a field of victory, yet the hour
Bears back upon me with a torrent's power
Nature's deep longings:—Oh! for some kind eye,
Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze;
Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
Some voice to speak of hope and better days
Beyond the pass of shadows!—But I go,
I, that have been so loved, go hence alone;
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends! it may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee,
Mingles its cadence while you speak of me:
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles dying,
Far, far away!—and oh! your parting prayer—
Will not his name be fondly murmured there?
It will!—A blessing on that holy hearth!
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.
Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;
Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain;
Young brother, fare thee well!—on each dear head
Blessing and love a thousandfold be shed,
My soul's last earthly breathings!—May your home

Smile for you ever!—May no winter come,
 No *world*, between your hearts! May e'en your tears,
 For my sake, full of long-remembered years,
 Quickened the true affections that entwine
 Your lives in one bright bond!—I may not sleep
 Amidst our fathers, where those tears might shine
 Over my slumbers; yet your love will keep
 My memory living in the ancestral halls,
 Where shame hath never trod;—the dark night falls,
 And I depart.—The brave are gone to rest,
 The brothers of my combats, on the breast
 Of the red field they reaped;—their work is done—
Thou, too, art set!—farewell, farewell, thou sun!
 The last lone watcher of the bloody sod
 Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

THE IMAGE IN THE HEART.

TO —————

“True, indeed, it is,
 That they whom death has hidden from our sight
 Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them
 The future cannot contradict the past—
 Mortality's last exercise and proof
 Is undergone.”—WORDSWORTH.

“The love where death has set his seal,
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
 Nor falsehood disavow.”—BYRON.

I CALL thee blest!—though now the voice be fled,
 Which, to thy soul, brought dayspring with its tone,
 And o'er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
 Eyes that ne'er looked on thine but light was thrown
 Far through thy breast:

And though the music of thy life be broken,
 Or changed in every chord, since he is gone,
 Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,
 O thou! the deeply, but the brightly lone!
 I call thee blest.

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
 As 'mid the waste an Isle of fount and palm,
 For ever green!—the world's breath enters not;
 The passion-tempests may not break its calm;
 'Tis thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust unbaffled, mayst thou turn
 From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
 Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn,
 That, filled with waters of sweet memory, lies
 In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy *home*!—there is no power in change
 To reach that temple of the past;—no sway,
 In all time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,
 To sweep the still transparent peace away
 From its hushed air!

And oh! that glorious image of the dead!
 Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,
 And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
 Its high gifts fearlessly!—I call thee blest,
 If only *there*!

Blest, for the beautiful within thee dwelling,
 Never to fade!—a refuge from distrust,
 A spring of purer life, still fleshly welling,
 To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust
 With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved!—it is no dream,
 No false mirage for *thee*, the fervent love,
 The rainbow still unreached, the ideal gleam,
 That ever seems, before, beyond, above,
 Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of the earth
 Singled and marked, hast *known* its home and place
 And the high memory of its holy worth,
 To this our life a glory and a grace
 For thee hath given.

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly loved?
 Thou art!—the love his spirit bore away
 Was not for death!—a treasure but removed,
 A bright bird parted for a clearer day—
 Thine still in Heaven!

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

“And dreams, in their development, have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts.
 They make us what we were not—what they will,
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by.”—BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND! thou land of dreams!
 A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
 Of startling voices, and sounds at strife—
 A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
 When the wavy shadows float by, and part:
 Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,
 Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,
 With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
 Amidst whose ruins there glide and play
 Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,
 Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth—
 All the sear flowers of our days gone by,
 And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
 A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!
 And the shapes through thy mysteries that come and go
 Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe.

But for me, O that picture-land of sleep!
 Thou art all one world of affections deep—
 And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,
 That sweeps o'er the chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair;
 All the beloved of my soul are there!
 The forms my spirit most pines to see,
 The eyes whose love hath been life to me.

They are there—and each blessed voice I hear,
 Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;
 But undertones are in each, that say:
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow;
 I listen to music of long ago;
 But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the
 lay—
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I sit by the hearth of my early days;
 All the home-faces are met by the blaze—
 And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say:
 "It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,
 And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone!
 Oh! a haunted heart is a weight to bear—
 Bright faces, kind voices! where are ye—where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams!
 The past, as it fled by my own blue streams!
 Make not my spirit within me burn
 For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return!

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,
 From the world o'er the grave, take thy solemn light,
 And oh! from the loved, whom no more I see,
 Show me my home, as it yet may be!

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
 No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear;
 So my soul may bear on through the long, long day,
 Till I go where the beautiful melts not away!

THE TWO HOMES.

"Oh! if the soul immortal be,
 Is not its love immortal too?"

SEEST thou my home?—'tis where yon woods are waving,
 In their dark richness, to the summer air;
 Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
 Leads down the hills a vein of light—'tis there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
 Fringed with the violet, coloured with the skies!
 My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
 Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is breathing
 In every wind that plays across my track;
 From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
 Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there prayed for—there my mother
 Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;
 There my young sisters watch to greet their brother—
 Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
 All the home-voices meet at day's decline;
 One are those tones, as from one heart ascending—
 There laughs *my* home—sad stranger! where is thine?

Ask'st thou of mine?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
 Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;
 'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,
 And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling;
 Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!
 I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
 My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving?
 Happy *thou* art, that so caust gaze on thine!
 My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
 That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!
 Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene!
 For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
 I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

"Where hath not woman stood,
Strong in affection's might? a reed, upborne
By an o'er-mastering current!"

GENTLE and lovely form,
What didst thou hear,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear?

Banner and shivered crest
Beside thee strewn,
Tell, that amidst the best
Thy work was done!

Yet strangely, sadly fair,
O'er the wild scene,
Gleams through its golden hair
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head—
Earth-bound the free;
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee?

Slumberer! *thine* early bier
Friends should have crowned,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er thy dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep,
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep—
Why cam'st thou here?

Why?—ask the true heart why
Woman hath been

Ever where brave men die
Unshrinking seen !

Unto this harvest ground
Proud reapers came—
Some, for that stirring sound,
A warrior's name ;

Some, for the stormy play
And joy of strife ;
And some, to fling away
A weary life ;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
Death cannot tame ;

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
So, through the tempest's hour,
To lift thy head !

Only the true, the strong,
The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
Pours on the dust !

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

GLOOM is upon thy lonely hearth,
O silent house ! once filled with mirth ;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers ;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days !
My children's birthplace ! yet for me
It is too much to look on thee.

Too much ! for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished now,
Follow me where thy roses blow ;

The echoes of kind household words
Are with me 'midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, lorn spot! my spirit's gaze,
To lift, through tears, my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high?

Oh! many are the mansions there,
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shade from things gone by
May there o'ersweep th' unchanging sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen—
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread;
We miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres;
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore
The severed wreath is bound once more!

Holy ye were, and good, and true!
No change can cloud my thoughts of you;
Guide me, like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on high!

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

THE stranger's heart! Oh! wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
 Glad music round thy household eaves :
 To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
 The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
 A lovely sight at fall of day ;—
 Then are the stranger's thoughts oppressed—
 His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
 Beneath one roof in prayer may blend ;
 Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
 Far, far are those who prayed with him. .

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
 The voices of thy kindred band—
 Oh! 'midst them all when blest thou art,
 Deal gently with the stranger's heart!

COME HOME!

COME home!—there is a sorrowing breath
 In music since ye went,
 And the early flower-scents wander by,
 With mournful memories blent.
 The tones in every household voice
 Are grown more sad and deep,
 And the sweet word—*brother*—wakes a wish
 To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved! come home!—the hour
 Of many a greeting tone,
 The time of hearth-light and of song,
 Returns—and ye are gone!
 And darkly, heavily it falls
 On the forsaken room,
 Burdening the heart with tenderness,
 That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering ones?
 With all your boyhood's glee
 Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
 Or on the lone mid-sea?
 By stormy hills of battles old?
 Or where dark rivers foam?—
 Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
 Back, ye beloved, come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
 And swift birds, o'er the main!

Our love is grown too sorrowful—
 Bring us its youth again!
 Bring the glad tones to music back!
 Still, still your home is fair,
 The spirit of your sunny life
 Alone is wanting there!

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

*"Implora pace!"**

ONE draught, kind Fairy! from that fountain deep,
 To lay the phantoms of a haunted breast,
 And lone affections, which are griefs, to steep
 In the cool honey-dews of dreamless rest;
 And from the soul the lightning-marks to lave—
 One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy mind is laid
 Wealth, gathered long and slowly; thoughts divine
 Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
 The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine;—
 Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
 A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the fount! and let the draught efface
 All the vain lore by memory's pride amassed,
 So it but sweep along the torrent's trace,
 And fill the hollow channels of the past;
 And from the bosom's inmost folded leaf
 Rase the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more!—all, *all* thy soul hath known,
 Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its grasp must fade!
 Is there no voice whose kind awakening tone
 A sense of spring-time in thy heart hath made?
 No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?—
 Think, wouldst thou part with all?

Fill with forgetfulness!—there are, there *are*
 Voices whose music I have loved too well;
 Eyes of deep gentleness—but they are far—
 Never! oh—never, in my home to dwell!
 Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
 Fill high th' oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again!—with memory wilt thou cast
 The undying hope away, of memory born?

* Quoted from a letter of Lord Byron's.

Hope of reunion, heart to heart at last,
 No restless doubt between, no rankling thorn?
 Wouldst thou erase all records of delight
 That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high!—yet stay—
 'Tis from the past we shadow forth the land
 Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,
 And the soul's friends be wreathed in one bright
 band:—

Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
 I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose image nought
 May dim within the temple of my breast—
 For their love's sake which now no earthly thought
 May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
 Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet
 I ask not to forget.

1830.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have called me long.
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose-stars, in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;—
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;

From the night-bird's lay through the starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding-footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features passed!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh! what have ye looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
Are they gone? is their mirth from the mountains passed?—
Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now—
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down!

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,
 Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!—
 But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
 I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
 Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
 I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
 For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
 Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more,
 I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
 And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, fare well!

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

("In the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. This prince declared he 'would trample the audacious rustics under his feet;' and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death.

"The 15th of October, 1315, dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long lines with various emotions. Montfort de Tettmang led the cavalry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The fifty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they lashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winterthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sulken, and dismayed."—PLANTA'S *Helvetic Confederacy*.]

THE wine-month* shone in its golden prime
 And the red grapes clustering hung,
 But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's clime,
 Than the vintage music rung.
 A sound, through vaulted cave,
 A sound, through echoing glen,
 Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;—
 'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

* *Wine-month*—Weinmonat, a German name for October.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war,
With a thousand of their own.
And through the forest glooms
Flashed helmets to the day,
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes
Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's* wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrian passed;
And the Schreckhorn's† rocks, with a savage peal
Made mirth of his clarion's blast,
Up 'midst the Righi snows
The stormy march was heard;
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazoned streamers, and lances tall,
Moved onwards, in princely state.
They came, with heavy chains,
For the race despised so long—
But amidst his Alp-domains
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they entered the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rung the while.
But on the misty height,
Where the mountain-people stood
There was stillness, as of night,
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
And a pause—but not of fear,
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound those columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they looked not to the misty height,
Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
All helmed and mail-arrayed,

*Hasli, a wild district in the canton of Berne.

†Schreckhorn, *the peak of terror*, a mountain in the canton of Berne.

And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
In the rustling forest shade.

There were prince and crested knight
Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came, like *lauwine** hurled
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crashed on the mountain-side,
And the Switzers rushed from high,
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
Of the Austrian chivalry;
Like hunters of the deer,
They stormed the narrow dell,
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the empire's banner then,
From its place of waving free,
Went down before the shepherd-men,
The men of the Forest-sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dashed to the reddening lake
From the reapers of the field!
The field—but not of sheaves—
Proud crests and pennons lay
Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves
In the Autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed
When the Austrian turned to fly,
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
Had a fearful death to die!
And the leader of the war
At eve unhelmed was seen,

**Lauwine*, the Swiss name for the avalanche.

With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills
Went back from the battle-toil,
To their cabin homes, 'midst the deep-green hills,
All burdened with royal spoil.
There were songs and festal fires
On the soaring Alps that night,
When children sprang to greet their sires
From the wild Morgarten fight.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"—*Marmion*.

The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn!
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;

And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain!—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry—
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
 Restore the dead, thou sea!

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

"Roma, Roma, Roma!
 Non è piu ccme era prima."

ROME, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!
 On thy seven hills of yore
 Thou satst a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
 Purpling the street,
 Leaders and sceptred men
 Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
 As gods were seen—
 Rome, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
 Never shall rise:
 What hast thou left thee now?—
 Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
 Gloriously bright!
 Veiling thy wastes afar
 With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
 Rome! for thy dower,
 Flushing tall cypress-bough,
 Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,
 Lovely to hear,
 While night, o'er tomb and shrine
 Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
 By starlight sung,
 Sweeps through the arches dim,
 Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
On thy soft air,
Lingers and loves to dwell
With summer there.

Thou hast the South's rich gift
Of sudden song—
A charmed fountain, swift,
Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee!—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow:
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain!
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree ;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth !—
 Alas, for love ! if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, O Earth !

THE BETTER LAND.

“I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
 Thou callest its children a happy band ;
 Mother, oh ! where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs ?”—
 “Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”—
 “Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it far away in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?—
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”—
 “Not there, not there, my child !”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
 It is there, it is there, my child !”

SONG.

O YE voices gone,
 Sounds of other years !
 Hush that haunting tone,
 Melt me not to tears.

All around forget,
 All who loved you well,
 Yet, sweet voices, yet,
 O'er my soul ye swell.

With the winds of Spring,
 With the breath of flowers,
 Floating back, ye bring
 Thoughts of banished hours.
 Hence your music take,
 O ye voices gone!
 This lone heart ye make
 But more deeply lone.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

"The prisoned thrush may brook the cage,
 The captive eagle dies for rage."—*Lady of the Lake.*

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
 And the knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,
 And a Christian host in its pride and power,
 Thro' the pass beneath him wound.
 Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
 And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
 And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
 And there plumes to the glad wind float!
 Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"I am here, with my heavy chain!
 And I look on a torrentsweeping by,
 And an eagle rushing to the sky,
 And a host, to its battle-plain!
 Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"Must I pine in my fetters here?
 With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
 And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
 And the trumpet in mine ear?
 Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

"They are gone! they have all pass'd by!
 They in whose wars I had borne my part.

They that I loved with a brother's heart,
 They have left me here to die!
 Sound again, clarion! Clarion, pour thy blast!
 Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past."

CASABIANCA.

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but he had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm—
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
 Without his father's word;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say
 If yet my task is done!"
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!"
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And looked from that lone post of death
 In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

I.

MARKED ye the mingling of the City's throng,
Each mien, each glance with expectation bright?—
Prepare the pageant and the choral song,
The pealing chimes, the blaze of festal light!
And hark! what rumour's gathering sound is nigh?
Is it the voice of joy, that murmur deep?—
Away, be hushed, ye sounds of revelry!
Back to your homes, ye multitudes, to weep!
Weep! for the storm hath o'er us dark y past,
And England's Royal Flower is broken by the blast!

II.

Was it a dream? so sudden and so dread
That awful fiat o'er our senses came!
So loved, so blest, is that young spirit fled,
Whose bright aspirings promised years of fame?
Oh! when hath life possessed, or death destroyed
More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that smiled?
When hath the spoiler left so dark a void?
For all is lost—the mother and her child!
Our morning-star hath vanished, and the tomb
Throws its deep-lengthened shade o'er distant years to come.

III.

And she is gone!—the royal and the young!
In soul commanding, and in heart benign;
Who, from a race of kings and heroes sprung
Glowed with a spirit lofty as her line.
Now may the voice she loved on earth so well
Breathe forth her name unheeded and in vain;
Nor can those eyes, on which her own would dwell,
Wake from that breast one sympathy again:
The ardent heart, the towering mind are fled,
Yet shall undying love still linger with the dead.

IV.

Oh! many a bright existence we have seen
 Quenched in the glow and fullness of its prime;
 And many a cherish'd flower, ere now, hath been
 Cropt ere its leaves were breathed upon by time.
 We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,
 Whose fields of triumph gave them but a bier;
 And we have wept when soaring genius died,
 Checked in the glory of his mid career!
 But here our hopes were centred—all is o'er:
 All thought in this absorbed—she was, and is no more!

V.

We watched her childhood from its earliest hour,
 From every word and look bright omens caught;
 While that young mind developed all its power,
 And rose to energies of loftiest thought!
 On her was fixed the Patriot's ardent eye,
 One hope still bloomed—one vista still was fair;
 And when the tempest swept the troubled sky,
 She was our dayspring—all was cloudless *there*;
 And oh! how lovely broke on England's gaze,
 E'en through the mist and storm, the light of distant days—

VI.

Now hath one moment darkened future years,
 And changed the track of ages yet to be!—
 Yet, mortal! 'midst the bitterness of tears,
 Kneel, and adore th' inscrutable decree!
 Oh! while the clear perspective smiled in light,
 Wisdom should *then* have tempered hope's excess;
 And, lost One! when we saw thy lot so bright,
 We might have trembled at its loveliness!
 Joy is no earthly flower—nor framed to bear,
 In its exotic bloom, life's cold ungenial air.

VII.

All smiled around thee—youth, and love, and praise,
 Hearts all devotion and all truth were thine!
 On thee was riveted a nation's gaze,
 As on some radiant and unsullied shrine.
 Hei-ess of Empires! thou art passed away
 Like some fair vision, that arose to throw,
 Bright o'er one hour of life, a fleeting ray,
 Then leave the rest to solitude and woe!
 Oh! who shall dare to woo such dreams again?
 Who hath not wept to know that tears for thee were vain?

VIII.

Yet there is one who loved thee—and whose soul
 With mild affections nature formed to melt;
 His mind hath bowed beneath the stern control
 Of many a grief—but *this* shall be unfelt!
 Years have gone by—and given his honoured head
 A diadem of snow—his eye is dim—
 Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath spread—
 The past, the future, are a dream to him!
 Yet, in the darkness of his fate, alone
 He dwells on earth, while thou, in life's full pride, art gone!

IX.

The Chastener's hand is on us—we may weep,
 But not repine—for many a storm hath past,
 And, pillowed on her own majestic deep,
 Hath England slept unshaken by the blast!
 And war hath raged o'er many a distant plain,
 Trampling the vine and olive in his path;
 While she, that regal daughter of the main,
 Smiled in serene defiance of his wrath!
 As some proud summit, mingling with the sky,
 Hears calmly, far below, the thunders roll and die.

X.

Her voice hath been th' awakener, and her name
 The gathering word of nations; in her might,
 And all the awful beauty of her fame,
 Apart she dwelt in solitary light!
 High on her cliffs alone and firm she stood,
 Fixing the torch upon her beacon-tower;
 That torch, whose flame, far streaming o'er the flood,
 Hath guided Europe through her darkest hour.
 —Away, vain dreams of glory!—in the dust
 Be humbled, Ocean-queen! and own thy sentence just.

XI.

Hark! 'twas the death-bell's note! which, full and deep,
 Unmixed with aught of less majestic tone,
 While all the murmurs of existence sleep,
 Swells on the stillness of the air alone!
 Silent the throngs that filled the darkened street,
 Silent the slumbering Thames, the lonely mart;
 And all is still, where countless thousands meet,
 Save the full throbbing of the awe-struck heart!
 All deeply, strangely, fearfully serene,
 As in each ravaged home th' avenging one had been.

XII.

The sun goes down in beauty—his farewell,
Unlike the world he leaves, is calmly bright;
And his last mellowed rays around us dwell,
Lingering, as if on scenes of young delight.
They smile and fade—but, when the day is o'er,
What slow procession moves, with measured tread?—
Lo! those who weep for her who weeps no more,
A solemn train! the mourners and the dead!
While, bright on high, the moon's untroubled ray
Looks down, as earthly hopes are passing thus away.

XIII.

But other light is in that holy pile,
Where, in the house of silence, kings repose;
There, through the dim arcade and pillared aisle,
The funeral torch its deep-red radiance throws;
There pall, and canopy, and sacred strain,
And all around, the stamp of woe may bear;
But grief, to whose full heart those forms are vain—
Grief unexpressed, unsoothed by them—is there.
No darker hour hath fate for him who mourns,
Than when the all he loved, as dust, to dust returns.

XIV.

We mourn—but not *thy* fate, departed One!
We pity, but the living, not the dead;
A cloud hangs o'er us—"the bright day is done"—
And with a father's hopes, a nation's fled.
And he, the chosen of thy youthful breast,
Whose soul with thine had mingled every thought—
He, with thine early fond affections blest,
Lord of a mind with all things lovely fraught;
What but a desert to his eye that earth
Which but retains of thee the memory of thy worth?

XV.

Oh! there are griefs for nature too intense,
Whose first rude shock but stupifies the soul,
Nor hath the fragile and o'erlaboured sense
Strength e'en to *feel*, at once, their dread control.
But when 'tis past, that still and speechless hour,
Of the sealed bosom and the tearless eye,
Then the roused mind awakes, with tenfold power
To grasp the fulness of its agony!
Its death-like torpor vanished—and its doom,
To cast its own dark hues o'er life and nature's bloom.

XVI.

And such *his* lot, whom thou hast loved and left,
Spirit! thus early to thy home recalled!
So sinks the heart, of hope and thee bereft,
A warrior's heart! which danger ne'er appalled.
Years may pass on—and, as they roll along,
Mellow those pangs which now his bosom rend;
And he once more, with life's unheeding throng,
May, though alone in soul, in seeming blend;
Yet still, the guardian-angel of his mind,
Shall thy loved image dwell, in Memory's temple shrined

XVII.

Yet must the days be long ere time shall steal
Aught from *his* grief, whose spirit dwells with thee,
Once deeply bruised, the heart at length may heal,
But all it was—oh! never more shall be!
The flowers, the leaf, o'erwhelmed by winter snow,
Shall spring again, when beams and showers return,
The faded cheek again with health may glow,
And the dim eye with life's warm radiance burn;
But the bright freshness of the mind's young bloom,
Once lost, revives alone in worlds beyond the tomb.

XVIII.

But thou!—thine hour of agony is o'er,
And thy brief race in brilliance hath been run:
While faith, that bids fond nature grieve no more,
Tells that thy crown—though not on earth—is won!
Thou, of the world so early left, hast known
Naught but the bloom of sunshine—and for thee,
Child of propitious stars! for thee alone,
The course of love ran smooth, and brightly free.
Not long such bliss to mortal could be given:
It is enough for earth to catch one glimpse of heaven!

XIX.

What though as yet the noonday of thy fame
Rose in its glory, on thine England's eye,
The grave's deep shadows o'er thy prospect came?
Ours is that loss—and thou wert blest to die!
Thou mightst have lived to dark and evil years,
To mourn thy people changed, thy skies o'ercast;
But thy spring-morn was all undimmed by tears,
And thou wert loved and cherished to the last!
And thy young name, ne'er breathed in ruder tone,
Thus dying, thou hast left to love and grief alone.

XX.

Daughter of Kings! from that high sphere look down
 Where still, in hope, affection's thoughts may rise;
 Where dimly shines to thee that mortal crown
 Which earth displayed to claim thee from the skies.
 Look down! and if thy spirit yet retain
 Memory of aught that once was fondly dear,
 Soothe, though unseen, the hearts that mourn in vain,
 And in their hours of loneliness—be near!
 Blest was thy lot e'en here—and one faint sigh,
 Oh! tell those hearts, hath made that bliss Eternity!
 1813. BROWNWHYFFE.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

ANOTHER warning sound! The funeral bell,
 Startling the cities of the isle once more
 With measured tones of melancholy swell,
 Strikes on th' awakened heart from shore to shore.
 He at whose coming monarchs sink to dust,
 The chambers of our palaces hath trod,
 And the long-suffering spirit of the just,
 Pure from its ruins, hath returned to God!
 Yet may not England o'er her Father weep?
 Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too many, and too deep.
 Vain voice of Reason, hush!—they yet must flow,
 The unrestrained, involuntary tears;
 A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,
 Roused by the glorious shades of vanished years.
 Tell us no more 'tis not the time for grief,
 Now that the exile of the soul is past,
 And Death, blest messenger of Heaven's relief,
 Hath borne the wanderer to his rest at last;
 For him, Eternity hath tenfold day,
 We feel, we know, 'tis thus—yet Nature will have way.

What though amidst us, like a blasted oak,
 Saddening the scene where once it nobly reigned,
 A dread memorial of the lightning-stroke,
 Stamped with its fiery record, he remained;
 Around that shattered tree still fondly clung
 Th' undying tendrils of our love, which drew
 Fresh nurture from its deep decay, and sprung
 Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin true;
 While England hung her trophies on the stem,
 That desolately stood, unconscious e'en of THEM.
 Of them unconscious! O mysterious doom!
 Who shall unfold the counsels of the skies?
 His was the voice which roused, as from the tomb,

The realm's high soul to loftiest energies!
 His was the spirit o'er the isles which threw
 The mantle of its fortitude, and wrought
 In every bosom, powerful to renew
 Each dying spark of pure and generous thought;
 The star of tempests! beaming on the mast,
 The seaman's torch of Hope, 'midst perils deepening fast.

Then from th' unslumbering influence of his worth,
 Strength, as of inspiration, filled the land;
 A young but quenchless flame went brightly forth,
 Kindled by him—who saw it not expand!
 Such was the will of Heaven. The gifted seer,
 Who with his God had communed face to face,
 And from the house of bondage and of fear,
 In faith victorious, led the chosen race;
 He through the desert and the waste their guide,
 Saw dimly from afar the promised land—and died.

O full of days and virtues! on thy head
 Centred the woes of many a bitter lot;
 Fathers have sorrowed o'er their beauteous dead,
 Eyes, quenched in night, the sunbeam have forgot;
 Minds have striven buoyantly with evil years,
 And sunk beneath their gathering weight at length;
 But Pain for thee had filled a cup of tears,
 Where every anguish mingled all its strength;
 By thy lost child we saw thee weeping stand,
 And shadows deep around fell from th' Eternal's hand.

Then came the noon of glory, which thy dreams,
 Perchance of yore, had faintly prophesied;
 But what to *thee* the splendour of its beams?
 The ice-rock glows not 'midst the summer's pride!
 Nations leaped up to joy—as streams that burst,
 At the warm touch of spring, their frozen chain,
 And o'er the plains, whose verdure once they nursed,
 Roll in exulting melody again;
 And bright o'er earth the long majestic line
 Of England's triumph swept, to rouse all hearts—but
 thine.—

Oh! what a dazzling vision, by the veil
 That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut from thee,
 When sceptred chieftains thronged, with palms, to hail
 The crowning isle, th' anointed of the sea!
 Within thy palaces the lords of earth
 Met to rejoice—rich pageants glittered by,
 And stately revels imaged, in their mirth,
 The old magnificence of chivalry.
 They reached not thee—amidst them, yet alone
 Stillness and gloom begirt one dim and shadowy throne.

Yet there was mercy still—if joy no more
 Within that blasted circle might intrude,
 Earth had no grief, whose footstep might pass o'er
 The silent limits of its solitude!
 If all unheard the bridal song awoke
 Our heart's full echoes, as it swelled on high;
 Alike unheard the sudden dirge, that broke
 On the glad strain, with dread solemnity!
 If the land's rose unheeded wore its bloom,
 Alike unfelt the storm, that swept it to the tomb.

And she, who, tried through all the stormy past,
 Severely, deeply proved, in many an hour,
 Watched o'er thee, firm and faithful to the last,
 Sustained, inspired, by strong affection's power;
 If to thy soul her voice no music bore,
 If thy closed eye, and wandering spirit caught
 No light from looks, that fondly would explore
 Thy mien, for traces of responsive thought;
 Oh! thou wert spared the pang that would have thrilled
 Thine inmost heart, when Death that anxious bosom stilled.

Thy loved ones fell around thee—manhood's prime,
 Youth with its glory, in its fulness, Age—
 All, at the gates of their eternal clime
 Lay down, and closed their mortal pilgrimage;
 The land wore ashes for its perished flowers,
 The grave's imperial harvest. Thou meanwhile
 Didst walk unconscious through thy royal towers,
 The one that wept not in the tearful isle!
 As a tired warrior, on his battle-plain,
 Breathes deep in dreams amidst the mourners and the slain.

And who can tell what visions might be thine?
 The stream of thought, though broken, still was pure!
 Still o'er that wave the stars of heaven might shine,
 Where earthly image would no more endure!
 Though many a step, of once-familiar sound,
 Came as a stranger's o'er thy closing ear,
 And voices breathed forgotten tones around,
 Which that paternal heart once thrilled to hear:
 The mind bath senses of its own, and powers
 To people boundless worlds, in its most wandering hours.

Normight the phantoms to thy spirit known
 Be dark or wild, creations of remorse;
 Unstained by thee, the blameless past had thrown
 No fearful shadows o'er the future's course:
 For thee no cloud, from memory's dread abyss,
 Might shape such forms as haunt the tyrant's eye;
 And closing up each avenue of bliss,
 Murmur their summons, to "despair and die!"

No! e'en though joy depart, though reason cease,
Still Virtue's ruined home is redolent of peace.

They might be with thee still—the loved, the tried,
The fair, the lost—they might be with thee still!
More softly seen, in radiance purified
From each dim vapour of terrestrial ill;
Long after earth received them, and the note
Of the last requiem o'er their dust was poured,
As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might float
Those forms, from us withdrawn—to thee restored!
Spirits of holiness, in light revealed,
To commune with a mind whose source of tears was sealed.

Came they with tidings from the worlds above,
Those viewless regions where the weary rest?
Severed from earth, estranged from mortal love,
Was thy mysterious converse with the blest?
Or shone their visionary presence bright
With human beauty!—did their smiles renew
Those days of sacred and serene delight,
When fairest beings in thy pathway grew?
Oh! Heaven hath balm for every wound it makes,
Healing the broken heart; it smites—but ne'er forsakes.

These may be phantasies—and this alone,
Of all we picture in our dreams, is sure,
That rest, made perfect, is at length thine own,
Rest, in thy God, immortally secure!
Enough for tranquil faith; released from all
The woes that graved Heaven's lessons on thy brow,
No cloud to dim, no fetter to intral,
Haply thine eye is on thy people now;
Whose love around thee still its offerings shed,
Though vainly sweet as flowers, Grief's tribute to the dead.

But if th' ascending, disembodied mind,
Borne on the wings of morning, to the skies,
May cast one glance of tenderness behind,
On scenes, once hallowed by its mortal ties,
How much hast thou to gaze on! all that lay
By the dark mantle of thy soul concealed,
The might, the majesty, the proud array
Of England's march o'er many a noble field,
All spread beneath thee, in a blaze of light,
Shine like some glorious land, viewed from an Alpine
height.

Away, presumptuous thought!—departed saint!
To thy freed vision what can earth display
Of pomp, of royalty, that is not faint,
Seen from the birthplace of celestial day?

Oh! pale and weak the sun's reflected rays,
 E'en in their fervour of meridian heat,
 To him, who in the sanctuary may gaze
 On the bright cloud that fills the mercy-seat!
 And thou may'st view, from thy divine abode,
 The dust of empires flit before a breath of God.

And yet we mourn thee! Yes! thy place is void
 Within our hearts—there veiled thine image dwelt,
 But cherished still; and o'er that tie destroyed,
 Though Faith rejoice, fond Nature still must melt.
 Beneath the long-loved sceptre of thy sway
 Thousands were born, who now in dust repose,
 And many a head, with years and sorrows grey,
 Wore youth's bright tresses, when thy star arose;
 And many a glorious mind, since that fair dawn,
 Hath filled our sphere with light, now to its source with-
 drawn.

Earthquakes have rocked the nations—things revered,
 Th' ancestral fabrics of the world went down
 In ruins, from whose stones Ambition reared
 His lonely pyramid of dread renown,
 But when the fires, that long had slumbered, pent
 Deep in men's bosoms, with volcanic force,
 Bursting their prison-house, each bulwark rent,
 And swept each holy barrier from their course,
 Firm and unmoved, amidst that lava-flood,
 Still, by thine arm upheld, our ancient landmarks stood.

Be they eternal! be thy children found
 Still, to their country's altars, true like thee!
 And while "the name of Briton" is a sound
 Of rallying music to the brave and free,
 With the high feelings, at the word which swell,
 To make the breast a shrine for Freedom's flame,
 Be mingled thoughts of him, who loved so well,
 Who left so pure, its heritage of fame!
 Let earth with trophies guard the conqueror's dust,
 Heaven in our souls embalms the memory of the just.

All else shall pass away—the thrones of kings,
 The very traces of their *tombs* depart!
 But number not with perishable things
 The holy records Virtue leaves the heart,
 Heirlooms from race to race—and oh! in days,
 When, by the yet unborn, thy deeds are blest,
 When our sons learn, "as household words" thy praise,
 Still on thine offspring may thy spirit rest!
 And many a name of that imperial line,
 Father and patriot! blend, in England's songs, with thine!

1820.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE ON THE SEASHORE.

O WANDERER! would thy heart forget
Each earthly passion and regret,
And would thy wearied spirit rise
To commune with its native skies;
Pause for awhile, and deem it sweet
To linger in this calm retreat;
And give thy cares, thy griefs, a short suspense,
Amidst wild scenes of lone magnificence.

Unmixed with aught of meaner tone,
Here Nature's voice is heard alone:
When the loud storm, in wrathful hour,
Is rushing on its wing of power,
And spirits of the deep awake,
And surges foam, and billows break,
And rocks and ocean-caves around,
Reverberate each awful sound;
That mighty voice, with all its dread control,
To loftiest thought shall wake thy thrilling soul.

But when no more the sea-winds rave,
When peace is brooding on the wave,
And from earth, air, and ocean rise
No sounds but plaintive melodies;
Soothed by their softly mingling swell,
As daylight bids the world farewell,
The rustling wood, the dying breeze,
The faint low rippling of the seas,
A tender calm shall steal upon thy breast,
A gleam reflected from the realms of rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath stung,
Friends have deceived, neglect hath wrung?
Hast thou some grief that none may know,
Some lonely, secret, silent woe?
Or have thy fond affections fled
From earth, to slumber with the dead?—
Oh! pause awhile—the world disown,
And dwell with Nature's self alone!
And though no more she bids arise
Thy soul's departed energies,
And though thy joy of life is o'er,
Beyond her magic to restore;
Yet shall her spells o'er every passion steal,
And soothe the wounded heart they cannot heal.

DIRGE OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
 Blossom of being ! seen and gone !
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
 O blest departed One !
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes ! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
 To stain thy cherub-soul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
 That never felt a storm !
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
 That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
 O'er thy sweet innocence :
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed, with all thy loveliness !

Oh ! hadst thou still on earth remained,
 Vision of beauty ! fair as brief !
How soon thy brightness had been stained
 With passion or with grief !
Now not a sullying breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb ;
 No sculptured image there shall mourn ;
Ah ! fitter for the vernal bloom
 Such dwelling to adorn.
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews must be
The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
 Adorned with Nature's brightest wreath :
Each glowing season shall combine
 Its incense there to breathe ;
And oft, upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh ! sometimes in visions blest,
 Sweet spirit ! visit our repose ;
And bear, from thine own world of rest,
 Sweet balm for human woes !
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine to messenger of heaven !

INVOCATION.

HUSHED is the world in night and sleep,
 Earth, Sea, and Air, are still as death;
 Too rude to break a calm so deep
 Were music's faintest breath.
 Descend, bright Visions! from ærial bowers,
 Descend to gild your own soft, silent hours.

 In hope or fear, in toil or pain,
 The weary day have mortals past;
 Now, dreams of bliss! be yours to reign,
 And all your spells around them cast;
 Steal from their hearts the pang, their eyes the tear,
 And lift the veil that hides a brighter sphere.

 Oh! bear your softest balm to those,
 Who fondly, vainly, mourn the dead,
 To them that world of peace disclose,
 Where the bright soul is fled:
 Where Love, immortal in his native clime,
 Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight from time.

 Or to his loved, his distant land,
 On your light wings the exile bear
 To feel once more his heart expand,
 In his own genial mountain-air;
 Hear the wild echoes' well-known strains repeat,
 And bless each note, as Heaven's own music sweet.

 But oh! with Fancy's brightest ray,
 Blest dreams! the bard's repose illumine;
 Bid forms of heaven around him play,
 And bowers of Eden bloom!
 And waft *his* spirit to its native skies
 Who finds no charm in life's realities.

 No voice is on the air of night,
 Through folded leaves no murmurs creep,
 Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling light
 Falls on the placid brow of sleep.
 Descend, bright visions! from your airy bower:
 Dark, silent, solemn, is your favourite hour.

TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM.

BRAVE spirit! mourned with fond regret,
 Lost in life's pride, in valour's noon,
 Oh! who could deem *thy* star should set
 So darkly and so soon!

Fatal, though bright, the fire of mind
Which marked and closed thy brief career;
And the fair wreath, by Hope entwined,
Lies withered on thy bier.

The soldier's death hath been thy doom,
The soldier's tear thy meed shall be;
Yet, son of war! a prouder tomb
Might Fate have reared for thee.

Thou shouldst have died, O high-souled chief!
In those bright days of glory fled,
When triumph so prevailed o'er grief,
We scarce could mourn the dead.

Noontide of fame! each teardrop then
Was worthy of a warrior's grave:
When shall affection weep again
So proudly o'er the brave?

There on the battle-fields of Spain,
'Midst Roncesvalles' mountain-scene,
Or on Vittoria's blood-red plain,
Meet had thy deathbed been.

We mourn not that a hero's life
Thus in its ardent prime should close;
Hadst thou but fallen in nobler strife,
But died 'midst conquered foes!

Yet hast thou still (though victory's flame
In that last moment cheered thee not)
Left Glory's isle another name,
That ne'er may be forgot:

And many a tale of triumph won,
Shall breathe that name in Memory's ear;
And long may England mourn a son
Without reproach or fear.

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR HENRY ELLIS,

WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

["Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is arour
them."—OSSIAN.]

WEEP'ST thou for him, whose doom was sealed
On England's proudest battle-field?
For him, the lion-heart, who died
In victory's full resistless tide?
Oh! mourn him not!
By deeds like his that field was won,

And Fate could yield to Valour's son
No brighter lot.

He heard his band's exulting cry,
He saw the vanquished eagles fly;
And envied be his death of fame,
It shed a sunbeam o'er his name
That nought shall dim:

No cloud obscured his glory's day,
It saw no twilight of decay—
Weep not for him!

And breathe no dirge's plaintive moan
A hero claims far loftier tone!
Oh! proudly should the war-song swell,
Recording how the mighty fell
In that dread hour,
When England, 'midst the battle-storm—
The avenging angel—reared her form
In tenfold power.

Yet, gallant heart! to swell thy praise,
Vain were the minstrel's noblest lays;
Since he, the soldier's guiding star,
The Victor-chief, the lord of war,
Has owned thy fame:

And oh! like *his* approving word,
What trophied marble could record
A warrior's name?

GUERRILLA SONG.

FOUNDED ON THE STORY RELATED OF THE SPANISH PATRIOT MINA.

Oh! forget not the hour, when through forest and vale,
We returned with our chief to his dear native halls;
Through the woody sierra there sighed not a gale,
And the moonbeam was bright on his battlement walls;
And Nature lay sleeping in calmness and light,
Round the home of the valiant, that rose on our sight.

We entered that home—all was loneliness round,
The stillness, the darkness, the peace of the grave;
Not a voice, not a step, bade its echoes resound,
Ah! such was the welcome that waited the brave!
For the spoilers had passed, like the poison-wind's breath
And the loved of his bosom lay silent in death.

Oh! forget not that hour—let its image be near,
In the light of our mirth, in the dreams of our rest,
Let its tale awake feelings too deep for a tear,
And rouse into vengeance each arm and each breast,
Till cloudless the dayspring of liberty shine
O'er the plains of the olive, and hills of the vine.

THE AGED INDIAN.

WARRIORS! my noon of life is past,
The brightness of my spirit flown;
I crouch before the wintry blast,
Amidst my tribe I dwell alone;
The heroes of my youth are fled,
They rest among the warlike dead.

Ye slumberers of the narrow cave!
My kindred chiefs in days of yore,
Ye fill an unremembered grave,
Your fame, your deeds, are known no more;
The records of your wars are gone,
Your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from earth,
To join the brethren of his prime;
Then will the memory of your birth
Sleep with the hidden things of time.
With him, ye sons of former days!
Fades the last glimmering of your praise.

His eyes, that hailed your spirits flame,
Still kindling in the combat's shock,
Have seen, since darkness veiled your fame,
Sons of the desert and the rock!
Another, and another race,
Rise to the battle and the chase.

Descendants of the mighty dead!
Fearless of heart, and firm of hand!
Oh! let me join their spirits fled,
Oh! send me to their shadowy land.
Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart,
He shrinks not from the friendly dart.

These feet no more can chase the deer,
The glory of this arm is flown;—
Why should the feeble linger here,
When all the pride of life is gone?
Warriors! why still the stroke deny—
Think ye Ontara fears to die?

He feared not in his flower of days,
When strong to stem the torrent's force,
When through the desert's pathless maze,
His way was as an eagle's course!
When war was sunshine to his sight,
And the wild hurricane, delight!

Shall then the warrior tremble *now*?
 Now when his envied strength is o'er!
 Hung on the pine his idle bow,
 His pirogue useless on the shore?
 When age hath dimmed his failing eye,
 Shall he, the joyless, fear to die?
 Sons of the brave! delay no more,
 The spirits of my kindred call;
 'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er!
 Oh! bid the aged cedar fall!
 To join the brethren of his prime,
 The mighty of departed time.

EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS.

Soft skies of Italy! how richly drest
 Smile these wild scenes in your purpureal glow!
 What glorious hues, reflected from the west,
 Float o'er the dwellings of eternal snow!
 Yon torrent, foaming down the granite steep,
 Sparkles all brilliance in the setting beam;
 Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep,
 Where pipes the goatherd by his mountain stream.
 Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
 That still at eve its lofty temple knows;
 From rock and torrent fade the tints away,
 And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose:
 While through the pine-wood gleams the vesper star,
 And roves the Alpine gale o'er solitudes afar.

DIRGE OF THE HIGHLAND CHIEF IN
"WAVERLEY."

Son of the mighty and the free!
 High-minded leader of the brave!
 Was it for lofty chief like thee
 To fill a nameless grave?
 Oh! if amidst the valiant slain,
 The warrior's bier had been thy lot,
 E'en though on red Culloden's plain,
 We then had mourned thee not.
 But darkly closed thy dawn of fame,
 That dawn whose sunbeam rose so fair;
 Vengeance alone may breathe thy name,
 The watchword of Despair!

Yet oh! if gallant spirit's power
 Hath e'er ennobled death like thine,
 Then glory marked *thy* parting hour,
 Last of a mighty line!

O'er thy own towers the sunshine falls,
 But cannot chase their silent gloom;
 Those beams that gild thy native walls
 Are sleeping on thy tomb!
 Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,
 Thy greenwoods wave in vernal air,
 But the loved scenes may vainly smile—
 Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle-sound
 Is mingling with the torrent's roar,
 Unmarked, the wild deer sport around;
 Thou leadst the chase no more!
 Thy gates are closed, thy halls are still,
 Those halls where pealed the choral strain;
 They hear the wind's deep murmuring thrill,
 And all is hushed again.

No banner from the lonely tower
 Shall wave its blazoned folds on high;
 There the tall grass and summer flower,
 Unmarked shall spring and die.
 No more thy bard, for other ear,
 Shall wake the harp once loved by thine—
 Hushed be the strain *thou* canst not hear,
 Last of a mighty line!

THE CRUSADER'S WAR-SONG.

CHIEFTAINS, lead on! our hearts beat high,
 Lead on to Salem's towers!
 Who would not deem it bliss to die,
 Slain in a cause like ours?
 The brave who sleep in soil of thine,
 Die not entombed but shrined, O Palestine!

Souls of the slain in holy war!
 Look from your sainted rest;
 Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,
 To mingle with the blest;
 Tell us how short the death-pang's power,
 How bright the joys of your immortal bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel train!
 Pour forth your loftiest lays;

Each heart shall echo to the strain
 Breathed in the warrior's praise.
 Bid every string triumphant swell
 Th' inspiring sounds that heroes love so well.

Salem! amidst the fiercest hour,
 The wildest rage of fight,
 Thy name shall lend our falchions power,
 And nerve our hearts with might.
 Envied be those for thee that fall,
 Who find their graves beneath thy sacred wall.

For them no need that sculptured tomb
 Should chronicle their fame,
 Or pyramid record their doom,
 Or deathless verse their name;
 It is enough that dust of thine
 Should shroud their forms, O blessed Palestine!

Chieftains, lead on! our hearts beat high
 For combat's glorious hour;
 Soon shall the red-cross banner fly
 On Salem's loftiest tower!
 We burn to mingle in the strife,
 Where *but* to die ensures eternal life.

THE DEATH OF CLANRONALD.

[It was in the battle of Sheriffmoor that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengary, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colclach, started from the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!" The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them.—*Quarterly Review*.]

Oh! ne'er be Clanronald the valiant forgot!
 Still fearless and first in the combat he fell;
 But we paused not one teardrop to shed o'er the spot,
 We spared not one moment to murmur "Farewell."
 We heard but the battle-word given by the chief,
 "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

And wildly, Clanronald! we echoed the vow
 With the tear on our cheek, and the sword in our hand;
 Young son of the brave! we may weep for thee now,
 For well has thy death been avenged by thy band.
 When they joined, in wild chorus, the cry of the chief,
 "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

Thy dirge in that hour was the bugle's wild call
 The clash of the claymore, the shout of the brave;

But now thy own bard may lament for thy fall,
 And the soft voice of melody sigh o'er thy grave—
 While Albyn remembers the words of the chief,
 "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

Thou art fallen, O fearless one! flower of thy race:
 Descendant of heroes! thy glory is set:
 But thy kindred, the sons of the battle and chase,
 Have proved that thy spirit is bright in them yet!
 Nor vainly have echoed the words of the chief,
 "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for grief!"

TO THE EYE.

THRONE of expression! whence the spirit's ray
 Pours forth so oft the light of mental day,
 Where fancy's fire affection's melting beam,
 Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn supreme,
 And many a feeling, words can ne'er impart,
 Finds its own language to pervade the heart;
 Thy power, bright orb, what bosom hath not felt,
 To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to melt!
 And by some spell of undefined control,
 With magnet-influence touch the secret soul!

Light of the features! in the morn of youth
 Thy glance is nature, and thy language truth;
 And ere the world, with all-corrupting sway,
 Hath taught e'en *thee* to flatter and betray,
 The ingenuous heart forbids thee to reveal,
 Or speak one thought that interest could conceal;
 While yet thou seem'st the cloudless mirror, given
 But to reflect the purity of heaven;
 Oh! then how lovely, there unveiled, to trace
 The unsullied brightness of each mental grace!

When Genius lends thee all his living light
 Where the full beams of intellect unite;
 When Love illumines thee with his varying ray
 Where trembling Hope and tearful Rapture play;
 Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam subdues,
 Tempering its lustre with a veil of dews;
 Still does thy power, whose all-commanding spell
 Can pierce the mazes of the soul so well,
 Bid some new feeling to existence start,
 From its deep slumbers in the inmost heart.

And oh! when thought, in ecstasy sublime,
 That soars triumphant o'er the bounds of time,
 Fires thy keen glance with inspiration's blaze,
 The light of heaven, the hope of nobler days

(As glorious dreams, for utt'rance far to high,
Flash through the mist of dim mortality),
Who does not own that through thy lightning beams
A flame unquenchable, unearthly, streams?
That pure, though captive effluence of the sky,
The vestal ray, the spark that cannot die!

THE HERO'S DEATH.

LIFE's parting beams were in his eye,
Life's closing accents on his tongue,
When round him, pealing to the sky,
The shout of victory rung!

Then ere his gallant spirit fled,
A smile so bright illumed his face—
Oh! never of the light he shed
Shall memory lose a trace!

His was a death, whose rapture high
Transcended all that life could yield;
His warmest prayer was so to die,
On the red battle-field!

And they may feel, who loved him most,
A pride so holy and so pure;
Fate hath no power o'er those who boast
A treasure thus secure!

ON A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

WHENCE art thou, flower? From holy ground,
Where Freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth
Was not where spears have crossed,
And shivered helms have strewn the earth,
'Midst banners won and lost.

But when the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were raised to heaven:

And vows were pledged that man should roam
Through every Alpine dell
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of prayer,
 Hallowed the pastoral sod;
 And souls grew strong for battle there,
 Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
 That calm devoted band,
 And rose, and made their spirits felt
 Through all the mountain-land.

Then welcome, Grütli's free-born flower!
 Even in thy pale decay
 There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
 Which all high thoughts obey.

ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

AND was thy home, pale, withered thing!
 Beneath the rich blue Southern sky?
 Wert thou a nursling of the Spring,
 The winds, and suns of glorious Italy?
 Those suns in golden light e'en now
 Look o'er the Poet's lovely grave,
 Those winds are breathing soft, but thou,
 Answering their whisper, there no more shalt wave.

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow
 May cluster in their purple bloom,
 But on th' o'ershadowing ilex bough
 Thy breezy place is void, by Virgil's tomb.

Thy place is void—oh! none on earth,
 This crowded earth, may so remain,
 Save that which souls of loftiest birth
 Leave when they part, their brighter home to gain.

Another leaf ere now hath sprung
 On the green stem which once was thine—
 When shall another strain be sung
 Like his whose dust hath made that spot a shrine!

FOR A DESIGN OF A BUTTERFLY RESTING ON A SKULL.

CREATURE of air and light!
 Emblem of that which may not fade or die!
 Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
 To chase the south wind through the glowing sky?

What lures thee thus to stay,
With Silence and Decay,
Fixed on the wreck of cold Mortality ?

The thoughts once chambered there
Have gathered up their treasures and are gone—
Will the dust tell us where
They that have burst the prison-house have flown ?
Rise, nursling of the day !
If thou wouldst trace their way—
Earth hath no voice to make the secret known.

Who seeks the vanished bird
By the forsaken nest and broken shell ?—
Far thence he sings unheard,
Yet free and joyous in the woods to dwell.
Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn !
Thy hope calls heavenward from yon ruined cell.

A FRAGMENT.

REST on your battle-fields, ye brave !
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,
Your dirge be in the moaning wave—
We call you back no more !

Oh ! there was mourning when ye fell,
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,
An agony, a wild farewell—
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame ;
The hills keep record of your name,
And never can a touch of shame
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,
When bright names from their place fall fast,
And ye that with your glory passed,
We cannot mourn ye now.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

SON of the ocean isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread !

Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone:—
There slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The Western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead!

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest-wreaths be shed:
For the Roncesvalles' field is won—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
To chain her with their power,

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done—
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
 The men of field and wave!
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave?
 Go, stranger! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread!
 Wave may not foam nor wild wind sweep
 Where rest not England's dead.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS.

WRITTEN FOR AN EISTEDDVOD, OR MEETING OF WELSH
 BARDS, HELD IN LONDON, 22ND MAY, 1822.

[The *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the British bards, were anciently ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon: or according to the expression employed on these occasions, "in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the circle of federation. The presiding bard stood on a large stone (Maen Gorsedd, or the stone of assembly) in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting. The bards always stood in their uni-coloured robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the circle of federation.—See OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies of Llywarc Hen*.]

WHERE met our bards of old?—the glorious throng,
 They of the mountain and the battle-song?
 They met—oh! not in kingly hall or bower,
 But where wild Nature girt herself with power:
 They met—where streams flashed bright from rocky caves,
 They met—where woods made moan o'er warriors' graves,
 And where the torrent's rainbow spray was cast,
 And where dark lakes were heaving to the blast,
 And 'midst th' eternal cliffs, whose strength defied
 The crested Roman in his hour of pride;
 And where the Carnedd,* on its lonely hill,
 Bore silent record of the mighty still;
 And where the Druid's ancient Cromlecht frowned,
 And the oaks breathed mysterious murmurs round:—
 There thronged th' inspired of yore!—on plain or height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light,
 And, baring unto heaven each noble head,
 Stood in the circle, where none else might tread.
 Well might their lays be lofty!—soaring thought
 From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught:
 Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,
 Which startled eagles from their lone domains,

* *Carnedd*, a stone barrow, or cairn.

† *Cromlecht*, a Druidical monument, or altar. The word means a stone of covenant.

And, like a breeze, in chainless triumph, went
 Up through the blue resounding firmament!
 Whence came the echoes to those numbers high?—
 'Twas from the battle-fields of days gone by!
 And from the tombs of heroes, laid to rest
 With their good swords, upon the mountain's breast;
 And from the watch-towers on the heights of snow,
 Severed, by cloud and storm, from all below;
 And the turf-mounds, once girt by ruddy spears,
 And the rock-altars of departed years.

Thence, deeply mingling with the torrent's roar,
 The winds a thousand wild responses bore;
 And the green land, whose every vale and glen
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic men,
 On all her hills, awakening to rejoice,
 Sent forth proud answers to her children's voice.
 For us, not ours the festival to hold
 'Midst the stone-circles, hallowed thus of old;
 Not where great Nature's majesty and might
 First broke, all-glorious, on our infant sight;
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our free and brave,
 Not by the mountain-lyn,* the ocean wave,
 In these late days we meet!—dark Mona's shore,
 Eryri† cliffs resound with harps no more!
 But, as the stream (though time or art may turn
 The current, bursting from its caverned urn,
 To bathe soft vales of pasture and of flowers,
 From Alpine glens, or ancient forest-bowers),
 Alike, in rushing strength or sunny sleep,
 Holds on its course, to mingle with the deep;
 Thus, though our paths be changed, still warm and free,
 Land of the bard! our spirit flies to thee!
 To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our hearts belong,
 Our dreams are haunted by thy voice of song!
 Nor yield our souls one patriot-feeling less
 To the green memory of thy loveliness,
 Than theirs, whose harp-notes pealed from every height,
In the sun's face, beneath the eye of light!

ELYSIUM.

[“In the Elysium of the ancients we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes, that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the Infernal Regions.”—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme*.]

FAIR wert thou in the dreams
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers,

* *Llyn*, a lake or pool.

† *Eryri*, Snowdon.

And summer winds, and low-toned silvery streams,
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel bowers.

Where, as they passed, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things!

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains!—but *thy* golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever through thy shades
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed whispers, making sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh,
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death!

And the transparent sky
Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
Of harps that 'midst the woods made harmony
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain
With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel?
Called from the dim procession of the dead,
Who 'midst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went round!
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,
And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—and become
In man's deep heart as voices of his home!

They of the darling thought!
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied—
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths had
sought
The soul's far birthplace—but without a guide!
Sages and seers, who died,

And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most *loved* are they
Of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice,
In regal halls! the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps; till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,
'Midst her green valleys, earth retained no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home;—thou hadst no wreaths for *these*,
Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless trees!

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,
And song on every wind! From *thy* bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head—
Thou wert for nobler dead!
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell!

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
Kept the mute woes and burning thoughts of years,
As embers in a burial-urn compressed;
He might not be thy guest!
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Came o'er *his* path, and whispered "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile!—Elysium! what wert *thou*
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown
Which, in its clear eye, shone
Like spring's first wakening! but that light was past—
Where went the dewdrop swept before the blast?

Not where *thy* soft winds played,
Not where *thy* waters lay in glassy sleep!

Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
 And bade man cease to weep!
Fade with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON.

YES, it is ours!—the field is won,
 A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his bloody shield!
Let me not hear your trumpets ring,
 Swell not the battle-horn!
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne.
Speak not of victory!—in the name
 There is too much of woe!
Hushed be the empty voice of Fame—
Call me back *his* whose graceful head is low.
Speak not of victory!—from my halls
 The sunny hour is gone!
The ancient banner on my walls
Must sink ere long—I had but him—but one!
Within the dwelling of my sires
 The hearths will soon be cold,
With me must die the beacon-fires
That streamed at midnight from the mountain-hold.
And let them fade, since *this* must be,
 My lovely and my brave!
Was thy bright blood poured forth for me,
And is there but for stately youth a grave?
Speak to me once again, my boy!
 Wilt thou not hear my call?
Thou wert so full of life and joy,
I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou couldst fall.
Thy mother watches from the steep
 For thy returning plume;
How shall I tell her that thy sleep
Is of the silent house, th' untimely tomb?
Thou didst not seem as one to die,
 With all thy young renown!—
Ye saw his falchion's flash on high,
In the mid-fight, when spears and crests went down!

Slow be your march!—the field is won!
 A dark and evil field!
 Lift from the ground my noble son,
 And bear him homewards on his bloody shield.

THE FUNERAL GENIUS.

AN ANCIENT STATUE.

[“Debout, couronné de fleurs, les bras élevés et posés sur sa tête, et le dos appuyé contre un pin, ce génie semble exprimer par son attitude le repos des morts. Les bas-reliefs des tombeaux offrent souvent des figures semblables.”—VISCONTI, *Description des Antiques du Musée Royal.*]

THOU shouldst be looked on when the starlight falls
 Through the blue stillness of the summer air,
 Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls;
 It hath too fitful and too wild a glare!
 And thou!—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems
 To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow; for so the dead
 Were crowned of old, with pale spring flowers like these:
 Sleep on thine eye hath sunk; yet softly shed,
 As from the wing of some faint Southern breeze
 And the pine-boughs o’ershadow thee with gloom
 Which of the grove seems breathing—not the tomb.

They feared not death, whose calm and gracious thought
 Of the last hour, hath settled thus in thee!
 They who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,
 And laid thy head against the forest-tree,
 As that of one, by music’s dreamy close,
 On the wood-violets lulled to deep repose.

They feared not death!—yet who shall say his touch
 Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair?
 Doth he bestow, or will he leave so much
 Of tender beauty as thy features wear?
 Thou sleeper of the bower! on whose young eyes
 So still a night, a night of summer, lies!

Had they seen aught like thee?—Did some fair boy
 Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest?—
 His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,
 But drooping, as with heavy dews oppressed!
 And his eye veiled so softly by its fringe,
 And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge?

Oh! happy, if to them the one dread hour
 Made known its lessons from a brow like thine!

If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power
 Came by a look, so tranquilly divine!—
 Let him who *thus* hath seen the lovely part,
 Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart!

But thou, fair slumberer! was there less of woe,
 Or love, or terror, in the days of old,
 That men poured out their gladdening spirit's flow,
 Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold,
 And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king
 Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid
 Far more than we—for loftier faith is ours!
 Their gems were lost in ashes—yet they made
 The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,
 With fragrant wreaths, and summer boughs arrayed,
 And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed
 O'er its dim precincts?—do we not entrust,
 But for a time, its chambers with our dead,
 And strew immortal seed upon the dust?—
 Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,
 When living light hath touched the brow of death?

THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA.

AND there they sleep!—the men who stood
 In arms before th' exulting sun,
 And bathed their spears in Persian blood,
 And taught the earth how freedom might be won.

They sleep!—th' Olympic wreaths are dead,
 Th' Athenian lyres are hushed and gone;
 The Dorian voice of song is fled—
 Slumber, ye mighty! slumber deeply on!

They sleep, and seems not all around
 As hallowed unto Glory's tomb?
 Silence is on the battle-ground,
 The heavens are loaded with a breathless gloom.

And stars are watching on their height
 But dimly seen through mist and cloud;
 And still and solemn is the light
 Which folds the plain, as with a glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen! here thy beams
 Are not as those the shepherd loves,
 Nor look they down on shining streams,
 By Naiads haunted, in their laurel groves.

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,
 In shadowy quiet, 'midst its vines;
 No temple gleaming from the steep,
 'Midst the grey olives, or the mountain pines:

But o'er a dim and boundless waste,
 Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's, brood,
 Where man's departed steps are traced
 But by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And be it thus!—What slave shall tread
 O'er Freedom's ancient battle-plain?
 Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,
 When their bright land sits weeping o'er her chains:

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,
 And where the Spartan sword flashed high,
 And where the pæan strains were sung,
 From year to year swelled on by liberty!

Here should no voice, no sound, be heard,
 Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
 Save of the leader's charging word,
 Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up through heaven!

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave!
 No vines festoon your lonely tree!
 No harvest o'er your war-field wave,
 Till rushing winds proclaim—the land is free!

THE VIEW FROM CASTRI.

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants here,
 Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie!
 There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
 Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers nigh:
 There have been voices, through the sunny sky,
 And the pine-woods, their choral hymn-notes sending.
 And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,
 With incense-clouds around the temple blinding,
 And throngs, with laurel-boughs, before the altar bending.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles
 Brought to the day-god's now forsaken throne;
 Thunders have pealed along the rock-defiles,
 When the far-echoing battle-horn made known
 That foes were on their way!—the deep wind's moan
 Hath chilled th' invader's heart with secret fear
 And from the Sibyl-grottoes, wild and lone,
 Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,
 From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk!—but thou unchanged art there!
 Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams!
 Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
 With thy dark waving-pines, and flashing streams,
 And all thy founts of song! their bright course teems
 With inspiration yet; and each dim haze,
 Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems
 As with its mantle, veiling from our gaze
 The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days!

Away, vain phantasies!—doth less of power
 Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,
 Though in deep stillness now, the ruin's flower
 Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy breast?—
 Lift through the free blue heavens thine arrowy crest!
 Let the great rocks their solitude regain!
 No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest
 With their full chords—but silent be the strain!
 Thou hast a mightier voice to speak th' Eternal's reign!

THE FESTAL HOUR.

WHEN are the lessons given
 That shake the startled earth?—When wakes the foe,
 While the friend sleeps?—When falls the traitor's blow?
 When are proud sceptres riven,
 High hopes o'erthrown?—It is, when lands rejoice,
 When cities blaze, and lift th' exulting voice,
 And wave their banners to the kindling heaven!

Fear ye the festal hour!
 When mirth o'erflows, then tremble!—'Twas a night
 Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance, and light,
 When through the regal bower
 The trumpet pealed, ere yet the song was done,
 And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,
 And trampling armies, ruthless in their power.

The marble shrines were crowned:
 Young voices, through the blue Athenian sky,
 And Dorian reeds, made summer-melody,
 And censers waved around:
 And lyres were strung, and bright libations poured,
 When, through the streets, flashed out th' avenging
 sword,
 Fearless and free, the sword with myrtles bound!*

Through Rome a triumph passed.
 Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams went by

* The sword of Harmodius.

That long array of glorious pageantry,
 With shout and trumpet-blast.
 An empire's gems their starry splendour shed
 O'er the proud march ; a king in chains was led ;
 A stately victor, crowned and robed, came last.*

And many a Dryad's bower
 Had lent the laurels, which, in waving play,
 Stirred the warm air, and glistened round his way,
 As a quick-flashing shower.
 O'er his own porch, meantime, the cypress hung,
 Through his fair halls a cry of anguish rung—
 Woe for the dead!—the father's broken flower!

A sound of lyre and song,
 In the still night, went floating o'er the Nile,
 Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile,
 Swept with that voice along ;
 And lamps were shining o'er the red wine's foam,
 Where a chief revelled in a monarch's dome,
 And fresh rose garlands decked a glittering throng.

'Twas Antony that bade
 The joyous chords ring out!—but strains arose
 Of wilder omen at the banquet's close!
 Sounds, by no mortal made,†
 Shook Alexandria through her streets that night,
 And passed—and with another sunset's light,
 The kingly Roman on his bier was laid.

Bright 'midst its vineyards lay
 The fair Campanian city,‡ with its towers
 And temples gleaming through dark olive bowers,
 Clear in the golden day ;
 Joy was around it as the glowing sky,
 And crowds had filled its halls of revelry,
 And all the sunny air was music's way.

A cloud came o'er the face
 Of Italy's rich heaven!—Its crystal blue
 Was changed, and deepened to a wrathful hue
 Of night, o'ershadowing space,
 As with the wings of death!—in all his power
 Vesuvius woke, and hurled the burning shower,
 And who could tell the buried city's place?

* Paulus Æmilius, one of whose sons died a few days before, and another shortly after, his triumph on the conquest of Macedon, when Perseus, king of that country, was led in chains.

† Description given by Plutarch, in his life of Antony, of the supernatural sounds heard in the streets of Alexandria the night before Antony's death.

‡ Herculaneum, the inhabitants were assembled in the theatres, when the shower of ashes, which covered the city, descended.

Such things have been of yore,
In the gay regions where the citrons blow,
And purple summers all their sleepy glow
On the grape-clusters pour;
And where the palms to spicy winds are waving.
Along clear seas of melted sapphire, laving,
As with a flow of light, their southern shore.

Turn we to other climes!
Far in the Druid-isle a feast was spread
'Midst the rock-altars of the warrior dead,*
And ancient battle-rhymes
Were chanted to the harp; and yellow mead
Went flowing round, and tales of martial deed,
And lofty songs of Britain's elder time.

But ere the giant fane
Cast its broad shadows on the robe of even,
Hushed were the bards, and, in the face of heaven,
O'er that old burial-plain
Flashed the keen Saxon dagger!—Blood was streaming
Where late the mead-cup to the sun was gleaming,
And Britain's hearths were heaped that night in vain.

For they returned no more!
They that went forth at morn, with reckless heart,
In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear their part;
And, on the rushy floor,
And the bright spears and bucklers of the walls,
The high wood-fires were blazing in their halls;
But not for them—they slept—their feast was o'er!

Fear ye the festal hour!
Ay, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows!
Tame down the swelling heart!—the bridal rose,
And the rich myrtle's flower
Have veiled the sword!—Red wines have sparkled fast
From venomed goblets, and soft breezes passed,
With fatal perfume, through the revel's bower.

Twine the young glowing wreath!
But pour not all your spirit in the song,
Which through the sky's deep azure floats along,
Like summer's quickening breath!
The ground is hollow in the path of mirth,
Oh! far too daring seems the joy of earth,
So darkly pressed and girdled in by death!

* Stonehenge.

SONG.

FOUNDED ON AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE.

AWAY! though still my sword is red
With life-blood from my sire,
No drop of thine may now be shed
To quench my bosom's fire;
Though on my heart 'twould fall more blest
Than dews upon the desert's breast.

I've sought thee 'midst the sons of men,
Through the wide city's fanes;
I've sought thee by the lion's den,
O'er pathless, boundless plains;
No step that marked the burning waste,
But mine its lonely course hath traced.

Thy name hath been a baleful spell
O'er my dark spirit cast;
No thought may dream, no words may tell,
What there unseen hath passed:
This withered cheek, this faded eye,
Are seals of thee—behold! and fly!

Hath not my cup for thee been poured
Beneath the palm-tree's shade?
Hath not soft sleep thy frame restored,
Within my dwelling laid?
What though unknown—yet who shall rest
Secure—if not the Arab's guest?

Haste thee! and leave my threshold-floor
Inviolate and pure!
Let not thy presence tempt me more—
Man may not thus endure!
Away! I bear a fettered arm,
A heart that burns—but must not harm!

Begone! outstrip the swift gazelle!
The wind in speed subdue!
Fear cannot fly so swift, so well,
As vengeance shall pursue;
And hate, like love, in parting pain,
Smiles o'er *one* hope—we meet again!

To-morrow—and the avenger's hand,
The warrior's dart is free!
E'en now no spot in all thy land,
Save *this*, had sheltered thee:
Let blood the monarch's hall profane—
The Arab's tent must bear no stain!

Fly! may the desert's fiery blast
Avoid thy secret way!
And sternly, till thy steps be past,
Its whirlwinds sleep to-day!
I would not that thy doom should be
Assigned by Heaven to aught but me.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

[The beautiful constellation of the Cross is seen only in the Southern hemisphere. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spanish traveller in South America.]

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where savannahs, in boundless magnificence, spread,
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fir-tree waves o'er me, the fireflies' red light,
With its quick-glancing splendour, illumines the night;
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee as thy lode-stars resplendently burn
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South! and beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazoned in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the ocean unknown,
Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,
Hath their spirit been cheered by thy light, when the deep
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the lord of the world,*
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurled;
Even such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou.

And to me, as I traversed the world of the West,
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest;
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride
Thy hues have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on—my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

* Constantine the Great.

But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blazing shrine,
 A fount of bright hopes, and of visions divine ;
 And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
 Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.

THE SLEEPER OF MARATHON.

I LAY upon the solemn plain,
 And by the funeral mound,
 Where those who died not there in vain
 Their place of sleep had found.
 'Twas silent where the free blood gushed,
 When Persia came arrayed—
 So many a voice had there been hushed,
 So many a footstep stayed.
 I slumbered on the lonely spot
 So sanctified by death :
 I slumbered—but my rest was not
 As theirs who lay beneath.
 For on my dreams, that shadowy hour,
 They rose—the chainless dead—
 All armed, they sprang, in joy, in power,
 Up from their grassy bed.
 I saw their spears, on that red field,
 Flash as in time gone by—
 Chased to the seas without his shield,
 I saw the Persian fly.
 I woke—the sudden trumpet's blast
 Called to another fight—
 From visions of our glorious past,
 Who doth not wake in might ?

TO MISS F. A. L.

WHAT wish can friendship form for thee ?
 What brighter star invoke to shine ?
 Thy path from every thorn is free,
 And every rose is thine !
 Life hath no purer joy in store,
 Time hath no sorrow to efface ;
 Hope cannot paint one blessing more
 Than memory can retrace !
 Some hearts a boding fear might own,
 Had Fate to *them* thy portion given,
 Since many an eye by tears alone
 Is taught to gaze on Heaven !

And there are virtues oft concealed,
Till roused by anguish from repose,
As odorous trees no balm will yield
Till from their wounds it flows.

But fear not *thou* the lesson fraught
With Sorrow's chastening power to know;
Thou need'st not thus be sternly taught,
"To melt at others' woe."

Then still, with heart as blest, as warm,
Rejoice thou in thy lot on earth:
Ah! why should virtue dread the *storm*,
If *sunbeams* prove her worth?

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF THE ALBUM OF
THE SAME.

WHAT first should consecrate as thine,
The volume, destined to be fraught
With many a sweet and playful line,
With many a pure and pious thought?

It should be, what a loftier strain
Perchance less meetly would impart;
What never yet was poured in vain—
The blessing of a grateful heart—

For kindness, which hath soothed the hour
Of anxious grief, of weary pain,
And oft, with its beguiling power,
Taught languid Hope to smile again.

Long shall that fervent blessing rest
On thee and thine, and heavenwards borne,
Call down such peace to soothe *thy* breast,
As *thou* wouldst bear to all that mourn.

TO THE SAME,

ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER.

SAY not 'tis fruitless, Nature's holy tear,
Shed by Affection o'er a parent's bier!
More blest than dew on Hermon's brow that falls,
Each drop to life some latent virtue calls;
Awakes some purer hope, ordained to rise,
By earthly sorrow strengthened for the skies,
Till the sad heart, whose pangs exalt its love,
With its lost treasure, seeks a home—above.

But grief will claim her hour—and He, whose eye
Looks pitying down on Nature's agony,
He, in whose love the righteous calmly sleep,
Who bids us hope, forbids us not to weep!
He, too, hath wept—and sacred be the woes
Once borne by Him, their inmost source who knows,
Searches each wound, and bids His Spirit bring
Celestial healing on its dove-like wing!

And who but He shall soothe, when one dread stroke,
Ties, that were fibres of the soul, hath broke?
Oh! well may those, yet lingering here, deplore
The vanished light, that cheers their path no more!
Th' Almighty hand, which many a blessing dealt,
Sends its keen arrows not to be unfelt!
By fire and storm Heaven tries the Christian's worth,
And joy departs, to wean us from the earth,
Where still too long, with beings born to die,
Time hath dominion o'er Eternity.

Yet not the less, o'er all the heart hath lost,
Shall Faith rejoice when Nature grieves the most;
Then comes her triumph! through the shadowy gloom,
Her star in glory rises from the tomb,
Mounts to the dayspring, leaves the cloud below,
And gilds the tears that cease not yet to flow!
Yes, all is o'er! fear, doubt, suspense are fled,
Let brighter thoughts be with the virtuous dead!
The final ordeal of the soul is past,
And the pale brow is sealed to Heaven at last!*

And thou, loved spirit! for the skies mature,
Steadfast in faith, in meek devotion pure;
Thou that didst make the home thy presence blest,
Bright with the sunshine of thy gentle breast,
Where Peace a holy dwelling-place hath found,
Whence beamed her smile benignantly around;
Thou, that to bosoms widowed and bereft
Dear, precious records of thy worth hast left,
The treasured gem of sorrowing hearts to be,
Till Heaven recall surviving love to thee!

O cherished and revered! fond memory well
On thee, with sacred, sad delight, may dwell!
So pure, so blest thy life, that death alone
Could make more perfect happiness thine own;
He came—thy cup of joy, serenely bright,
Full to the last, still flowed in cloudless light;
He came—an angel, bearing from on high
The all it wanted—Immortality!

* Till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.
Rev. vii. 3.

A DIRGE.

WEEP for the early lost!—
How many flowers were mingled in the crown
Thus, with the lovely, to the grave gone down,
E'en when life promised most!
How many hopes have withered! They that bow
To Heaven's dread will feel all its mysteries now.

Did the young mother's eye
Behold her child, and close upon the day
Ere from its glance th' awakening spirit's ray
In sunshine could reply?
—Then look for clouds to dim the fairest morn:
Oh! strong is faith, if woe like this be borne.

For there is hush'd on earth
A voice of gladness—there is veiled a face,
Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place
By the once joyous hearth;
A smile hath passed, which filled its home with light,
A soul, whose beauty made that smile so bright!

But there is power with faith!
Power, e'en though nature o'er the untimely grave
Must weep, when God resumes the gem He gave;
For sorrow comes of Death,
And with a yearning heart we linger on,
When they, whose glance unlocked its founts, are gone!

But glory from the dust,
And praise to Him, the merciful, for those
On whose bright memory love may still repose
With an immortal trust!
Praise for the dead, who leave us, when they part,
Such hope as she hath left—"the pure in heart!"

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS!

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers;
For we have wandered far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go; but when you pause to hear
From distant hills the Sabbath-bell
On summer-winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze;

For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stirred,
Think of me then! I go, I go!

ANGEL VISITS.

"No more of talk where God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast."—MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies departed?
Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?
Ye, whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted
Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore?
Now are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,
And ye—our faded earth beholds you not!

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,
Man wandered from his Paradise away;
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,
Came down, high guests! in many a later day,
And with the patriarchs under vine or oak,
'Midst noontide calm or hush of evening, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight darkness rending,
Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,
That saw your hosts ascending and descending
On those bright steps between the earth and sky:
Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,
And worshipped, awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's brook ye passed, such radiance wearing
As mortal vision might but ill endure,
Along the stream the living chariot bearing,
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure;
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive Mount, by night appearing
'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done.
Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,
Fraught with the breath of God, to aid his Son?
—Haply of those that, on the moonlit plains,
Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours! Your heavenly dwelling
Ye left, and by the unsealed sepulchral stone

In glorious raiment sat ; the weepers telling
 That *He* they sought had triumphed, and was gone.
 Now have ye left us for the brighter shore ;
 Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,
 With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,
 Though the fresh glory of those days be over,
 When, 'midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps met ;
 Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,
 When love, by strength, o'ermasters agony ?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unrepining,
 Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave ?
 When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,
 Lead on the march of death, serenely brave ?
 Dreams ! But a deeper thought our souls may fill :
 One, One is near—a spirit holier still !

IVY SONG.

ON RECEIVING SOME IVY LEAVES FROM THE RUINED CASTLE
 OF RHEINFELS.

OH ! how could Fancy crown with *thee*
 In ancient days the God of Wine,
 And bid thee at the banquet be
 Companion of the vine ?
Thy home, wild plant ! is where each sound
 Of revelry hath long been o'er,
 Where song's full notes once pealed around,
 But now are heard no more.

The Roman on his battle-plains,
 Where kings before his eagles bent,
 Entwined thee with exulting strains
 Around the victor's tent ;
 Yet there, though fresh in glossy green,
 Triumphant thy boughs might wave,
 Better thou lov'st the silent scene
 Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
 The bards and heroes of the past ;
 Where, through the halls of glory gone,
 Murmurs the wintry blast ;
 Where years are hastening to efface
 Each record of the grand and fair ;
 Thou, in thy solitary grace,
 Wreath of the tomb ! art there.

Oh ! many a temple, once sublime,
 Beneath a blue Italian sky,
 Hath nought of beauty left by time,
 Save thy wild tapestry !
 And, reared 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
 To wave where banners waved of yore,
 O'er towers that crest the noble Rhine,
 Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
 Those eyries of a vanished race—
 Homes of the mighty, whose renown
 Hath passed, and left no trace.
 But there thou art!—thy foliage bright
 Unchanged the mountain storm can brave ;
 Thou, that wilt climb the loftiest height,
 Or deck the humblest grave !

'Tis still the same ! Where're we tread,
 The wrecks of human power we see—
 The marvels of all ages fled
 Left to decay and thee !
 And still let man his fabrics rear,
 August, in beauty, grace, and strength ;
 Days pass—thou ivy never sere !*
 And all is thine at length !

TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

WHERE sucks the bee now ? Summer is flying,
 Leaves round the elm-tree faded are lying ;
 Violets are gone from their grassy dell,
 With the cowslip cups, where the fairies dwell ;
 The rose from the garden hath passed away—
 Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal day !
 For love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled
 Ever around thee, my gentle child !
 Watching thy footsteps, and guarding thy bed,
 And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.
 Roses may vanish, but *this* will stay—
 Happy and bright is thy natal day !

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

THOU wakest from rosy sleep, to play
 With bounding heart, my boy !
 Before thee lies a long bright day
 Of summer and of joy.

* "Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere."—LYCIDAS.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream
To cloud thy fearless eye :
Long be it thus !—life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky.

Yet, ere the cares of life lie dim
On thy young spirit's wings,
Now in thy morn forget not Him
From whom each pure thought springs.

So in the onward vale of tears,
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bowed to evil years,
He will remember thee !

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

FEAR was within the tossing bark
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill ;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea—*Be still !*

And the wind ceased—it ceased ! that word
Passed through the gloomy sky ;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast ;
They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
When sultry day is past.

O Thou ! that in its wildest hour
Did'st rule the tempest's mood,
Send Thy meek Spirit forth in power,
Soft on our souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride
Thy mandate to fulfil !
Oh ! speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, *Peace be still !*

EPITAPH

OVER THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS, A CHILD AND A YOUTH.

THOU, that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,
 And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,
 And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,
 Come to this tomb!—it hath a voice for thee!
 Pray! Thou art blest—ask strength for sorrow's hour:
 Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the smile of youth
 Thy thousand hopes, rejoicing to behold
 All the heart's depths before thee bright with truth,
 All the mind's treasures silently unfold,
 Look on this tomb!—for thee, too, speaks the grave,
 Where God hath sealed the fount of hope he gave.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

EARTH! guard what here we lay in holy trust,
 That which hath left our home a darkened place,
 Wanting the form, the smile, now veiled with dust,
 The light departed with our loveliest face,
 Yet, from thy bonds our sorrow's hope is free—
 We have but lent the beautiful to thee.

But thou, O Heaven! keep, keep what *thou* hast taken,
 And with our treasure keep our hearts on high;
 The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
 The faith, the love, the lofty constancy—
 Guide us where these are with our sister down—
 They were of Thee, and Thou hast claimed Thine own!

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty sea!
 For ever and the same;
 The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—
 Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
 From the rich bowers of earth,
 And hushed is many a lovely one
 Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore
 Along the wave is still;
 The harp of Judah peals no more
 On Zion's awful hill.

The Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs poured
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
O'er stream and mountain free;
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep!
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound,
Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where sceptred cities rose!
Thou speak'st of One who doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.

THE CHILD AND DOVE.

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE OF LADY LOUISA
RUSSELL.

THOU art a thing on our dreams to rise,
'Midst the echoes of long-lost melodies,
And to fling bright dew from the morning back,
Fair form! on each image of childhood's track.

Thou art a thing to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was on leaves and flowers,
When a world was our own in some dim sweet grove,
And treasure untold in one captive dove.

Are they gone? can we think it while *thou* art there,
Thou joyous child with the clustering hair
Is it not spring that indeed breathes free
And fresh o'er each thought, while we gaze on thee?

No! never more may we smile as *thou*
Sheddest round smiles from thy sunny brow;

Yet something it is, in our hearts to shrine
A memory of beauty undimmed as thine—

To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy grace,
To have lingered before thee, and turned, and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn.

A DIRGE.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!—
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But oh!—a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

"Oh! fondly, fervently, those two had loved,
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust;
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years;
—And thus they met."

"HASTE, with your torches, haste! make firelight round!"—
They speed, they press; what hath the miner found?
Relic or treasure—giant sword of old?
Gems bedded deep—rich veins of burning gold?
—Not so—the dead, the dead An awestruck band,
In silence gathering round the silent stand,
Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath
Before the thing that, in the might of death,
Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
A sleeper, dreaming not!—a youth with hair
Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair)
O'er his cold brow: no shadow of decay
Had touched those pale, bright features—yet he wore
A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng
A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,
As if through many tears, through vigils long,
Through weary strainings;—all had been for him!

Those two had loved! And there he lay, the dead,
 In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood
 With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
 And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
 Had long since ebbed—a meeting sad and strange!
 Oh! are not meetings in this world of change
 Sadder than partings oft! She stood there, still,
 And mute, and gazing—all her soul to fill
 With the loved face once more, the young fair face,
 'Midst that rude cavern, touched with sculpture's grace,
 By torchlight and by death: until at last
 From her deep heart the spirit of the past
 Gushed in low broken tones: "And there thou art!
 And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
 As for a few brief hours! My friend, my friend!
 First love, and only one! Is this the end
 Of hope deferred, youth blighted? Yet thy brow
 Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
 Smiles—how unchanged!—while I, the worn, and weak,
 And faded—oh! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
 If thou couldst look on me!—a withered leaf,
 Seared, though for thy sake—by the blast of grief!
 Better to see thee thus! For thou didst go
 Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
 Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night
 How have I called thee! With the morning light
 How have I watched for thee!—wept, wandered, prayed,
 Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,
 In search of thee!—bound my worn life to one—
 One torturing hope! Now let me die! 'Tis gone.
 Take thy betrothed!" And on his breast she fell,
 —Oh! since their youth's last passionate farewell,
 How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong,
 Joining in death whom life had parted long!
 They had one grave—one lonely bridal-bed,
 No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed!
 His name had ceased—her heart outlived each tie,
 Once more to look on that dead face, and die!

ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY.

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIM, AM RHEIM!"

SING, sing in memory of the brave departed,
 Let song and wine be poured!
 Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless hearted,
 Our brethren of the sword!

Oft at the feast, and in the fight, their voices
 Have mingled with our own;

Fill high the cup! but when the soul rejoices,
Forget not who are gone.

They that stood with us, 'midst the dead and dying,
On Albuera's plain;

They that beside us cheerily tracked the flying,
Far o'er the hills of Spain;

They that amidst us, when the shells were showering
From old Rodrigo's wall,
The rampart scaled, through clouds of battle towering,
First, first at Victory's call;

They that upheld the banners, proudly waving,
In Roncesvalles' dell,
With England's blood, the Southern vineyards laving—
Forget not how they fell!

Sing, sing in memory of the brave departed,
Let song and wine be poured!

Pledge to their fame, the free and fearless hearted,
Our brethren of the sword!

HAUNTED GROUND.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever—it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer eve, or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric train, wherewith we are darkly bound."

—BYRON.

Yes, it is haunted, this quiet scene,
Fair as it looks, and all softly green;
Yet fear thou not—for the spell is thrown,
And the might of the shadow on me alone.

Are thy thoughts wandering to elves and fays,
And spirits that dwell where the water plays!
Oh! in the heart there are stronger powers,
That sway, though viewless, this world of ours.

Have I not lived 'midst these lonely dells,
And loved and sorrowed, and heard farewells,
And learned in my own deep soul to look,
And tremble before that mysterious book?

Have I not, under these whispering leaves,
Woven such dreams as the young heart weaves?
Shadows—yet unto which life seemed bound;
And is it not—is it not haunted ground?

Must I not hear what *thou* hearest not,
Troubling the air of the sunny spot?



Yes, it *is* haunted, this quiet scene,
Fair as it looks, and all softly green;
Yet fear thou not—for the spell is thrown,
And the might of the shadow on me alone.

Is there not something to rouse but me,
Told by the rustling of every tree?

Song hath been here, with its flow of thought;
Love, with its passionate visions fraught;
Death, breathing stillness and sadness round;
And is not—is it not haunted ground?

Are there no phantoms, but such as come
By night from the darkness that wraps the tomb?
A sound, a scent, or a whispering breeze,
Can summon up mightier far than these!

But I may not linger amidst them here!
Lovely they are, and yet things to fear;
Passing and leaving a weight behind,
And a thrill on the chords of the stricken mind.

Away, away!—that my soul may soar
As a free bird of blue skies once more!
Here from its wing it may never cast
The chain by those spirits brought back from the past.

Doubt it not—smile not—but go thou, too,
Look on the scenes where thy childhood grew—
Where thou hast prayed at thy mother's knee,
Where thou hast roved with thy brethren free;

Go thou, when life unto thee is changed,
Friends thou hast loved as thy soul, estranged;
When from the idols thy heart hath made,
Thou hast seen the colors of glory fade.

Oh! painfully then, by the wind's low sigh,
By the voice of the stream, by the flower-cup's dye,
By a thousand tokens of sight and sound,
Thou wilt feel thou art treading on haunted ground.

THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF JOHN HUNTER

Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods,
Where the Red Indian lays his father's dust,
And, by the rushing of the torrent floods,
To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust?
Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming main,
To pour itself upon the wilds again?

They are gone forth, the desert's warrior race,
By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe;
But where art thou, the swift one in the chase,
With thy free footstep and unfailing bow?

Their singing shafts have reached the panther's lair,
And where art thou?—thine arrows are not there.

They rest beside their streams—the spoil is won—
They hang their spears upon the cypress bough;
The night-fires blaze, the hunter's work is done—
They hear the tales of old—but where art thou?
The night-fires blaze beneath the giant pine,
And there a place is filled that once was thine.

For thou art mingling with the city's throng,
And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow aside;
Child of the forest! thou art borne along,
E'en as ourselves, by life's tempestuous tide.
But will this be? and canst thou *here* find rest?
Thou hadst thy nurture on the desert's breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear
From the savannah-land, the land of streams?
Hear'st thou not murmurs which none else may hear?
Is not the forest's shadow on thy dreams?
They call—wild voices call thee o'er the main,
Back to thy free and boundless woods again.

Hear them not!—hear them not!—thou canst not find
In the far wilderness what once was thine!
Thou hast quaffed knowledge from the founts of mind,
And gathered loftier aims and hopes divine,
Thou knowest the soaring thought, the immortal strain—
Seek not the deserts and the woods again.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF ———.

IN the full tide of melody and mirth,
While joy's bright spirit beams from every eye,
Forget not him whose soul, though fled from earth,
Seems yet to speak in strains that cannot die.

Forget him not, for many a festal hour,
Charmed by those strains for us has lightly flown;
And memory's visions, mingling with their power,
Wake the heart's thrill at each familiar tone.

Blest be the harmonist, whose well-known lays
Revive life's morning dreams, when youth is fled,
And, fraught with images of other days,
Recall the loved, the absent, and the dead.

His the dear art whose spells awhile renew
Hope's first illusions in their tenderest bloom—
Oh! what were life, unless such moments threw
Bright gleams, "like angel visits," o'er its gloom!

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

YES! thou hast met the sun's last smile
From the haunted hills of Rome;
By many a bright Ægean isle
Thou hast seen the billows foam.

From the silence of the Pyramid
Thou hast watched the solemn flow
Of the Nile, that with its waters hid
The ancient realm below.

Thy heart hath burned as shepherds sung
Some wild and warlike strain,
Where the Moorish horn once proudly rung
Through the pealing hills of Spain.

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,
With a sound yet murmuring in thy dreams
Of the glory that is gone.

But go thou to the pastoral vales
Of the Alpine mountains old,
If thou wouldst hear immortal tales,
By the wind's deep whispers told!

Go, if thou lovest the soil to tread
Where man hath nobly striven,
And life, like incense, hath been shed,
An offering unto Heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the pines,
Hath swept a noble flood;
The nurture of the peasant's vines
Hath been the martyr's blood

A spirit stronger than the sword,
And loftier than despair,
Through all the heroic region poured,
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep,
Of long-enduring faith,
And the sounding streams glad records keep
Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant *where* his sires
For truth and freedom bled!
Ask, where were lit the torturing fires,
Where lay the holy dead?

And he will tell thee, all around,
On fount, and turf, and stone,

Far as the chamois' foot can bound,
Their ashes have been sown !

Go, where the Sabbath-bell is heard
Up through the wilds to float,
When the dark old woods and caves are stirred
To gladness by the note ;

When forth, along their thousand rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship on those hills
Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,
And while the torrent's voice,
Like the swell of many an organ, blends,
Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,
Through shame, through death, made strong,
Before the rocks and heavens have borne
Witness of God so long !

SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER.

PILGRIM ! oh say, hath thy cheek been fanned
By the sweet winds of my sunny land ?
Knowest thou the sound of its mountain pines ?
And hast thou rested beneath its vines ?

Hast thou heard the music still wandering by,
A thing of the breezes, in Spain's blue sky,
Floating away o'er hill and heath
With the myrtle's whisper, the citron's breath ?

Then say, are there fairer vales than those
Where the warbling of fountains for ever flows ?
Are there brighter flowers than mine own, which wave
O'er Moorish ruin and Christian grave ?

O sunshine and song ! they are lying far
By the streams that look to the western star ;
My heart is fainting to hear once more
The water-voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for thee,
And brave, my Spain ! though thou art not free ;
But I call them blest—they have rent *their* chain—
They sleep in thy valleys, my sunny Spain

THE CONTADINA.

WRITTEN FOR A PICTURE.

NOT for the myrtle, and not for the vine,
Though its grape, like a gem, be the sunbeam's shrine;
And not for the rich blue heaven that showers
Joy on thy spirit, like light on the flowers;
And not for the scent of the citron trees—
Fair peasant! I call thee not blest for *these*.

Not for the beauty spread over thy brow,
Though round thee a gleam, as of spring, it throw;
And not for the lustre that laughs from thine eye,
Like a dark stream's flash to the sunny sky,
Though the South in its richness nought lovelier sees—
Fair peasant! I call thee not blest for *these*.

But for those breathing and loving things—
For the boy's fond arm, that around thee clings,
For the smiling cheek on thy lap that glows,
In the peace of a trusting child's repose—
For the hearts whose home is thy gentle breast,
Oh! richly I call thee, and deeply blest!

TROUBADOUR SONG.

THE warrior crossed the ocean's foam
For the stormy fields of war;
The maid was left in a smiling home
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin showers
Poured on the steel-clad line;
Her step was 'midst the summer flowers,
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,
And the red blood stained his crest;
While she—the gentlest wind of heaven
Might scarcely fan her breast!

Yet a thousand arrows passed him by,
And again he crossed the seas;
But she had died, as roses die,
That perish with a breeze—

As roses die, when the blast is come
For all things bright and fair;
There was death within the smiling home—
How had death found her there?

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

"I have dreamt thou wert
A captive in thy hopelessness ; afar
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
Whose image unto thee is as a dream
Of fire and slaughter ; I can see thee wasting,
Sick of thy native air."—L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far ;
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foamed to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feasts round the Norse king's board ;
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was poured ;
The hearth was heaped with the pine-boughs high,
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme
Their songs of the sword and the olden time ;
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears
hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
They had summoned a softer voice to sing ;
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood—in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of Southern skies ;
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,
Half-veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seemed struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush passed, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze—
No soft hue caught from the south-wind's breath,
But a token of fever at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crowned for her bridal-day
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

"They bid me sing of thee, mine own, by sunny land! of thee!

Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ? in silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure,
deep sapphire sky,

Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of
the North !

And through the mists of death shine out, my country, for
thy sake!

And the glory nevermore to bless thy daughter's yearning sight!

Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily!

Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue !
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing
home.

And making all the waves as gems, that met along the shore,

And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more.

Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell!
By fountains flinging rainb'w-spray on dark and glossy

The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its

And the violets gleam like amethysts from the dewy moss

and the violet ground was white, the white ground

“And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through
 night and day ;
 Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of
 heaven away ;
 They wander through the olive woods, and o’er the shin-
 ing seas—
 They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy
 breeze ;
 Lute, voice, and bird are blending there—it were a bliss to
 die,
 As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily !

“I may not thus depart—farewell! Yet no, my country,
 no !
 Is not love stronger than the grave? I feel it must be so !
 My fleeting spirit shall o’ersweep the mountains and the
 main,
 And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods
 again.
 Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I
 come
 To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my
 home!”

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre—
 There came a mist o’er her eye’s wild fire—
 And her dark rich tresses in many a fold,
 Loosed from their braids down her bosom rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall—
 A silence fell o’er the warrior’s hall ;
 She had poured out her soul with her song’s last tone ;
 The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone !

BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured ;
 Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale,
 Their breath floats out on the Southern gale,
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror’s path—
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
 He comes with the spoils of nations back,
 The vines lie crushed in his chariot’s track,
 The turf looks red where he won the day—
 Bring flowers to die in the conqueror’s way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
 Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
 And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flow-
 ers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
 They were born to blush in her shining hair.
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
 Her place is now by another's side—
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early dead!
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
 They are nature's offering, their place is *there*!
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
 With a voice of promise they come and part,
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
 They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

“Alas! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair,
 She had not known her child.”—*Marmion*.

REST, pilgrim, rest!—thou’rt from the Syrian land,
 Thou’rt from the wild and wondrous East, I know,
 By the long-withered palm-branch in thy hand,
 And by the darkness of thy sunburnt brow.
 Alas! the bright, the beautiful, who part,
 So full of hope, for that far country’s bourne!
 Alas! the weary and the changed in heart,
 And dimmed in aspect, who like thee return!

Thou’rt faint—stay, rest thee from thy toils at last:
 Through the high chestnuts lightly plays the breeze,
 The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is passed,
 The sailor’s hymn hath died along the seas.
 Thou’rt faint and worn—hear’st thou the fountain welling
 By the grey pillars of yon ruined shrine?

Seest thou the dewy grapes, before thee swelling?—
He that hath left me trained that loaded vine!

He was a child when thus the bower he wove
(Oh! hath a day fled since his childhood's time?)
That I might sit and hear the sound I love,
Beneath its shade—the convent's vesper chime.
And sit *thou* there!—for he was gentle ever;
With his glad voice he would have welcomed thee,
And brought fresh fruits to cool thy parched lips' fever—
There in his place thou'rt resting—where is he?

If I could hear that laughing voice again,
But once again!—how oft it wanders by,
In the still hours, like some remembered strain,
Troubling the heart with its wild melody!
Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim! hast thou seen
In that far land, the chosen land of yore,
A youth—my Guido—with tho fiery mien,
And the dark eye of this Italian shoro?

The dark, clear, lightning eye!—on heaven and earth
It smiled—as if man were not dust it smiled!
The very air seemed kindling with his mirth,
And I—my heart grew young before my child!
My blessed child!—I had but him,—yet he
Filled all my home even with o'erflowing joy,
Sweet laughter, and wild song, and footstep free—
Where is he now?—my pride, my flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from my sight,
Like a spring dewdrop—then his forehead wore
A prouder look—his eye a keener light—
I knew these woods might be his world no more!
He loved me—but he left me!—thus they go,
Whom we have reared, watched, blessed, too much
adored!

He heard the trumpet of the Red-cross blow,
And bounded from me with his father's sword!

Thou weep'st—I tremble—thou hast seen the slain
Pressing a bloody turf; the young and fair,
With their pale beauty strewn o'er the plain
Where hosts have met—speak! answer! was *he* there?
Oh! hath his smile departed?—could the grave
Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?—
No? I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—
That look gives hope—I knew it could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer!—some fond mother's glance
O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—

Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,
 Bathed all thy faded hair with parting tears?
 Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—what art thou?
 Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?
 Look up! oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!—
 Is it—alas! yet joy!—my son! my son!

THE REVELLERS.

RING, joyous chords!—ring out again!
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
 They are here—the fair face and the careless heart,
 And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.—
 But I met a dimly mournful glance,
 In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
 I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,
 In a pause of the thrilling melody!
 And it is not well that woe should breathe
 On the bright spring flowers of the festal wreath!—
 Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
 Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords!—but who art *thou*
 With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,
 And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
 In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
 Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast loved too well,
 Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell;
 Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures forth,
 And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!
 Mourn on!—yet come thou not *here* the while,
 It is but a pain to see thee smile!
 There is not a tone in our songs for thee—
 Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!—
 But what dost thou with the revel's train?
 A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
 But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes;
 There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
 But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye.
 Away! there's a void in thy yearning breast,
 Thou weary man! wilt thou *here* find rest?
 Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
 And the love of *thy* spirit is with the dead!
 Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth—
 Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords! ring forth again!
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain!

But *thou*, though a reckless mien be thine,
 And thy cup be crowned with the foaming wine,
 By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
 By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
 I know thee!—it is but the wakeful fear
 Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!
 I know thee!—thou fearest the solemn night!
 With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might!
 There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun
 For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
 And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away!—
 Back to thy home and pray!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
 A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
 And bring fresh wreaths!—we will banish all
 Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
 On! through the maze of the fleet dance, on!—
 But where are the young and the lovely?—gone!
 Where are the brows with the red rose crowned,
 And the floating forms with the bright zone bound!
 And the waving locks and the flying feet,
 That still should be where the mirthful meet!—
 They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all—
 Alas! the forsaken hall!

THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP.

SLEEP 'midst thy banners furled!
 Yes! thou art there, upon thy buckler lying,
 With the soft wind unfelt around thee sighing,
 Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet shakes the world!
 Sleep while the babe sleeps on its mother's breast—
 Oh! strong is night—for thou, too, art at rest!

Stillness hath smoothed thy brow,
 And now might love keep timid vigils by thee,
 Now might the foe with stealthy foot draw nigh thee,
 Alike unconscious and defenceless thou!
 Tread lightly, watchers! now the field is won,
 Break not the rest of nature's weary son!

Perchance some lovely dream
 Back from the stormy fight thy soul is bearing
 To the green places of thy boyish daring,
 And all the windings of thy native stream;—
 Why, this were joy! upon the tented plain,
 Dream on, thou conqueror!—be a child again!

But thou wilt wake at morn,
 With thy strong passions to the conflict leaping,
 And thy dark, troubled thoughts all earth o'ersweeping ;
 So wilt thou rise, oh ! thou of woman born !
 And put thy terrors on, till none may dare
 Look upon thee—the tired one, slumbering there !

Why, so the peasant sleeps
 Beneath his vine !—and man must kneel before thee,
 And for his birthright vainly still implore thee !
 Shalt thou be stayed because thy brother weeps ?—
 Wake ! and forget that 'midst a dreaming world,
 Thou hast lain thus, with all thy banners furled !

Forget that thou, even thou,
 Hast feebly shivered when the wind passed o'er thee,
 And sunk to rest upon the earth which bore thee,
 And felt the night-dew chill thy fevered brow !
 Wake with the trumpet, with the spear press on !—
 Yet shall the dust take home its mortal son.

OUR LADY'S WELL.*

Fount of the woods ! thou art hid no more
 From Heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore !
 For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
 And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls ;
 And the dim tree-shadows across thee pass,
 As the boughs are swayed o'er thy silvery glass ;
 And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
 When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone ;
 And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain—
 Bright Fount ! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the vale ! thou art sought no more
 By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
 When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
 And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.
 There is heard no *Ave* through thy bowers,
 Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy water-flowers !
 But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
 And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
 And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
 Bright Fount ! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the Virgin's ruined shrine !
 A voice that speaks of the past is thine !

*A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins.

It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh
 With the notes that ring through the laughing sky;
 'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,
 And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard!—
 Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,
 To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free?—
 'Tis that all on earth is of *Time's* domain—
 He hath made thee nature's own again!

Fount of the chapel with ages grey!
 Thou art springing freshly amidst decay!
 Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
 And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now!
 Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
 In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought;
 If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
 Or prayer, from a chastened heart, to Heaven,
 Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,
 Who hath made thee nature's own again!

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,
 Glad Summer, fare thee well!
 Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
 In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
 Of thy latest lingering day,
 Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
 How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
 Thine hours have floated by,
 To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
 The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
 To the wild deer wandering free;
 And brightly 'midst the garden flowers,
 To the happy murmuring bee:

But how to human bosoms,
 With all their hopes and fears,
 And thoughts that make them eagle-wings
 To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
 Thou hast flown in burning dreams
 Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
 And the blue rejoicing streams;—

To the wasted and the weary
 On the bed of sickness bound,
 In swift delirious fantasies,
 That changed with every sound ;—

To the sailor on the billows,
 In longings, wild and vain,
 For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
 And the homes of earth again !

And unto me, glad Summer !
 How hast thou flown to me ?
My chainless footstep nought hath kept
 From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
 In memories of the dead—
 In shadows, from a troubled heart,
 O'er thy sunny pathway shed :

In brief and sudden strivings,
 To fling a weight aside—
 'Midst these thy melodies have ceased
 And all thy roses died.

But oh ! thou gentle Summer !
 If I greet thy flowers once more,
 Bring me again the buoyancy
 Wherewith my soul should soar !

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
 With song and spirit free ;
 Or in a purer air than this
 May that next meeting be !

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

Old songs, the precious music of the heart. "Sing aloud
"—WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
 When days are long and bright,
 And the blue gleam of shining rills
 Is loveliest to the sight !
 Sing them along the misty moor,
 Where ancient hunters roved,
 And swell them through the torrent's roar,
 The songs our fathers loved !

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear,
 When harps were in the hall,

And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall!
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plummy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale,
Cheered homeward through the leaves:
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be!—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening-fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer:
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirred,
To childhood's holy home.

The greenwoods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall breathe their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where, like the stag, they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved!

THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR.

COME, while in freshness and dew it lies,
To the world that is under the free, blue skies!
Leave ye man's home, and forget his care—
There breathes no sigh on the dayspring's air.

Come to the woods, in whose mossy dells
A light all made for the poet dwells;
A light, coloured softly by tender leaves,
Whence the primrose a mellower glow receives.

The stock-dove is there in the beechen-tree,
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee;
And the voice of cool waters 'midst feathery fern,
Shedding sweet sounds from some hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is tameless mirth,
Where the streams, with the lilies they wear, have birth:
There is peace where the alders are whispering low;
Come from man's dwellings, with all their woe!

Yes! we will come—we will leave behind
The homes and the sorrows of human kind;
It is well to rove where the river leads
Its bright, blue vein along sunny meads:

It is well through the rich, wild woods to go,
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn and doe;
And to hear the gushing of gentle springs,
When the heart has been fretted by worldly stings:

And to watch the colours that flit and pass,
With insect-wings, through the wavy grass;
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash-trees' bark,
Borne in with a breeze through the foliage dark.

Joyous and fair shall our wanderings be,
As the flight of birds o'er the glittering sea;
To the woods, to the dingles where violets blow,
We will bear no memory of earthly woe.

But if, by the forest-brook, we meet
A line like the pathway of former feet;
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely spot,
We reach the grey ruins of tower or cot;—

If the cell, where a hermit of old hath prayed,
Lift up its cross through the solemn shade;—
Or if some nook where the wild-flowers wave,
Bear token sad of a mortal grave—

Doubt not but *there* will our steps be stayed,
There our quick spirits awhile delayed;
There will thought fix our impatient eyes,
And win back our hearts to their sympathies.

For what, though the mountains and skies be fair,
Steeped in soft hues of the summer air—
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and dreams,
That lights up all nature with living gleams.

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,
 Where it hath poured forth its vows to Heaven,
 Where to repose it hath brightly past,
 O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by that soul, amidst groves and rills,
 And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,
 Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,
We, only *we*, may be linked to God!

KINDRED HEARTS.

OH! ask not, hope thou not too much
 Of sympathy below;
 Few are the hearts whence one same touch
 Bids the sweet fountains flow:
 Few—and by still conflicting powers
 Forbidden here to meet—
 Such ties would make this life of ours
 Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
 Sees not as thine, which turns
 In such deep reverence to the sky,
 Where the rich sunset burns:
 It may be that the breath of spring,
 Born amidst violets lone,
 A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
 A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
 A sorrowful delight!
 The melody of distant chimes,
 The sound of waves by night;
 The wind that, with so many a tone,
 Some chord within can thrill—
 These may have language all thine own,
 To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this the true
 And steadfast love of years;
 The kindly, that from childhood grew,
 The faithful to thy tears!
 If there be one that o'er the dead
 Hath in thy grief borne part,
 And watched through sickness by thy bed—
 Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
 Wherein bright spirits blend,



The Dial of Flowers.



- Like sister-flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.*

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.
Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colored vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.
To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.
So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.
So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Has sought, but still in vain.
Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth.
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth!
Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,

* Formed by Linnæus to mark hours by the opening and closing of the flowers.

And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour shone
With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave,
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;
Till, as a wind might stir a withered oak,
On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said:
"I listened for the words which, years ago,
Passed o'er these waters: though the voice is fled
Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

"Ask'st thou of him, whose house is lone beneath?
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,
To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.
Many the times of flowers hath been since then—
Many, but bringing nought like *him* again!

"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,
O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying the cedars like the corn-stalks low;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls, as with the morning's wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone?
He told of One the grave's dark bonds who broke,
And our hearts burned within us as he spoke.

"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell:
Bright must they be!—for *there* are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say 'Farewell!'
He came to guide us thither;—but away
The Happy called him, and he might not stay.

"We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time—
Therefore we hoped;—but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes—and finds not him!

"We gathered round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree;
From his clear voice, at first, the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea;
But swelled and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

"And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
And his white eyelids fluttered, and his head
Fell back, and mist upon his forehead hung—
Know'st thou not how we pass to join the dead?
It is enough!—he sank upon my breast—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest!

"We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e'en here, at eventide;
We reared this Cross in token where he lay,
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord had died!
Now hath he surely reached, o'er mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave.

"But I am sad!—I mourn the clear light taken
Back from my people, o'er whose place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast."

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling eye:—

"Son of the Wilderness! despair thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o'er thy nation's lot!
Heaven darkly works;—yet where the seed hath been
There shall the fruitage, glowing, yet be seen.

"Hope on, hope ever!—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold silent months, the woods among;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains;

"Deem not the words of light that here were spoken
But as a lovely song, to leave no trace,
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken,
And the full dayspring rise upon thy race!

And fading mists the better path disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose."

So by the Cross they parted, in the wild,
Each fraught with musings for life's after-day,
Memories to visit *one*, the forest's child,
By many a blue stream in its lonely way;
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs to press
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

IN sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood—
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth!

He heard, in life's first murmuring sound,

A low mysterious tone—

A music sought, but never found,

By kings and warriors gone.

He listened—and his heart beat high:

That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood

Rushed burning through his frame—

The depths of that green solitude

Its torrents could not tame:

Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,

Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars. Across his soul

There swept a sudden change:

E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal

A shadow dark and strange

Breathed through the thought, so swift to fall

O'er triumph's hour—and *is this all?*

No more than this! What seemed it *now*

First by that spring to stand?

A thousand streams of lovelier flow

Bathed his own mountain-land!

Whence far o'er waste and ocean track,

Their wild, sweet voices called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,

His childhood's haunt of play,

Where brightly through the beechen shade

Their waters glanced away;

They called him, with their sounding waves,

Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought
 Of each familiar scene,
 Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
 With all that lay between—
 The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
 The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
 The spirit born to roam?
 His altered heart within him died,
 With yearnings for his home!
 All vainly struggling to repress
 The gush of painful tenderness.

He wept! The stars of Afric's heaven
 Beheld his bursting tears,
 E'en on that spot where fate had given
 The meed of toiling years!—
 O Happiness! how far we flee
 Thine own sweet paths in search of thee.

OUR DAILY PATHS.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful
 eyes
 Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly
 guise
 We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er
 our way,
 Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of
 day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath an
 aged tree,
 With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne downwards
 by the bee;
 Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is
 thrown,
 As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green
 and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the
 cold blue sky,
 While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows
 lie,
 When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work
 bound,
 Whence the flitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals
 to the ground.

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths—but sorrow, too, is there:

How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air!

When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,

That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,

And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades;

And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone

Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we will,
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill?

No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftentimes bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles, back,

And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;

They bar us from our heritage of spring-time, hope, and mirth,

And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!

A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!

A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us in their flight

Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?

Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,

And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,

By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies!

LAST RITES.

By the mighty minster's bell,
Tolling with a sudden swell!
By the colours half-mast high,
O'er the sea hung mournfully;
Know, a prince hath died!

By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground,
By the volleying muskets' tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills
Reverently the ancient hills,*
Learn that, from his harvests done,
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose!

Which is the tenderest rite of all?
Buried virgin's coronal,
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,
Farewell gun for warrior dead,
Herdsman's funeral hymn?

Tells not each of human woe,
Each of hope and strength brought low?
Number each with holy things,
If one chastening thought it brings,
Ere life's day grow dim!

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed
Unto the temple service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So passed they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves

* A custom still retained at rural funerals in some parts of England and Wales.

Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling raindrops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
Lay like a twilight star 'midst palmy shades,
Making its bank green gems along the wild,
There, too, she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reached,
The Earth's One Sanctuary—and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light, like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Turned from the white-robed priests, and round her arm
Clung e'en as joy clings—the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—“Alas!” she cried,

“Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me;
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

“How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late, along the mountains, at my side;
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair?

“And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away?
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languished for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill!

“Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return
With the full water-urn;

- Nor, will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.
- "And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?
- "What have I said, my child?—Will *He* not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Shall He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?—
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.
- "I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.
- "Therefore, farewell!—I go, my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks.—
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me!
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength.—Farewell!"

THE WRECK.

ALL night the booming minute-gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising-sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the raging blast,
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her!—
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer.
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas—
Her anchor gone, her deck upturn—
And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away—
 The rocks with pearls were sown,
 And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
 Flashed out o'er fretted stone.
 And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
 Like ashes by a breeze;
 And gorgeous robes—but oh! that shore
 Had sadder things than these!

We saw the strong man still and low,
 A crushed reed thrown aside;
 Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
 Not without strife he died.
 And near him on the seaweed lay—
 Till then we had not wept—
 But well our gushing hearts might say,
 That there a *mother* slept!

For her pale arms a babe had prest,
 With such a wreathing grasp,
 Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
 Yet not undone the clasp.
 Her very tresses had been flung
 To wrap the fair child's form,
 Where still their wet long streamers hung,
 All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
 Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
 Like slumber's, trustingly serene,
 In melancholy grace.
 Deep in her bosom lay his head,
 With half-shut violet eye—
He had known little of her dread,
 Nought of her agony!

O human love! whose yearning heart
 Through all things vainly true,
 So stamps upon thy mortal part
 Its passionate adieu—
 Surely thou hast another lot,
 There is some home for thee,
 Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
 The moaning of the sea!

THE TRUMPET.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
 Light up the beacon-pyre!
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire.

A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast—
 And, hark ! was that the sound of seas ?
 A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth ;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth.
 The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye—
They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
 The falchion to his side ;
 E'en for the marriage altar crowned
 The lover quits his bride.
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By *earthly* clarion spread !—
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the Dead ?

EVENING PRAYER

AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

"Now in thy youth beseech of Him
 Who giveth, upbraiding not ;
 That His light in thy heart become not dim,
 And His love be unforgot ;
 And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
 Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."

BERNARD BARTON.

HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on fair young beads,
 With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely !—Childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought !
 Gaze--yet what seest thou in those fair and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?—
 Thou seest what Grief must nurture for the sky,
 What Death must fashion for Eternity !

O joyous creatures ! that will sink to rest
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,

As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress,
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
 Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breast th' untroubled springs
 Of Hope make melody where'er ye tread,
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
 Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
 Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
 And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
 And sunless riches, from affection's deep,
 To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
 And to make idols, and to find them clay,
 And to bewail that worship. Therefore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
 Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
 And oh! to love through all things. Therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
 On through the dark days fading from their prime,
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
 Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given
 Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal cares;
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;—
 But all for Thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,

And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air,
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

“Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below.”—BYRON.

AND is there glory from the heavens departed?—
Oh! void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!
Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence—
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
'Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.
They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning—
The shepherd greets them on his mountain free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
E'en as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?
Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think on what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array,
And rise ye, like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam:
Oh! thus for ever guard the land,
The severed Land of Home!

I have left rich blue skies behind,
Lightning up classic shrines,
And music in the Southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way;
The pilgrim's voice at vesper-hours
Hath soothed me with its lay.

The Isles of Greece, the Hills of Spain,
The purple Heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious;—yet again
I bless thee, Land of Home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land!
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band,
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,
Their steps are on thy plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea:
Oh! be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
And green, along the ocean side,
The mounds arise where heroes died ;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth ! where thy *nameless* martyrs rest !

The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days ;
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake,
Resigned, the bitter cup to take,
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth ?—by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known ;
The still sad glory of their name
Hallows no fountain unto Fame ;
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude :
It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,
And the young flowers our children sow
Take root in holy dust below.

Oh ! that many rustling leaves,
Which round our homes the Summer weaves,
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky,
To tell where those blest slumberers lie !

Would not our inmost hearts be stilled
With knowledge of their presence filled,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice ?—
But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
So let it be !—Like him whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret—but their sod,
Unknown to man, is marked of God !

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

OH! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer birds are calling
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,
From their banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours—
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return?—
Sweet dews may freshen soon
The flower, within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again
To the freedom of the woods,
To the bird's triumphant strain,
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?
Along thine own pure air
There are young sweet voices borne
Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee;
And by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still bath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed—
Oh! when wilt thou return?

THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now!
Some to the songs from the forest bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh! well may *their* hearts rejoice!—
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice:
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and hearth 'tis gone.

And some, in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
When the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the din from the city borne,
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,
Far 'midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequered earth:
Each unto light hath a daily birth;
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Are the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one* the call,
Which from the dust shall awaken us all:
One!—but to severed and distant dooms,
How shall the sleepers arise from the tombs?

THE BREEZE FROM SHORE.

["Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life."—CHANNING.]

Joy is upon the lonely seas,
When Indian forests pour
Forth, to the billow and the breeze,
Their odours from the shore;
Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

Oh! welcome are the winds that tell
A wanderer of the deep
Where, far away, the jasmies dwell,
And where the myrrh-trees weep,
Blest on the sounding surge and foam
Are tidings of the citron's home!

The sailor at the helm they meet,
 And hope his bosom stirs,
 Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to greet
 The fair earth's messengers,
 That woo him, from the moaning main,
 Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely tales
 Of many a flowering glade,
 And fount's bright gleam, in island vales
 Of golden-fruited shade;
 Across his lone ship's wake they bring
 A vision and a glow of spring.

And, O ye masters of the lay!
 Come not even thus your songs
 That meet us on life's weary way,
 Amidst her toiling throngs?
 Yes! o'er the spirit thus they bear
 A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter clime
 That in our birth hath part;
 Their tones are of the world, which time
 Sears not within the heart:
 They tell us of the living light
 In its green places ever bright.

They call us, with a voice divine,
 Back to our early love—
 Our vows of youth at many a shrine,
 Whence far and fast we rove.
 Welcome high thought and holy strain
 That make us Truth's and Heaven's again!

THE DYING IMPROVISATORE.*

"My heart shall be poured over thee—and break."—*Prophecy of DANTE.*

THE spirit of my land,
 It visits me once more!—though I must die
 Far from the myrtles which thy breeze hath fanned,
 My own bright Italy!

It is, it is thy breath
 Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame
 Is shaken by the wind—in life and death
 Still trembling, yet the same!

*Sestini, the Roman Improvisatore, when on his death-bed at Paris, is said to have poured forth a Farewell to Italy, in his most impassioned poetry.

Oh ! that love's quenchless power
Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,
And through thy groves its dying music shower,
Italy ! Italy !

The nightingale is there,
The sunbeams glow, the citron-flower's perfume,
The south wind's whisper in the scented air—
It will not pierce the tomb !

Never, oh ! never more,
On thy Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall dwell,
Or watch the bright waves melt along thy shore—
My Italy ! farewell !

Alas !—thy hills among
Had I but left a memory of my name,
Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song,
Unto immortal fame !

But like a lute's brief tone,
Like a rose-odour on the breezes cast,
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen and gone,
So hath my spirit passed—

Pouring itself away
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
That which within him triumphs, beats, or burns,
Into a fleeting lay ;

That swells, and floats, and dies,
Leaving no echo to the summer woods
Of the rich breathings and impassioned sighs
Which thrilled their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me,
Friends ! that upon its murmurs oft have hung
When from my bosom, joyously and free,
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue
Of midnight heavens, and on the starlit sea,
And when woods kindle into spring's first hue,
Sweet friends ! remember me !

And in the marble halls
Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear,
And poet-thoughts embodied light the walls,
Let me be with you there !

Fain would I bind, for you,
My memory with all glorious things to dwell !
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew—
Sweet friends ! bright land ! farewell !

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

THE chord, the harp's full chord is hushed,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed
But yesterday.

Th' awakening note, the breeze-like swell,
The full o'ersweeping tone,
The sounds that sighed "Farewell, farewell!"
Are gone—all gone!

The love, whose fervent spirit passed
With the rich measure's flow;
The grief to which it sank at last—
Where are they now?

They are with the scents by summer's breath
Borne from a rose now shed:
With the words from lips long sealed in death—
For ever fled.

The sea-shell of its native deep
A moaning thrill retains;
But earth and air no record keep
Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams,
They woke in floating by:
The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams—
Could these too die?

They died! As on the water's breast
The ripple melts away,
When the breeze that stirred it sinks to rest—
So perished they!

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
And mournful in their close,
Passing, and finding not on earth
Aim or repose.

Whence were they?—like the breath of flowers
Why thus to come and go?
A long, long journey must be ours
Ere this we know!

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

“Was mir fehlt?—Mir fehlt ja alles,
Bin so ganz verlassen hier!”—*Tyrolese Melody.*

THE hearth, the hearth is desolate! the fire is quenched
and gone

That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing
shone;

The place where mirth and music met is hushed through
day and night.

Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that there made
light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and
shore,

Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet
no more.

Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's joy or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely
hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another
tongue,

Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother
sung.

Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each
household tone:

The hearth, the hearth is desolate! the bright fire quenched
and gone!

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee!
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on earth or
sea?

Oh! some are hushed, and some are changed, and never
shall one strain

Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again.

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remem-
bered years,

Alas! the brother knows not now when fall the sister's tears!
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone;
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quenched
and gone!

Not so—'tis *not* a broken chain: thy memory binds them
still,

Thou holy hearth of other days! though silent now and
chill,

The smiles, the tears, the rites, beheld by thine attesting
stone,

Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine
own.

The father's voice, the mother's prayer, though called from
earth away,
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall
sway;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved hearth be desolate, the bright fire
quenched and gone!

THE DREAMER.

["There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind; a
thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our pres-
ent consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; but
alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever."
—*English Opium Eater*.]

"Thou hast been called, O Sleep, the friend of woe,
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so."—SOUTHEY.

PEACE to thy dreams! thou art slumbering now—
The moonlight's calm is upon thy brow;
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies 'midst the hush of thy heart at rest—
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Peace! The sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay,
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bowed thee as winds bow the willow's head,
The yearnings for faces and voices gone—
All are forgotten! Sleep on, sleep on!

Are they forgotten? Is it not so!
Slumber divides not the heart from its woe.
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy grass:
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O love and grief!
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still!
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye
There's a large tear gathering heavily—
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit pressed:
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not rest!

It is Thought at work amidst buried hours—
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.
Oh! we bear within us mysterious things!
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathomed springs;
And Passion—those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still.

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch away !
Well might we look on our souls in fear—
They find no fount of oblivion here !
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we if under the wings of death ?

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE.

OH! for thy wings, thou dove !
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy breast ;
That, borne like thee above,
I too might flee away, and be at rest !

Where wilt thou fold those plumes,
Bird of the forest-shadows, holiest bird ?
In what rich leafy glooms,
By the sweet voice of hidden waters stirred ?

Over what blessed home,
What roof with dark, deep, summer foliage crowned,
O fair as ocean's foam !
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam around ?

Or seek'st thou some old shrine
Of nymph or saint, no more by votary wooed,
Though still, as if divine,
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude ?

Yet wherefore ask thy way ?
Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim, thou art !
Unto the greenwood spray,
Bearing no dark remembrance at thy heart !

No echoes that will blend
A sadness with the whispers of the grove ;
No memory of a friend
Far off, or dead, or changed to thee, thou dove !

Oh! to some cool recess
Take, take me with thee on the summer wind,
Leaving the weariness
And all the fever of this life behind :

The aching and the void
Within the heart whereunto none reply,
The young bright hopes destroyed—
Bird! bear me with thee through the sunny sky!

Wild wish, and longing vain,
And brief upspringing to be glad and free !

Go to thy woodland reign!
My soul is bound and held—I may not flee.

For even by all the fears
And thoughts that haunt my dreams—untold, unknown,
And burning woman's tears,
Poured from mine eyes in silence and alone;

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
High 'midst the gorgeous Isles of Cloud to soar,
Soon the strong cords of love
Would draw me earthwards—homewards—yet once more.

PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF
PLEASURE.*

[“Souvent l'âme, fortifiée par la contemplation des choses divines, voudroit déployer ses ailes vers le ciel. Elle croit qu'au terme de sa carrière un rideau va se lever pour lui découvrir des scènes de lumière ; mais quand la mort touche son corps périssable, elle jette un regard en arrière vers les plaisirs terrestres et vers ses compagnes mortelles.”—SCHLEGEL, *Translated by* MADAME DE STAEL.]

FEARFULLY and mournfully
Thou bidst the earth farewell,
And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one!
In a brighter land to dwell.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing!
The sunshine of that shore
Around thee, as a glorious robe,
Shall stream for evermore.

The breezy music wandering
There through th' Elysian sky,
Hath no deep tone that seems to float
From a happier time gone by :

And there the day's last crimson
Gives no sad memories birth,
No thought of dead or distant friends,
Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully
Thou bidst that earth farewell,
Although thou'rt passing, loveliest one!
In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless—
The sunny wave's repose,
The wood with its rich melodies,
The summer and its rose.

* Written for a picture in which Psyche, on her flight upwards, is represented looking back sadly and anxiously to the earth.

A land that sees no parting,
That hears no sound of sighs,
That waits thee with immortal air—
Lift, lift those anxious eyes!

Oh! how like *thee*, thou trembler!
Man's spirit fondly clings,
With timid love, to this, its world
Of old familiar things!

We pant, we thirst for fountains
That gush not here below!
On, on we toil, allured by dreams
Of the living water's flow:

We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own;
For communings more full and high
Than aught by mortal known:

We strive with brief aspirings
Against our bonds in vain;
Yet summoned to be free at last,
We shrink—and clasp our chain!

And fearfully and mournfully
We bid the earth farewell,
Though passing from its mists, like *thee*,
In a brighter world to dwell.

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

I go, I go!— and must mine image fade,
From the green spots wherein my childhood played,
By my own streams!
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glee?
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Poured full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
 In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
 Set deep that thought!
 And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
 And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low
 With me be fraught!

And Memory answered me: "Wild wish and vain!
 I have no hues the loveliest to detain
 In the heart's core.
 The place they held in bosoms all their own,
 Soon with new shadows filled, new flowers o'ergrown,
 Is theirs no more."

Hast *thou* such power, O Love?—and Love replied:
 "It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide
 Of hope and trust,
 Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
 'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,
 Wild words on dust!"

Song, is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,
 Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
 From the still breast;
 Filled with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
 But a sweet haunting murmur of my name,
 Where it would rest.

And Song made answer: "It is not in me,
 Though called immortal; though my gifts may be
 All but divine,
 A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
 A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst live—
 This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt *thou* the restless wish fulfil?
 And Death, the Strong One, spoke: "I can but still
 Each vain regret.
 What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,
 Thou, too, within the mantle of the grave,
 Wilt soon forget?"

Then did my heart in lone faint sadness die,
 As from all nature's voices one reply,
 But one—was given:
 "Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer! with a tone
 To send thee back the spirit of thine own—
 Seek it in heaven."

IVAN THE CZAR.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar,
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war;
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead—
His fair and first-born son.
With a robe of ermine for its bed,
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed
Through the rich tent made way;
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,
From his full bosom broke—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke!
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony:

"There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honour of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

"Well might I know death's hue and mien—
But on *thine* aspect, boy!
What, till this moment, have I seen
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still cold look—
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee!

Lift brightly up and proudly,
 Once more thy kindling eyes!
 Hath my word lost its power on earth?
 I say to thee, arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well!
 Thou didst not! and art gone,
 In bitterness of soul, to dwell
 Where man must dwell alone.
 Come back, young fiery spirit!
 If but one hour to learn
 The secrets of the folded heart
 That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first, fair child
 That in mine arms I pressed:
 Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
 Like summer on my breast!
 I reared thee as an eagle,
 To the chase thy steps I led,
 I bore thee on my battle-horse,
 I look upon thee—dead!

"Lay down my warlike banners here,
 Never again to wave,
 And bury my red sword and spear,
 Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!
 And leave me!—I have conquered,
 I have slain—my work is done!
 Whom have I slain?—ye answer not—
 Thou, too, art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured
 Through the dark resounding night,
 And the battle knew no more his sword,
 Nor the foaming steed his might.
 He heard strange voices moaning
 In every wind that sighed;
 From the searching stars of heaven he shrank—
 Humbly the conqueror died.

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY.

["It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, the Irish bard, even in his gayest mood, never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief; and addressing himself in Irish to her mother: 'Madam,' said he, 'I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some

evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us; nay,' said he emphatically, 'she will not survive twelve months.' The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard."—*Percy Anecdotes*.

"Thy cheek too swiftly flushes, o'er thine eye
The lights and shadows come and go too fast;
Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy voice
Are sounds of tenderness too passionate
For peace on earth: oh! therefore, child of song!
'Tis well thou shouldst depart."

A SOUND of music, from amidst the hills,
Came suddenly, and died; a fitful sound
Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it rose,
And sank in mournfulness. There sat a bard
By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept
Flashing through rock and wood: the sunset's light
Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming hair,
And the wind's whisper in the mountain-ash
Whose clusters drooped above. His head was bowed,
His hand was on his harp, yet thence its touch
Had drawn but broken strains; and many stood
Waiting around, in silent earnestness,
The unchaining of his soul, the gush of song—
Many and graceful forms!—yet one alone
Seemed present to his dream; and she, indeed,
With her pale virgin brow, and changeful cheek,
And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks
And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,
E'en painfully!—a creature to behold
With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught unseen
Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth
Too dim without its brightness! Did such fear
O'ershadow in that hour the gifted one
By his own rushing stream? Once more he gazed
Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more
From the deep chords his wandering hand brought out
A few short festive notes, an opening strain
Of bridal melody, soon dashed with grief—
As if some wailing spirit in the strings
Met and o'ermastered him; but yielding then
To the strong prophet impulse, mournfully,
Like moaning waters o'er the harp he poured
The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang:

"Voice of the grave!
I hear thy thrilling call;
It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,
In the sear leaf's trembling fall!

In the shiver of the tree,
I hear thee, O thou voice!
And I would thy warning were but for me
That my spirit might rejoice.

“But thou art sent
For the sad earth’s young and fair,
For the graceful heads that have not bent
To the wintry hand of care!
They hear the wind’s low sigh,
And the river sweeping free,
And the green reeds murmuring heavily,
And the woods—but they hear not thee!

“Long have I striven
With my deep-foreboding soul,
But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,
And darkly on must roll.
There’s a young brow smiling near,
With a bridal white-rose wreath—
Unto me it smiles from a flowery bier,
Touched solemnly by death!

“Fair art thou, Morna!
The sadness of thine eye
Is beautiful as silvery clouds
On the dark-blue summer-sky!
And thy voice comes like the sound
Of a sweet and hidden rill,
That makes the dim woods tuneful round,
But soon it must be still!

“Silence and dust
On thy sunny lips must lie—
Make not the strength of love thy trust.
A stronger yet is nigh!
No strain of festal flow
That my hand for thee hath tried,
But into dirge-notes wild and low
Its ringing tones have died.

“Young art thou, Morna!
Yet on thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily’s leaves,
A spirit hath been shed!
And the glance is thine which sees
Through nature’s awful heart—
But bright things go with the summer breeze,
And thou, too, must depart!

“Yet, shall I weep?
I know that in thy breast

There swells a fount of song too deep,
 Too powerful for thy rest!
 And the bitterness I know,
 And the chill of this world's breath—
 Go—all undimmed in thy glory, go!
 Young and crowned bride of death!

“Take hence to heaven
 Thy holy thoughts and bright!
 And soaring hopes, that were not given
 For the touch of mortal blight!
 Might we follow in thy track,
 This parting should not be!
 But the spring shall give us violets back,
 And every flower but thee!”

There was a burst of tears around the bard :
 All wept but one—and she serenely stood,
 With her clear brow and dark religious eye
 Raised to the first faint star above the hills,
 And cloudless ; though it might be that her cheek
 Was paler than before. So Morna heard
 The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring returned,
 Bringing the earth her lovely things again—
 All, save the loveliest far! A voice, a smile,
 A young sweet spirit gone.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

FROM THE “PORTRAIT GALLERY,” AN UNFINISHED POEM.

“If there be but one spot on thy name,
 One eye thou fearest to meet, one human voice
 Whose tones thou shrinkest from—Woman! veil thy face,
 And bow thy head—and die!”

Thou seest her pictured with her shining hair
 (Famed were those tresses in Provençal song),
 Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair
 Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along
 Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving
 'Midst the rich curls ; and oh! how meekly loving
 Its earnest looks are lifted to the face
 Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace!
 Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less
 Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness
 Than might beseech a mother's ; on her brow
 Something too much there sits of native scorn,
 And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,

As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.
 These may be dreams—but how shall woman tell
 Of woman's shame, and not with tears? She fell!
 That mother left that child!—went hurrying by
 Its cradle—haply not without a sigh,
 Haply one moment o'er its rest serene
 She hung. But no! it could not thus have been,
 For *she went on!*—forsook her home, her hearth,
 All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,
 To live a gaudy and dishonored thing,
 Sharing in guilt the splendours of a king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,
 Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife.
 He recked no more of glory: grief and shame
 Crushed out his fiery nature, and his name
 Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls
 Crept year by year: the minstrel passed their walls;
 The warder's horn hung mute. Meantime the child,
 On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,
 A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew
 Into sad youth; for well, too well, she knew
 Her mother's tale! Its memory made the sky
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye;
 Checked on her lip the flow of song, which fain
 Would there have lingered; flushed her cheek to pain
 If met by sudden glance; and gave a tone
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,
 E'en to the spring's glad voice. Her own was low
 And plaintive. Oh! there lie such depths of woe
 In a *young* blighted spirit! Manhood rears
 A haughty brow, and age has done with tears;
 But youth bows down to misery, in amaze
 At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days;—
 And thus it was with her. A mournful sight

In one so fair—for she indeed was fair;
 Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light—
Hers were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,
 And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek
 Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek,
 Still that fond child's—and oh! the brow above
 So pale and pure! so formed for holy love
 To gaze upon in silence!—But she felt
 That love was not for her, though hearts would melt
 Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given
 Went with her; and low prayers, that called on Heaven
 To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn
 With alms before her castle gate she stood,
 'Midst peasant groups: when, breathless and o'erworn,

And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,
 A stranger through them broke. The orphan maid
 With her sweet voice and proffered hand of aid,
 Turned to give welcome; but a wild sad look
 Met hers—a gaze that all her spirit shook;
 And that pale woman, suddenly subdued
 By some strong passion, in its gushing mood,
 Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears
 As rain the hoarded agonies of years,
 From the heart's urn; and with her white lips pressed
 The ground they trod; then burying in her vest
 Her brow's deep flush, sobbed out: "O undefiled!
 I am thy mother—spurn me not, my child!"

Isaure had prayed for that lost mother; wept
 O'er her stained memory, while the happy slept
 In the hushed midnight; stood with mournful gaze
 Before yon picture's smile of other days,
 But never breathed in human ear the name
 Which weighed her being to the earth with shame.
 What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,
 The dark remembrances, the altered guise,
 Awhile o'erpowered her? From the weeper's touch
 She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much
 For that all-humbled one; its mortal stroke
 Came down like lightning, and her full heart broke
 At once in silence. Heavily and prone
 She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold stone
 Those long fair tresses—*they* still brightly wore
 Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more—
 Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty rolled,
 And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.

Her child bent o'er her—called her: 'twas too late—
 Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate!
 The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—
 How didst thou fall, O bright-haired Ermengarde!

THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES.

FALLEN was the house of Giafar; and its name,
 The high romantic name of Barmecide,
 A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
 By the swift Tigris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
 Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
 Had so passed sentence: but man's chainless heart
 Hides that within its depths which never yet
 The oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate
Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased ;
The lights, the perfumes, and the genii tales
Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
Was there—the fountain's ; through those Eastern courts,
Over the broken marble and the grass,
Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice ! An aged man,
Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
His silvery hair, came day by day and sate
On a whole column's fragment ; and drew forth,
From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,
A tone that shook them with its answering thrill,
To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
He told that sad yet stately solitude,
Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,
Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,
By song or high recital of their deeds,
Bright solemn shadows of its vanished race
To people their own halls : with these alone,
In all his rich and breathing world, his thoughts
Held still unbroken converse. He had been
Reared in this lordly dwelling, and was now
The ivy of its ruins, unto which
His fading life seemed bound. Day rolled on day,
And from that scene the loneliness was fled ;
For crowds around the grey-haired chronicler
Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
Fear with deep feeling strives ; till, as a breeze
Wanders through forest branches, and is met
By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
The spirit of his passionate lament,
As through their stricken souls it passed, awoke
One echoing murmur. But this might not be
Under a despot's rule, and, summoned thence,
The dreamer stood before the caliph's throne :
Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,
And with his white lips rigidly compressed ;
Till, in submissive tones, he asked to speak
Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
Was it to sue for grace ? His burning heart
Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,
And he was changed !—and thus in rapid words,
The o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found
way :

“And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the
brave,

With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave?

What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land?

I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band!

"My chiefs! my chiefs! the old man comes that in your halls was nursed—

That followed you to many a fight, where flashed your sabres first—

That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart:—

Oh! must the music of that name with him from earth depart?

"It shall not be! A thousand tongues, though human voice were still,

With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill;
The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wandering seeds are sown,

And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.

"For it is not as a flower whose scent with drooping leaves expires,

And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires;

It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the sword,

It hath left upon our desert sands a light in blessings poured.

"The founts, the many gushing founts which to the wild ye gave,

Of you, my chiefs! shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave;

And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's way,

Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

"The very walls your bounty reared for the stranger's homeless head,

Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead!

Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cittern rung,

And the serpent in your palaces lie coiled amidst its young.

"It is enough! Mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees—
I leave your name in lofty faith to the skies and to the breeze!

I go, since earth her flower bath lost, to join the bright
and fair,
And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs! are
there."

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
O'er Haroun's eyes had gathered, and a thought—
Oh! many a sudden and remorseful thought—
Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyred race,
O'erflowed his softening heart. "Live! live!" he cried,
"Thou faithful unto death! Live on, and still
Speak of thy lords—they *were* a princely band!"

THE SPANISH CHAPEL.

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies."—MOORE.

I MADE a mountain-brook my guide
Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wandered on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance,

A dim and deeply bosomed grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest bee.

The darkness of the chestnut-bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below
Checked its exulting play;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom and whispery sound,
Not to be told, but felt;

While sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,

And o'er the twilight of the stream,
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,
And there a sight—how strangely sweet
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
E'en at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep?—oh! ne'er on childhood's eye
And silken lashes pressed,
Did the warm *living* slumber lie
With such a weight of rest!

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheeks' pure marble died—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped—the smooth round arm was chill,
The soft lips' breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely child was dead!

"Alas!" I cried, "fair faded thing!
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a woe, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years!"

But then a voice came sweet and low—
I turned, and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadowed image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

"Stranger! thou pitiest me," she said,
With lips that faintly smiled,
"As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

"But know, the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to heaven!"

THE KAISER'S FEAST.

[Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the Empire in the twelfth century, that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany: and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—Miss BINGER'S *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*.]

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall—
 The red wine mantled high;
 Banners were trembling on the wall
 To the peals of minstrelsy:
 And many a gleam and sparkle came
 From the armour hung around,
 As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
 Or the hearth with pine-boughs crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord
 Beneath the harper's hand?
 And suddenly from that rich board,
 Why rose the wassail band?
 The strings were hushed—the knights made way
 For the queenly mother's tread,
 As up the hall, in dark array,
 Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's place,
 And still before him stood;
 Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face
 Flushed the proud warrior-blood:
 And "Speak my mother! speak!" he cried,
 "Wherefore this mourning vest?
 And the clinging children by thy side,
 In weeds of sadness drest?"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,
 And theirs, my son, my son!
 Look on the features of thy line
 In each fair little one!
 Though grief awhile within their eyes
 Hath tamed the dancing glee,
 Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
 Thy brother's children see!

"And where is he, thy brother—where?
 He in thy home that grew,
 And smiling with his sunny hair,
 Ever to greet thee flew?

How would his arms thy neck entwine,
 His fond lips press thy brow!
 My son! oh, call these orphans thine!—
 Thou hast no brother now!

“What! from their gentle eyes doth nought
 Speak of thy childhood’s hours,
 And smite thee with a tender thought
 Of thy dead father’s towers?
 Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
 When reared together there,
 Through the old woods like fawns ye flew
 Where is thy brother—where?”

“Well didst thou love him then, and he
 Still at thy side was seen!
 How is it that such things can be
 As though they ne’er had been?
 Evil was this world’s breath which came
 Between the good and brave!
 Now must the tears of grief and shame
 Be offered to the grave.

“And let them, let them there be poured!
 Though all unfelt below—
 Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
 Shall soften as they flow.
 Oh! death is mighty to make peace;
 Now bid his work be done!
 So many an inward strife shall cease—
 Take, take these babes, my son!”

His eye was dimmed—the strong man shook
 With feelings long suppressed!
 Up in his arms the boys he took,
 And strained them to his breast.
 And a shout from all in the royal hall
 Burst forth to hail the sight;
 And eyes were wet ’midst the brave that met
 At the Kaiser’s feast that night.

THE RELEASE OF TASSO.

THERE came a bard to Rome; he brought a lyre
 Of sounds to peal through Rome’s triumphant sky,
 To mourn a hero on his funeral pyre,
 Or greet a conqueror with its war-notes high;
 For on each chord had fallen the gift of fire,
 The living breath of Power and Victory—
 Yet he, its lord, the sovereign city’s guest,
 Sighed but to flee away, and be at rest.

He brought a spirit whose ethereal birth
Was of the loftiest, and whose haunts had been
Amidst the marvels and the pomps of earth,
Wild fairy-bowers, and groves of deathless green,
And fields, where mail-clad bosoms prove their worth,
When flashing swords light up the stormy scene—
He brought a weary heart, a wasted frame—
The Child of Visions from a dungeon came.

On the blue waters, as in joy they sweep,
With starlight floating o'er their swells and falls,
On the blue waters of the Adrian deep,
His numbers had been sung—and in the halls,
Where, through rich foliage if a sunbeam peep,
It seems Heaven's wakening to the sculptured walls—
Had princes listened to those lofty strains,
While the high soul they burst from pined in chains.

And in the summer-gardens, where the spray,
Of founts, far-glancing from their marble bed,
Rains on the flowering myrtles in its play,
And the sweet limes, and glassy leaves that spread
Round the deep golden citrons—o'er his lay
Dark eyes—dark, soft, Italian eyes—had shed
Warm tears, fast glittering in that sun, whose light
Was a forbidden glory to his sight.

Oh! if it be that wizard sign and spell,
And talisman had power of old to bind,
In the dark chambers of some cavern-cell,
Or knotted oak, the spirits of the wind,
Things of the lightning-pinion, wont to dwell
High o'er the reach of eagles, and to find
Joy in the rush of storms—even such a doom
Was that high minstrel's in his dungeon-gloom.

But he was free at last!—the glorious land
Of the white Alps and pine-crowned Apennines,
Along whose shore the sapphire seas expand,
And the wastes teem with myrtle, and the shrines
Of long-forgotten gods from Nature's hand
Receive bright offerings still; with all its vines,
And rocks, and ruins, clear before him lay—
The seal was taken from the founts of day.

The winds came o'er his cheek; the soft winds, blending
All summer-sounds and odours in their sigh;
The orange-groves waved round; the hills were sending
Their bright streams down; the free birds darting by,
And the blue festal heavens above him bending,
As if to fold a world where none could die!

And who was he that looked upon these things?—
If but on earth, yet one whose thoughts were wings

To bear him o'er creation! and whose mind
Was as an air-harp, wakening to the sway
Of sunny Nature's breathings unconfined,
With all the mystic harmonies that lay
Far in the slumber of its chords enshrined,
Till the light breeze went thrilling on its way.—
There was no sound that wandered through the sky
But told him secrets in its melody.

Was the deep forest lonely unto him,
With all its whispering leaves? Each dell and glade
Teemed with such forms as on the moss-clad brim
Of fountains, in their sparry grottoes, played,
Seen by the Greek of yore through twilight dim,
Or misty noontide in the laurel shade.—
There is no solitude on earth so deep
As that where man decrees that man should weep!

But oh! the life in Nature's green domains,
The breathing sense of joy! where flowers are springing
By starry thousands, on the slopes and plains,
And the grey rocks—and all the arched woods ringing,
And the young branches trembling to the strains
Of wild-born creatures, through the sunshine winging
Their fearless flight—and sylvan echoes round,
Mingling all tones to one Æolian sound;

And the glad voice, the laughing voice of streams,
And the low cadence of the silvery sea,
And reed-notes from the mountains, and the beams
Of the warm sun—all these are for the free!
And they were *his* once more, the bard whose dreams
Their spirit still had haunted.—Could it be
That he had borne the chain?—oh! who shall dare
To say how much man's heart uncrushed may bear!

So deep a root hath hope!—but woe for this,
Our frail mortality, that aught so bright,
So almost burthened with excess of bliss,
As the rich hour which back to summer's light
Calls the worn captive, with the gentle kiss
Of winds, and gush of waters, and the sight
Of the green earth, must so be bought with years
Of the heart's fever, parching up its tears;

And feeding a slow fire on all its powers,
Until the boon for which we grasp in vain,
If hardly won at length, too late made ours,

When the soul's wing is broken, comes like rain
Withheld till evening, on the stately flowers
Which withered in the noontide, ne'er again
To lift their heads in glory.—So doth Earth
Breathe on her gifts, and melt away their worth.

The sailor dies in sight of that green shore,
Whose fields, in slumbering beauty, seemed to lie
On the deep's foam, amidst its hollow roar
Called up to sunlight by his fantasy—
And, when the shining desert-mists that wore
The lake's bright semblance, have been all passed by,
The pilgrim sinks beside the fountain-wave,
Which flashes from its rock, too late to save.

Or, if we live, if that, too dearly bought,
And made too precious by long hopes and fears,
Remains our own—love, darkened and o'erwrought
By memory of privation—love, which wears
And casts o'er life a troubled hue of thought,
Becomes the shadow of our closing years,
Making it almost misery to possess
Aught watched with such unquiet tenderness.

Such unto him, the bard, the worn and wild,
And sick with hope deferred, from whom the sky,
With all its clouds in burning glory piled,
Had been shut out by long captivity;
Such, freedom was to Tasso.—As a child
Is to the mother, whose foreboding eye
In its too radiant glance, from day to day,
Reads that which calls the brightest first away.

And he became a wanderer—in whose breast
Wild fear, which, e'en when every sense doth sleep,
Clings to the burning heart, a wakeful guest,
Sat brooding as a spirit, raised to keep
Its gloomy vigil of intense unrest
O'er treasures, burthening life, and buried deep
In cavern-tomb, and sought, through shades and stealth,
By some pale mortal, trembling at his wealth.

But woe for those who trample o'er a mind!
A deathless thing.—They know not what they do,
Or what they deal with!—Man, perchance, may bind
The flower his step hath bruised; or light anew
The torch he quenches; or to music wind
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew
But for the soul!—oh! tremble, and beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries *there*!

For blindness wraps that world—our touch may turn
 Some balance, fearfully and darkly hung,
 Or put out some bright spark, whose ray should burn
 To point the way a thousand rocks among—
 Or break some subtle chain, which none discern,
 Though binding down the terrible, the strong,
 Th' o'ersweeping passions—which to loose on life
 Is to set free the elements for strife!

Who then to power and glory shall restore
 That which our evil rashness hath undone?
 Who unto mystic harmony once more
 Attune those viewless chords?—There is but One!
 He that through dust the stream of life can pour,
 The Mighty and the Merciful alone!—
 Yet oft His paths have midnight for their shade—
 He leaves to man the ruin man hath made!

TASSO AND HIS SISTER.

SHE sat, where on each wind that sighed
 The citron's breath went by:
 While the deep gold of eventide
 Burned in the Italian sky.
 Her bower was one where daylight's close
 Full oft sweet laughter found,
 As thence the voice of childhood rose
 To the high vineyards round.

But, still and thoughtful, at her knee
 Her children stood that hour,
 Their bursts of song and dancing glee
 Hushed as by words of power.
 With bright, fixed, wondering eyes that gazed
 Up to their mother's face;
 With brows through parting ringlets raised,
 They stood in silent grace.

While she—yet something o'er her look
 Of mournfulness was spread—
 Forth from a poet's magic book
 The glorious numbers read;
 The proud, undying lay, which poured
 Its light on evil years;
 His of the gifted Pen and Sword,*
 The triumph and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
 Which Venice once might hear

* It is scarcely necessary to recall the well-known Italian saying, that Tasso with his sword and pen was superior to all men.

Sung on her glittering seas at night,
By many a gondolier;
Of him she read who broke the charm
That wrapt the myrtle grove;
Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,
That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page glowed,
Young holy hearts were stirred;
And the meek tears of woman flowed
Fast o'er each burning word.
And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf
Came sweet each pause between;
When a strange voice of sudden grief
Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turned—a way-worn man,
In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
Of proud, yet restless eye.
But drops that would not stay for pride,
From that dark eye gushed free,
As, pressing his pale brow, he cried,
“Forgotten! e'en by thee!

“Am I so changed?—and yet we two
Oft hand in hand have played—
This brow hath been all bathed in dew,
From wreaths which thou hast made.
We have knelt down and said one prayer,
And sang one vesper strain—
My thoughts are dim with clouds of care—
Tell me those words again!

“Life hath been heavy on my head;
I come a stricken deer,
Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled,
To bleed in stillness here.”—
She gazed—till thoughts that long had slept
Shook all her thrilling frame—
She fell upon his neck, and wept,
And breathed her brother's name.

Her brother's name i—and who was he,
The weary one, th' unknown,
That came, the bitter world to flee,
A stranger to his own?—
He was the bard of gifts divine,
To sway the hearts of men;
He of the song for Salem's shrine,
He of the Sword and Pen!

ULLA; OR, THE ADJURATION.

"Yet speak to me! I have outwatched the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness. Speak to me!
This once—once more!"—*Manfred*.

"THOU'RT gone!—thou'rt slumbering low,
With the sounding seas above thee:
It is but a restless woe,
But a haunting dream to love thee!

"Thrice the glad swan has sung
To greet the spring-time hours,
Since thine oar at parting flung
The white spray up in showers.

"There's a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and round
thy home;
Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou art surely of
them—come!"

'Twas Ulla's voice! Alone she stood
In the Iceland summer night,
Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,
From a dark rock's beetling height.

"I know thou hast thy bed
Where the sea-weed's coil hath bound thee;
The storm sweeps o'er thy head,
But the depths are hushed around thee.

"What wind shall point the way
To the chambers where thou'rt lying?
Come to me thence, and say
If thou thoughtst on me in dying?

"I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless lip and
cheek.
Come to me from the ocean dead!—thou'rt surely of them
—speak!"

She listened—'twas the wind's low moan,
'Twas the ripple of the wave,
'Twas the wakening osprey's cry alone
As it startled from its cave.

"I know each fearful spell
Of the ancient Runic lay,
Whose muttered words compel
The tempest to obey.

"But I adjure not *thee*
By magic sign or song;
My voice shall stir the sea
By love—the deep—the strong!

"By the might of woman's tears, by the passion of her
sighs,
Come to me from the ocean's dead!—by the vows we
pledged—arise!"

Again she gazed with an eager glance,
Waandering and wildly bright!—
She saw but the sparkling waters dance
To the arrowy northern light.

"By the slow and struggling death
Of hope that loathed to part,
By the fierce and withering breath
Of despair on youth's high heart—

"By the weight of gloom which clings
To the mantle of the night,
By the heavy dawn which brings
Nought lovely to the sight—

"By all that from my weary soul thou hast wrung of grief
and fear,
Come to me from the ocean's dead! Awake! arise! appear!"

Was it her yearning spirit's dream?
Or did a pale form rise,
And o'er the hushed wave glide and gleam,
With bright, still, mournful eyes?

"Have the depths heard? They have!
My voice prevails—thou'rt there,
Dim from thy watery grave—
O thou that wert so fair!

"Yet take me to thy rest!
There dwells no fear with love:
Let me slumber on thy breast,
While the billow rolls above!

"Where the long-lost things lie hid, where the bright ones
have their home,
We will sleep among the ocean's dead. Stay for me, stay!
—I come!"

There was a sullen plunge below,
A flashing on the main;
And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's woe—
Shut, and grew still again.

TO WORDSWORTH.

THINE is a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices—by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdened presence fills
The solitude with sound ; for in its course,
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast in sunny garden bowers,
Where vernal winds each tree's lone tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hushed the woods, with all their birds,
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music, linked with household words ;
While in pleased murmurs woman's lip might move,
And the raised eye of childhood shine in love.

Or, where the shadows of dark solemn yews
Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground,
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around ;
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy !—thou art e'en as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie ;
Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touched by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer
free.

A MONARCH'S DEATHBED.

[The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called John the Parricide, was left to die by the wayside, and only supported in his last moments by a female peasant, who happened to be passing.]

A MONARCH on his deathbed lay—
Did censers waft perfume,
And soft lamps pour their silvery ray
Through his proud chamber's gloom !
He lay upon a greensward bed,
Beneath a darkening sky—

A lone tree waving o'er his head,
 A swift stream rolling by.
 Had he then fallen as warriors fall,
 Where spear strikes fire with spear?
 Was there a banner for his pall,
 A buckler for his bier?
 Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms
 Had strewn the bloody sod,
 Where he, the helpless lord of realms,
 Yielded his soul to God.
 Were there not friends with words of cheer,
 And princely vassals nigh?
 And priests, the crucifix to rear
 Before the glazing eye?
 A peasant girl that royal head
 Upon her bosom laid,
 And, shrinking not for woman's dread,
 The face of death surveyed.
 Alone she sat: from hill and wood
 Red sank the mournful sun;
 Fast gushed the fount of noble blood—
 Treason its worst had done.
 With her long hair she vainly pressed
 The wounds, to stanch their tide—
 Unknown, on that meek humble breast,
 Imperial Albert died!

TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER.

"Umile in tanta gloria."—PETRARCH.

IF it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
 Of sainted genius called too soon away,
 Of light from this world taken, while it shone
 Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
 How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
 Flow forth, O thou of many gifts! for thee?
 Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
 And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
 Have we not felt its breath in every word
 Wont from thy lips as Hermon's dew to shower?
 Yes, in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned—
 Of heaven they were, and thither have returned.
 How shall we mourn thee? With a lefty trust,
 Our life's immortal birthright from above!
 With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
 Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,

And yet can weep!—for nature thus deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
One strain of solemn rapture, be allowed!
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
Not to decay, but unto death hast bowed,
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won.

Praise! for yet one more name with power endowed
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press;
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness!
Thine, Heber, thine! whose memory from the dead
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led!

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

He knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony!
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
The skies might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow *Him*!
That He who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darkened round His head!
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

It passed not—though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It passed not—though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength, for man to die.

And was *His* mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay?—
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way:
How, but through Him, that path who trod;
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

LOWLY upon his bier
The royal conqueror lay,
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle
Crowds mutely gazing streamed,
Altar and tomb, the while,
Through mists of incense gleamed!

And by the torch's blaze
The stately priest had said
High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose,
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose:

"Forbear, forbear!" it cried,
"In the holiest name, forbear!
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber *there*."

"By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine,
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne to me and mine;

"By the home even here o'erthrown,
On my children's native spot—
Hence! with his dark renown
Cumber our birthplace not!

"Will my sire's unransomed field
O'er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumber in the grave?

"The tree before him fell
Which we cherished many a year,
But its deep root yet shall swell
And heave against his bier.

"The land that I have tilled,
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home's white ashes filled—
And it shall not give him rest.

"Here each proud column's bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—

Hence! and bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries!"*

Shame glowed on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far!
And a peasant's tale could dim
The name, a nation's star!

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had riven—
Oh! who shall number those
That were but heard in Heaven?

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"WHY wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer-day,
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

* "He whom you praised was a robber. The very land on which you stand was mine. In the name of God, I forbid you to bury him in it."—LINGARD, vol. ii.

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
 She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
 Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
 Nor hear her song at the cabin door.—
 Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
 And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
 —But I know that my brothers are there at play.
 I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
 Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
 Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
 Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now,
 They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
 They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
 And the streams where the fairy barks were tried—
 Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
 For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
 But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still,
 And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
 And the turf is bent by the singing bee,
 And the waters leap and the fresh winds blow—
 Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

THE DEPARTED.

... "Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre."—BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way
 To the spirit's distant shore?
 Earth's mightiest men, in armed array,
 Are thither gone before.
 The warrior kings, whose banner
 Flew far as eagles fly,
 They are gone where swords avail them not,
 From the feast of victory.

And the seers, who sat of yore
 By orient palm or wave,
 They have passed with all their starry lore—
 Can ye still fear the grave?—

We fear, we fear!—the sunshine
 Is joyous to behold,
 Y*

And we reck not of the buried kings,
Or the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink?—the bards whose lays
Have made your deep hearts burn,
They have left the sun and the voice of praise
For the land whence none return :

And the lovely, whose memorial
Is the verse that cannot die,
They, too, are gone with their glorious bloom
From the gaze of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
Of the earth's departed flowers,
And the masters of the mighty song,
In their far and fadeless bowers ?

Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear ;
Not from *our* path those flowers are gone —
We fain would linger here !

Linger, then, yet awhile,
—As the last leaves on the bough !
Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks that now are still ;
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more
That made spring-time in your heart !
Kindred and friends are gone before—
And *ye* still fear to part ?—

We fear not now, we fear not !
Though the way through darkness bends ;
Our souls are strong to follow *them*,
Our own familiar friends !

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep,
Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water—dark and deep
Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still,
They seemed but pictured gloom—a hidden rill
Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern-tufts ; and a tender gleam

Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed,
 Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
 And steeped the magic page wherein I read
 Of royal chivalry and old renown,
 A tale of Palestine.*—Meanwhile the bee
 Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,
 A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,
 Blue skies, and amber sunshine—brightly free,
 On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly
 Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by!
 And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
 Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.

But ere long,
 All sense of these things faded, as the spell,
 Breathing from that high gorgeous tale, grew strong
 On my chained soul—'twas not the leaves I heard ;—
 A Syrian wind the lion-banner stirred,
 Through its proud floating folds—'twas not the brook,
 Singing in secret through its grassy glen—
 A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
 Pealed from the desert's lonely heart and shook
 The burning air—Like clouds when winds are high,
 O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,
 And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear
 Flashed where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear
 Shadowed by graceful palm-trees.—Then the shout
 Of merry England's joy swelled freely out,
 Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose glorious hue
 Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue ;
 And harps were there—I heard their sounding strings,
 As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.
 The bright masque faded—unto life's worn track
 What called me, from its flood of glory, back ?
 A voice of happy childhood!—and they passed,
 Banner, and harp, and Paynim trumpet's blast—
 Yet might I scarce bewail the vision gone,
 My heart so leapt to that sweet laughter's tone.

THE INVOCATION.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!

Where is the spirit gone,
 That, past the reach of human sight,
 Even as a breeze hath flown ?—

And the stars answered me: " We roll
 In light and power on high,

* " The Talisman."—*Tales of the Crusaders*, by SCOTT.

But of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die!"

O many-toned and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if *thou* its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?—
And the wind murmured in reply;
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost!"

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered: "We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in the heart
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then, thou voice of God within!
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me, through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?—
And the voice answered: "Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* task fulfil,
Thine is to trust to heaven!"

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.

A SONG for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high—
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die.

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrilled to the name of his God alone,
And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a Southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!

For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet lays
To turn the flight,

And a guiding spirit for after-days,
Like a watch-fire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
'Midst all high thought;

And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,

Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride!

For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride!

A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND.

THE hollow dash of waves!—the ceaseless roar!—
Silence, ye billows—vex my soul no more.

There's a spring in the woods by my sunny home,
Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam;

Oh! the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear,
As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear!

And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws
Through the feathery fern and the olive boughs,

And the gleam on its path as it steals away
Into deeper shades from the sultry day,

And the large water-lilies that o'er its bed
Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread.

They haunt me! I dream of that bright spring's flow,
I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe!

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clanging cry,
My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound
Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut round?

Know ye it, brethren! where bowered it lies
Under the purple of Southern skies?

With the streamy gold of the sun that shines
In through the cloud of its clustering vines,

And the summer breath of the myrtle flowers,
 Borne from the mountain in dewy hours,
 And the firefly's glance through the darkening shades,
 Like shooting stars in the forest glades,
 And the scent of the citron at eve's dim fall—
 Speak! have ye known, have ye felt them all?

The heavy rolling surge! the rocking mast!—
 Hush! give my dream's deep music way, thou blast.

Oh! the glad sounds of the joyous earth!
 The notes of the singing cicala's mirth,
 The murmurs that live in the mountain pines,
 The sighing of reeds as the day declines,
 The wings flitting home through the crimson glow
 That steeps the wood when the sun is low,
 The voice of the night-bird that sends a thrill
 To the heart of the leaves when the winds are still—
 I hear them!—around me they rise, they swell,
 They call back my spirit with Hope to dwell—
 They come with a breath from the fresh spring-time,
 And waken my youth in its hour of prime.
 The white foam dashes high—away, away!
 Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray!

It is there!—down the mountains I see the sweep
 Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep,
 With the burden and glory of flowers that they bear
 Floating upborne on the blue summer air,
 And the light pouring through them in tender gleams,
 And the flashing forth of a thousand streams!
 Hold me not, brethren! I go, I go
 To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles blow,
 To the depths of the woods, where the shadows rest,
 Massy and still, on the greensward's breast,
 To the rocks that resound with the water's play—
 I hear the sweet laugh of my fount—give way!
 Give way!—the booming surge, the tempest's roar,
 The sea-bird's wail shall vex my soul no more.

THE EFFIGIES.

WARRIOR! whose image on thy tomb,
 With shield and crested head,
 Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
 By the stained window shed;
 The records of thy name and race
 Have faded from the stone,
 Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace
 What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,
Flung out o'er many a fight;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine;
A haughty heart and a kingly glance—
Chief! were not these things thine?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council board;
In festal halls a chair of state,
When the blood-red wine was poured;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp and bard:
Surely these things were all thine own—
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman! whose sculptured form at rest
By the armed knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er a breast
In matron robes arrayed;
What was *thy* tale?—O gentle mate
Of him, the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of *thee*?

He wooed a bright and burning star—
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that followed far
His fast-receding plume;
The heart-sick listening while his steed
Sent echoes on the breeze;
The pang—but when did *Fame* take heed
Of grief obscure as these?

Thy silent and secluded hours
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er thy broidered flowers,
With spirits far away;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains,
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine!—long years
With tasks unguerdoned fraught—
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought;
Prayer at the cross in fervour poured,
Alms to the pilgrim given—
Oh! happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost:

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside forever;—it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
 A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may wound—
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."
Childe Harold

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
 Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,
 And dim remembrances, whose hues seem taken
 From some bright former state, our own no more;
 Is not this all a mystery? Who shall say
 Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way?

The sudden images of vanished things
 That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why;
 Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
 Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by;
 A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
 A flower-scent floating past our parents' door;
 A word—scarce noted in its hour, perchance,
 Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;
 A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
 Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown;
 Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
 And press vain tears in gushes from the heart?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
 Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
 And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
 Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread;
 And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—
 These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
 That oftentimes whispers to the haunted breast,
 In a low tone which nought can drown or still,
 'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest;
 Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall?
 Why shakes the spirit thus? 'Tis mystery all!

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
 Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;
 Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
 Are those whom death has parted from our lot!
 Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
 Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed!

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
 Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;

Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal
The immortal being with our dust entwined ?
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

THE PALM-TREE.*

It waved not through an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby ;
It was not fanned by Southern breeze -
In some green isle of Indian seas ;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er streams of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
'Mid foliage of no kindred hue ;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there! The willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed,
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;
Lamps, that from flowery branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colour flung.
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song :
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms.
He passed the pale-green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye ;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke—
The silence of his soul it broke !

* This incident is, I think, recorded by De Lille, in his poem of *Les Jardins*.

It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar—
The conch-note heard along the shore ;
All through his wakening bosom swept
He clasped his country's tree, and wept !

Oh ! scorn him not ! The strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power which fills
The freeman battling on the hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gushed that childlike tear !

THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP.

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF CHANTREY'S.

THOU sleepest—but when wilt thou wake, fair child ?
When the fawn awakes in the forest wild ?
When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn ?
When the first rich breath of the rose is born ?—
Lovely thou sleepest ! yet something lies
Too deep and still on thy soft sealed eyes ;
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see—
When will the hour of thy rising be ?

Not when the fawn wakes—not when the lark
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark.
Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet
The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet ;
Love with sad kisses unfelt, hath pressed
Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet breast ;
And the glad Spring, calling out bird and bee,
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child ! but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one !—that *thou* shouldst die,
And life be left to the butterfly !*
Thou'rt gone as a dewdrop is swept from the bough :
Oh ! for the world where thy home is now !
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts here ;
How should e'en joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust ! when we look on thee ?

* A butterfly, as if resting on a flower, is sculptured on the monument.

THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
 A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
 A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
 Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles—
 Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles—
 Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
 And giaddened the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades,
 Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
 And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow
 Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
 Folding their heights in its dark array;
 Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
 A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
 Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
 But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
 And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
 Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
 And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
 A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,
 And its pillars from twilight flash forth to-day,
 And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
 Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
 Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
 Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
 Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! what is like thee?
 Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
 One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
 The faith, touching all things with hues of Heaven.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

"Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs;—bring back
 The love that I have lost!"

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices in the woods,
 And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute:
 Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,

Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurings, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they, too, hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hath set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood anemone:
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art—
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much! We know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes, gentle Spring! no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there*!

THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

THE hills all glowed with a festive light,
 For the royal city rejoiced by night:
 There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree,
 Banners were lifted and streaming free;
 Every tall pillar was wreathed with fire;
 Like a shooting meteor was every spire;
 And the outline of many a dome on high
 Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.

I passed through the streets. There were throngs on throngs
 Like sounds of the deep were their mingled songs;
 There was music forth from each palace borne—
 A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn;
 The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
 The hamlets woke to its haughty clang;
 Rich and victorious was every tone,
 Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain?
 Thousands lie dead on their battle plain!
 Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
 Grief in the homes they have left must dwell:
 Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,
 And bowing the beauty of woman's head!
 Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one tender moan
 For the many brave to their slumbers gone?

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
 Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamp's glare!
 I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous crowd—
 The music of victory was all too loud!
 Mighty it ruled on the winds afar,
 Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car—
 Through torches and streamers its flood swept by:
 How could I listen for moan or sigh?

Turn, then, away from life's pageants—turn,
 If its deep story thy heart would learn!
 Ever too bright is that outward show,
 Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe.
 But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
 The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true:
 Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal:—
 So must thy spirit be taught to feel!

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

"There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief."

BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood played,
By the household tree through which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh, guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lulled thee into many a dream,
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves,
By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household mirth,
By the fairy tale or the legend old,
In that ring of happy faces told,
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind "Good-night!"
By the smiling eye, and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride, would stray
From the pure first-loves of its youth away—
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home—
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made—
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more!

THE DISTANT SHIP.

THE sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's breast
 Shoots like a glancing star,
 While the red radiance of the west
 Spreads kindling fast and far :
 And yet that splendour wins thee not—
 Thy still and thoughtful eye
 Dwells but on one dark distant spot
 Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee ! O'er the slumbering deep
 A solemn glory broods ;
 A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
 And all the golden woods ;
 A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
 Burn with the amber light !—
 What spell from that rich pageantry
 Chains down thy gazing sight ?

A softening thought of human cares,
 A feeling linked to earth !
 Is not yon speck a bark which bears
 The loved of many a hearth ?
 Oh ! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear
 Crowd her frail world even now,
 And manhood's prayer, and woman's tear
 Follow her venturous prow ?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
 The glittering seas below ;
 But we are bound by cords of love
 To kindred weal and woe.
 Therefore, amidst this wide array
 Of glorious things and fair,
 My soul is on that bark's lone way—
 For human hearts are there.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing !
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring ?
 " We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

" We have swept o'er cities in song renowned—
 Silent they lie with the deserts round !
 We have crossed proud rivers whose tide hath rolled
 All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;

And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?—
"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

O joyous birds! it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep:
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?—

"A change we have found there—and many a change!
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So may *we* reach our bright home at last!

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

[A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate; and the nervous anxiety with which he laboured to fulfil the task, had the effect of realising his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.]

"These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion."—*Prophecy of Dante.*

A REQUIEM!—and for whom?
For beauty in its bloom?
For valour fallen—a broken rose or sword?
A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving plume deplored?
Not so—it is not so!
The warning voice I know,

From other worlds a strange mysterious tone;
A solemn funeral air
It called me to prepare,
And my heart answered secretly—my own!
One more, then, one more strain,
In links of joy and pain,
Mighty the troubled spirit to enthrall!
And let me breathe my dower
Of passion and of power
Full into that deep lay—the last of all!
The last!—and I must go
From this bright world below,
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound!
Must leave its festal skies,
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes found!
Yet have I known it long:
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been the o’ermastering flame;
Swift thoughts, that came and went,
Like torrents o’er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.
Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul;
I strive with yearnings vain
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!
Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o’erflow my breast;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.
Shall I, then, *fear* the tone
That breathes from worlds unknown?—
Surely these feverish aspirations *there*
Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.
One more, then, one more strain;
To earthly joy and pain
A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell!
I pour each fervent thought,
With fear, hope, trembling, fraught,
Into the notes that o’er my dust shall swell.

THE IMAGE IN LAVA.*

THOU thing of years departed!
What ages have gone by
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony.

Temple and tower have mouldered,
Empires from earth have passed,
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast!

And childhood's fragile image,
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials reared
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe! wert thou brightly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart!
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part!

Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impressed,
Thou wert the only treasure, child!
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, nought remained
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one!
From that impassioned grasp.

Oh! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument
Cast in affection's mould.

Love! human love! what art thou?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust!

* The impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.

Immortal, oh ! immortal
 Thou art, whose earthly glow
 Hath given these ashes holiness—
 It must, it *must* be so !

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
 That hymned the Saviour's birth !
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang "Peace on earth ?"
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in days gone by,
 Ye blest the Syrian swains,
 O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light ! whose beams
 That hour heaven's glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherd's head ;
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
 O clear and shining light !

O star ! which led to Him whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free ;
 Where art thou ?—'Midst the hosts above
 May we still gaze on thee ?
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth might not dim—
 Send them to guide us yet,
 O star which led to Him !

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
 Soft through a quiet room,
 That hushed, but not forsaken seemed,
 Still, but with nought of gloom.
 For there, serene in happy age,
 Whose hope is from above,
 A father communed with the page
 Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
 On his grey holy hair,

And touched the page with tenderest light,
 As if its shrine were there!
 But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
 With something lovelier far—
 A radiance all the spirit's own,
 Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm, benignant eye;
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet
 Of immortality!
 Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives;
 While every feature said, "*I know*
That my Redeemer lives!"

And silent stood his children by,
 Hushing their very breath,
 Before the solemn sanctity
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
 Silent—yet did not each young breast
 With love and reverence melt?
 Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
 That home where God is felt!

THE MEETING OF THE BROTHERS.

—“His early days
 Were with him in his heart.”—WORDSWORTH.

THE voices of two forest boys,
 In years when hearts entwine,
 Had filled with childhood's merry noise
 A valley of the Rhine:
 To rock and stream that sound was known
 Gladsome as hunter's bugle tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes
 There had each vineyard seen;
 Up every cliff whence eagles rise
 Their bounding step had been:
 Ay! their bright youth a glory threw
 O'er the wild place wherein they grew.

But this, as dayspring's flush, was brief
 As early bloom or dew;
 Alas! 'tis but the withered leaf
 That wears the enduring hue!
 Those rocks along the Rhine's fair shore
 Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they stood,
 And heard life's thrilling call,

As if a silver clarion wooed
To some high festival;
And parted as young brothers part,
With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted. Soon the paths divide
Wherein our steps were one,
Like river-branches, far and wide,
Dissevering as they run;
And making strangers in their course,
Of waves that had the same bright source.

Met they no more? Once more they met,
Those kindred hearts and true!
'Twas on a field of death, where yet
The battle-thunders flew,
Though the fierce day was well-nigh past,
And the red sunset smiled its last.

But as the combat closed, they found
For tender thoughts a space,
And e'en upon that bloody ground
Room for one bright embrace,
And poured forth on each other's neck
Such tears as warriors need not check.

The mists o'er boyhood's memory spread
All melted with those tears,
The faces of the holy dead
Rose as in vanished years;
The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever-blest,
Lifted its voice in each full breast!

Oh! was it *then* a time to die?
It was!—that not in vain
The soul of childhood's purity
And peace might turn again.
A ball swept forth—'twas guided well
Heart unto heart those brothers fell!

Happy, yes, happy thus to go!
Bearing from earth away
Affections, gifted ne'er to know
A shadow—a decay—
A passing touch of change or chill,
A breath of aught whose breath can kill.

And they, between whose severed souls,
Once in close union tied,
A gulf is set, a current rolls
For ever to divide;
Well may *they* envy such a lot,
Whose hearts yearn on—but mingle not.

THE LAST WISH.

Go to the forest shade,
Seek thou the well-known glade,
Where, heavy with the dew, the violets lie,
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes, filled with sleep,
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May and of the wood's repose;
For I, in sooth, depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee !—
Alas ! this may not be ;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours !
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches in glassy rest
The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steeped in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there e'en now ;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered brow !

Then, as in Hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden to its grassy mound ;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well knowest thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honeyed lime above :
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then from the lattice low
Of the bowered cottage, which I bade thee mark,
When by the hamlet last
Through dim wood-lanes we passed,
While dews were glancing to the glow worm's spark.

Haste! to my pillow bear
 Those fragrant things and fair;
 My hand no more may bind them up at eve—
 Yet shall their odour soft
 One bright dream round me waft
 Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave!

And oh! if thou wouldst ask
 Wherefore thy steps I task,
 The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace—
 'Tis that some thought of me,
 When I am gone, may be
 The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
 (Oh! break thou not the spell!)
 In the deep wood and by the fountain-side;
 Thou must not, my beloved!
 Rove where we two have roved,
 Forgetting her that in her spring-time died!

FAIRY FAVOURS.

— Give me but
 Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
 Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
 Affection's tendrils round.

WOULDST thou wear the gift of immortal bloom?
 Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the shadowy tomb?
 Drink of this cup! it is richly fraught
 With balm from the gardens of Genii brought;
 Drink! and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
 When the young all scattered like rose-leaves lie.

And would not the youth of my soul be gone,
 If the loved had left me, one by one?
 Take back the cup that may never bless,
 The gift that would make me brotherless.
 How should I live, with no kindred eye
 To reflect mine immortality!

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or spell,
 Over the mighty in air that dwell?
 Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and steep
 To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep?
 Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
 Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming, then
 Hush every voice in the homes of men?

Would not bright eyes in my presence quail?
 Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale?
 No gift be mine that aside would turn
 The human love for whose founts I yearn.

Wouldst thou, then, read through the hearts of those
 Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose?
 Wear this rich gem! it is charmed to show
 When a change comes over affection's glow:
 Look on its flushing or fading hue,
 And learn if the trusted be false or true!

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
 Though my heart's wealth be but poured on dust!
 Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
 To dim the light of a loved one's face;
 Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile—
 That glory would pass could I look on guile!

Say, then, what boon of my power shall be,
 Favoured of spirits! poured forth on thee?
 Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,
 Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
 Thou art fain with mortal's lot to rest—
 Answer me! how may I grace it best?

Oh! give me no sway o'er the powers unseen,
 But a human heart where my own may lean!
 A friend, one tender and faithful friend,
 Whose thoughts' free current with mine may blend;
 And, leaving not either on earth alone,
 Bid the bright, calm close of our lives be one!

THE BRIDAL DAY.

[On a monument in a Venetian church is an epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are those of a noble lady, who expired suddenly while standing as a bride at the altar.]

BRIDE! upon thy marriage-day,
 When thy gems in rich array
 Made the glistening mirror seem
 As a star-reflecting stream;
 When the clustering pearls lay fair
 'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,
 And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
 Like a silvery halo gleaming,
 Mellowed all that pomp and light
 Into something meekly bright;
 Did the fluttering of thy breath
 Speak of joy or woe beneath?

And the hue that went and came
 O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
 Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,
 Or the gladness of thy breast?—
 Who shall tell us?—from thy bower
 Brightly didst thou pass that hour;
 With the many-glancing oar,
 And the cheer along the shore,
 And the wealth of summer flowers
 On thy fair head cast in showers,
 And the breath of song and flute,
 And the clarion's glad salute,
 Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide
 Wert thou borne in pomp, young bride!
 Mirth and music, sun and sky,
 Welcomed thee triumphantly!
 Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,
 In some deeper spirit wrought,
 Whispering, as untold it blent
 With the sounds of merriment—
 "From the home of childhood's glee,
 From the days of laughter free,
 From the love of many years,
 Thou art gone to cares and fears;
 To another path and guide,
 To a bosom yet untried!
 Bright one! oh! there well may be
 Trembling 'midst our joy for thee."

Bride! when through the stately fane,
 Circled with thy nuptial train,
 'Midst the banners hung on high
 By thy warrior-ancestry,
 'Midst those mighty fathers dead,
 In soft beauty thou wast led;
 When before thy shrine thy form
 Quivered to some bosom storm,
 When, like harp-strings with a sigh
 Breaking in mid-harmony,
 On thy lip the murmurs low
 Died with love's unfinished vow;
 When, like scattered rose-leaves, fled
 From thy cheek each tint of red,
 And the light forsook thine eye,
 And thy head sank heavily;
 Was that drooping but th' excess
 Of thy spirit's blessedness?
 Or did some deep feeling's might,
 Folded in thy heart from sight,
 With a sudden tempest shower,

Earthward bear thy life's young flower?—
 Who shall tell us?—on *thy* tongue
 Silence, and for ever, hung!
 Never to thy lip and cheek
 Rushed again the crimson streak,
 Never to thy eye returned
 That which there had beamed and burned!
 With the secret none might know,
 With thy rapture or thy woe,
 With thy marriage-robe and wreath,
 Thou wert fled, young bride of death!
 One, one lightning moment there
 Struck down triumph to despair,
 Beauty, splendour, hope, and trust,
 Into darkness—terror—dust!

There were sounds of weeping o'er thee,
 Bride! as forth thy kindred bore thee,
 Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,
 Deaf to that wild funeral wail.
 Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,
 In some deeper spirit wrought,
 Whispering, while the stern sad knell
 On the air's bright stillness fell:
 "From the power of chill and change
 Souls to sever and estrange;
 From love's wane—a death in life
 But to watch—a mortal strife;
 From the secret fevers known
 To the burning heart alone,
 Thou art fled—afar, away—
 Where these blights no more have sway!
 Bright one! oh! there well may be
 Comfort 'midst our tears for thee!"

THE ANCESTRAL SONG.

THERE were faint sounds of weeping;—fear and gloom
 And midnight vigil in a stately room
 Of Lusignan's old halls;—rich odours there
 Filled the proud chamber as with Indian air,
 And soft light fell, from lamps of silver thrown,
 On jewels that with rainbow lustre shone
 Over a gorgeous couch:—There emeralds gleamed,
 And deeper crimson from the ruby streamed
 Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is set
 Hiding from sunshine.—Many a carcanet,
 Starry with diamonds, many a burning chain
 Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance vain,

And sad, and strange, the canopy beneath
 Whose shadowy curtains, round a bed of death,
 Hung drooping solemnly ;—for there one lay
 Passing from all Earth's glories fast away,
 Amidst those queenly treasures: They had been
 Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim lands,
 And for *his* sake, upon their orient sheen
 She had gazed fondly, and with faint, cold hands
 Had pressed them to her languid heart once more,
 Melting in childlike tears. But this was o'er—
 Love's last vain clinging unto life; and now—
 A mist of dreams was hovering o'er her brow,
 Her eye was fixed, her spirit seemed removed,
 Though not from Earth, from all it knew or loved,
 Far, far away! her handmaids watched around,
 In awe, that lent to each low midnight sound
 A might, a mystery; and the quivering light
 Of wind-swayed lamps, made spectral in their sight
 The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet fair.
 Gleaming along the walls with braided hair,
 Long in the dust grown dim; and she, too, saw,
 But with the spirit's eye of raptured awe,
 Those pictured shapes :—a bright, yet solemn train,
 Beckoning, they floated o'er her dreamy brain,
 Clothed in diviner hues; while on her ear
 Strange voices fell, which none besides might hear,
 Sweet, yet profoundly mournful, as the sigh
 Of winds o'er harp-strings through a midnight sky;
 And thus it seemed, in that low thrilling tone,
 Th' ancestral shadows called away their own:

Come, come, come!

Long thy fainting soul hath yearned
 For the step that ne'er returned;
 Long thine anxious ear hath listened,
 And thy watchful eye hath glistened
 With the hope, whose parting strife
 Shook the flower-leaves from thy life—
 Now the heavy day is done,
 Home awaits thee, wearied one!

Come, come, come!

From the quenchless thoughts that burn
 In the sealed heart's lonely urn;
 From the coil of memory's chain
 Wound about the throbbing brain;
 From the veins of sorrow deep,
 Winding through the world of sleep;
 From the haunted halls and bowers,
 Thronged with ghosts of happier hours!

Come, come, come!

On our dim and distant shore
 Aching love is felt no more!
We have loved with earth's excess—
 Past is now that weariness!
We have wept, that weep not now—
 Calm is each once beating brow!
 We have known the dreamer's woes—
 All is now one bright repose!
 Come, come, come!

Weary heart that long hast bled,
 Languid spirit, drooping head,
 Restless memory, vain regret,
 Pining love whose light is set,
 Come away!—'tis hushed, 'tis well!
 Where by shadowy founts we dwell,
 All the fever-thirst is stilled,
 All the air with peace is filled—
 Come, come, come!

And with her spirit wrapt in that wild lay,
 She passed, as twilight melts to night, away!

THE MAGIC GLASS.

"How lived, how loved, how died they?"—BYRON.

"THE Dead! the glorious Dead!—And shall they rise?
 Shall they look on thee with their proud bright eyes?"

Thou ask'st a fearful spell!

Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral hall,
 What kingly vision shall obey my call?

The deep grave knows it well!

"Wouldst thou behold earth's conquerors? shall they pass
 Before thee, flushing all the Magic Glass

With triumph's long array?

Speak! and those dwellers of the marble urn,
 Robed for the feast of victory, shall return,

As on their proudest day.

"Or wouldst thou look upon the lords of song?—
 O'er the dark mirror that immortal throng

Shall waft a solemn gleam!

Passing, with lighted eyes and radiant brows,
 Under the foliage of green laurel-boughs,

But silent as a dream."

"Not these, O mighty master!—Though their lays
 Be unto man's free heart, and tears, and praise,

Hallowed for evermore!

And not the buried conquerors! Let them sleep,
And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths keep
In joy, from shore to shore!

"But, if the narrow house may so be moved,
Call the bright shadows of the most beloved
Back from their couch of rest!

That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be filled
With peace, if human love hath ever stilled
The yearning human breast."

"Away, fond youth!—An idle quest is thine;
These have no trophy, no memorial shrine;
I know not of their place!

'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret flow,
Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes, faint and low,
Have passed, and left no trace.

"Haply; begirt with shadowy woods and hills,
And the wild sounds of melancholy rills,
Their covering turf may bloom;
But ne'er hath Fame made relics of its flowers—
Never hath pilgrim sought their household bowers,
Or poet hailed their tomb."

"Adieu, then, master of the midnight spell!
Some voice, perchance, by those lone graves may tell
That which I pine to know!

I haste to seek, from woods and valleys deep,
Where the beloved are laid in lowly sleep,
Records of joy and woe."

CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL.

["Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée et d'une mère heureuse."—MADAME DE STAEL.]

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven!
Thou, to whom its fires are given,
Joyously thy car hath rolled
Where the conquerors passed of old;
And the festal sun that shone
O'er three hundred triumphs gone,
Makes thy day of glory bright,
With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st th' ascending road,
Freedom's foot so proudly trod;
While, from tombs of heroes borne
From the dust of empire shorn,

Flowers upon thy graceful head,
 Chaplets of all hues, are shed,
 In a soft and rosy rain,
 Touched with many a gemlike stain.

Thou hast gained the summit now!
 Music hails thee from below;—
 Music, whose rich notes might stir
 Ashes of the sepulchre;
 Shaking with victorious notes
 All the bright air as it floats.
 Well may woman's heart beat high
 Unto that proud harmony!

Now afar it rolls—it dies—
 And thy voice is heard to rise
 With a low and lovely tone
 In its thrilling power alone;
 And thy lyre's deep silvery string,
 Touched as by a breeze's wing,
 Murmurs tremblingly at first,
 Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky
 Now hath lit thy large dark eye,
 And thy cheek a flush hath caught
 From the joy of kindled thought;
 And the burning words of song
 From thy lip flow fast and strong,
 With a rushing stream's delight
 In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun!
 Now thy living wreath is won.
 Crowned of Rome!—Oh! art thou not
 Happy in that glorious lot?—
 Happier, happier far than thou,
 With the laurel on thy brow,
 She that makes the humblest hearth
 Lovely but to one on earth!

THE RUIN.

"Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
 Making a truth and beauty of its own.—WORDSWORTH.

"Birth has gladdened it; Death has sanctified it."—*Guesses at Truth*,

No dower of storied song is thine,
 O desolate abode!
 Forth from thy gates no glittering line
 Of lance and spear hath flowed.

Banners of knighthood have not flung.
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
Nor bugle notes to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *pleasaunce* here
By courtly hands been dressed,
For Princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest :
Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
Tells where the spirit of delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of quenched light and silent board!
For me thou needest not.
It is enough to know that *here*,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,
Have linked one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells!—
A solemnising breath,
A presence all around thee dwells,
Of human life and death.
I need not pluck yon garden flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake, with strange and sudden power,
A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth!
Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve here meet in mirth
Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and woman's tone,
And childhood's laughing glee,
And song and prayer, have all been known,
Hearth of the dead! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly poured
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed ;
Thou hast seen partings, such as bear
The bloom from life away—
Alas! for love in changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of pain,
The vigil hath been kept,

Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept :
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,
The breathless influence, shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
Have here been marked and mourned,
And time hath filled the vacant place,
And gladness hath returned ;
Till from the narrowing household chain
The links dropped one by one !
And homewards hither, o'er the main,
Came the spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for thought,
Fixed eye and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,
Even lowliest hearts have bled ?
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst
The clouds that wrapt its way ?

Holy to human nature seems
The long-forsaken spot ;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot !
Therefore in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the dead ! I stand,
Where joy and sorrow, smile and tear,
Have linked one household band.

THE MINSTER.

SPEAK low !—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer ;
Tread lightly !—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air :
Stern, yet serene !—a reconciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !—
Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,
Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's tomb
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom :

Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
 Mighty as forest sounds when winds are high;
 Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole revealing
 Through incense-mists their sainted pageantry;—
 Though o'er the spirit each hath charm and power,
 Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

But by strong sympathies, whose silver chord
 Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound;
 Thoughts of the human hearts that here have poured
 Their anguish forth are with me and around;—
 I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
 Known to these altars of a thousand years.

Send up a murmur from the dust. Remorse!
 That here hast bowed with ashes on thy head;
 And thou, still battling with the tempest's force—
 Thou, whose bright spirit through all time has bled—
 Speak, wounded Love! if penance here, or prayer,
 Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair?

No voice, no breath!—of conflicts past, no trace!—
 Doth not this hush give answer to my quest?
 Surely the dread religion of the place
 By every grief hath made its night confest!—
 Oh! that within my heart I could but keep
 Holy to Heaven a spot thus pure, and still, and deep!

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

“O night,
 And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength.”—BYRON.

I COME to thee, O Earth!
 With all my gifts!—for every flower sweet dew,
 In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
 The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
 Far amidst folding hills or forest leaves,
 But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
 A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star:
 Making thy streams, that on their noonday track
 Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
 Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace;—I shed
 Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er the honey-bee,
 The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
 The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe ; and sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things !
Who calls me silent ? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low, mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done ;

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past :
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crushed affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb :
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train :
Who calls me lonely ?—Hosts around me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful—the dead—
Phantoms of heart and brain.

Looks from departed eyes—
These are my lightnings!—filled with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song.
I am the avenging one ! the armed—the strong,
The searcher of the soul !

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest-
birth
Of memory, thought, remorse :—Be holy, earth !
I am the solemn night !

THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON.

[Pietro Mulier, called Il Tempesta, from his surprising pictures of storms. "His compositions," says Lanzi, "inspire a real horror, presenting to our eyes death-devoted ships overtaken by tempests and darkness; fired by lightning; now rising on the mountain-wave, and again submerged in the abyss of ocean." During an imprisonment of five years in Genoa, the pictures which he painted in his dungeon were marked by additional power and gloom.—See LANZI's *History of Painting*.]

"Where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those that shake the human breast?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?"
Childe Harold.

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep!—
The air is filled with sleep,
With the stream's whisper, and the citron's breath;
The fixed and solemn stars
Gleam through my dungeon bars—
Wake, rushing wind; this breezeless calm is death!

Ye watch-fires of the skies!
The stillness of your eyes
Looks too intensely through my troubled soul:
I feel this weight of rest
An earth-load on my breast—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark clouds, roll!

I am your own, *your* child,
O ye, the fierce and wild
And kingly tempests!—will ye not arise?
Hear the bold spirit's voice,
That knows not to rejoice
But in the peal of your strong harmonies.

By sounding ocean-waves,
And dim Calabrian caves,
And flashing torrents, I have been your mate;
And with the rocking pines
Of the olden Apennines,
In your dark path stood fearless and elate:

Your lightnings were as rods,
That smote the deep abodes
Of thought and vision—and the stream gushed free;
Come, that my soul again
May swell to burst its chain—
Bring me the music of the sweeping sea!

Within me dwells a flame,
An eagle caged and tame,
Till called forth by the harping of the blast;

Then is its triumph's hour,
It springs to sudden power,
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.
Then, then, the canvas o'er,
With hurried hand, I pour
The lava-waves and gusts of my own soul!
Kindling to fiery life
Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife;
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark clouds, roll!
Wake, rise! the reed may bend,
The shivering leaf descend,
The forest branch give way before your might;
But I, your strong compeer,
Call, summon, wait you here,
Answer, my spirit!—answer, storm and night!

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

"Ay, Warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
On a proud and fearless brow!
I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
And a mightier one than thou!"
"Bid thy soul's love farewell, young chief,
Bid her a long farewell!
Like the morning's dew shall pass that grief—
Thou comest with me to dwell!"
"Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep
Thy steed o'er the breezy hill;
But they bear thee on to a place of sleep,
Narrow, and cold, and chill!"
"Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O Death?
And is thy day so near?
Then on the field shall my life's last breath
Mingle with victory's cheer!"
"Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,
Above me as I die!
And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.
High hearts shall burn in the royal hall
When the minstrel names that spot;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall,
Death, Death! I fear thee not!"
"Warrior! thou bearest a haughty heart;
But I can bend its pride!"

How shouldst thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of victory's tide ?

"It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
That I shall make thee mine ;
It may be lone on the desert sands,
Where men for fountains pine !

"It may be deep amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold ;—
I have slow dull steps and lingering pains
Wherewith to tame the bold !"

"Death, Death ! I go to a doom unblest,
If this indeed must be ;
But the cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee !

"Sound, clarion, sound !—for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine :
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
O Death !—and not to thine !"

THE TWO VOICES.

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,
Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky ;

"Thou art gone hence !" one sang ; "our light is flown,
Our beautiful, that seemed too much our own
Ever to die !

"Thou art gone hence !—our joyous hills among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring-flowers rise !
Never the friend's familiar step to meet
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone home !" then, high and clear,
Warbled that other Voice : "Thou hast no tear
Again to shed.

Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,
Never, weighed down by Memory's clouds, again
To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home ! Oh ! early crowned and blest !
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below ?

Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—
Thrice blest to go !"

Yet sighed again that breeze-like Voice of grief:
 "Thou art gone hence! alas! that aught so brief,
 So loved should be!
 Thou tak'st our summer hence!—the flower, the tone,
 The music of our being, all in one,
 Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled.
 Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead?
 The dark unknown?"

Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,
 Never again to light up hearth or hall,
 Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, home!" once more th' exulting Voice arose:
 "Thou art gone home! from that divine repose
 Never to roam!
 Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
 To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—
 Thou art gone home!"

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast—
 Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past
 The rough sea's foam!
 Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled—
 Home! home!—thy peace is won, thy heart is filled—
 Thou art gone home!"

THE PARTING SHIP.

"A glittering ship that hath the plain
 Of ocean for her own domain."—WORDSWORTH.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
 Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;
 Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be—
 Fare thee well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cleft,
 The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song;
 Who now of storms hath dream or memory left?
 And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles
 Of summer tremble on the water's breast!
 Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,
 In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the tide,
 The genii groves of Araby shall pour!
 Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy side,
 On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie
O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furled,
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of Southern skies,
On the mid-ocean see thee chained in sleep,
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,
Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renowned,
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way:
Strange creatures of the abyss that none may sound,
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark;—
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career!
Hail, and farewell, thou bark!

A long farewell!—Thou wilt not bring us back,
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth;
Many are thine, whose steps no more shall track
Their own sweet native earth!

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's shade,
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright;
Some, in the snows of wintry regions laid,
By the cold Northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding wave—
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep;
Never may flower be strewn above their grave,
Never may sister weep!

And thou—the billow's queen—even thy proud form
On our glad sight no more, perchance, may swell:
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—
Fare thee well, bark! farewell!

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely Tree,
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn wood!

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen.

"I have seen the forest shadows lie
Where men now reap the corn ;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by
Through the deep glades at morn.

"With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

"I have seen the knight and his train ride past,
With his banner borne on high ;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleaming panoply.

"The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly prayed,
Kneeling, at vesper-hours.

"And the merry-men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,
And the hunter's song of yore.

"And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of the high Crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

"But now the noble forms are gone
That walked the earth of old ;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

"There is no glory left us now,
Like the glory with the dead :—
I would that where they slumber low
My latest leaves were shed !"

O thou dark Tree, thou lonely Tree,
That mournest for the past !
A peasant's home in thy shades I see,
Embowered from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear ;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall
A happy summer-glow ;
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze,
That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree!
How can I mourn, 'midst things like these,
For the stormy past, with thee?

THE STREAMS.

YE have been holy, O founts and floods!
Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,
With the water-flowers on your breast asleep,
And ye that gush from the sounding caves—
Hallowed have been your waves.

Hallowed by man in his dreams of old,
Unto beings not of this mortal mould,
Viewless, and deathless, and wondrous powers,
Whose voice he heard in his lonely hours,
And sought with its fancied sound to still
The heart earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright summers gove,
O'er your sweet waters, ye streams! were thrown
Thousands of gifts, to the sunny sea
Have ye swept along in your wanderings free,
And thrilled to the murmur of many a vow—
Where all is silent now!

Nor seems it strange that the heart hath been
So linked in love to your margins green;
That still, though ruined, your early shrines
In beauty gleam through the Southern vines,
And the ivied chapels of colder skies
On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing earth
Are those, bright streams! where your springs have birth;
Whether their caverned murmur fills
With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,
Or the glad sweet laugh of their healthful flow
Is heard 'midst the hamlets low.

Or whether ye gladden the desert-sands
With a joyous music to pilgrim bands,
And a flash from under some ancient rock,
Where a shepherd-king might have watched his flock,
Where a few lone palm-trees lift their heads,
And a green acacia spreads.

Or whether, in bright old lands renowned,
The laurels thrill to your first-born sound,

And the shadow flung from the Grecian pine
Sweeps with the breeze o'er your gleaming line,
And the tall reeds whisper to your waves,
Beside heroic graves.

Voices and lights of the lonely place!
By the freshest fern your path we trace
By the brightest cups on the emerald moss,
Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,
By the rainbow-glancing of insect-wings,
In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest flowers
Are all your own through the summer-hours;
There the proud stag his fair image knows,
Traced on your glass beneath alder-boughs,
And the halcyon's breast, like the skies arrayed,
Gleams through the willow-shade.

But the wild sweet tales, that with elves and fays
Peopled your banks in the olden days,
And the memory left by departed love,
To your antique founts in glen and grove,
And the glory born of the poet's dreams—
These are your charms, bright streams!

Now is the time of your flowery rites
Gone by with its dances and young delights:
From your marble urns ye have burst away,
From your chapel-cells to the laughing day;
Low lie your altars with moss o'ergrown—
And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,
Haunts of all gentle and glad some things!
Holy, to converse with Nature's lore,
That gives the worn spirit its youth once more,
And to silent thoughts of the love divine,
Making the heart a shrine!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

[“There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit.”
—GRAY'S *Letters*.]

Oh! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice
is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear'st a sound
and sign;
A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery all
thine own,
And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the answer-
ing tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where slivered
helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a clarion in
the sky;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes
brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track;
The chime of low soft Southern waves on some green
palmy shore,

The hollow roll of distant surge, the gathered billows' roar.
Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty
rushing Wind!

And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined;

The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things
and free [thee.

Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror
passing by,

Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry;

The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient
minsters vast,

Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely
wing hath passed;

Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, the stately
dirge's tone,

For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place
of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our
young days flew,

Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved,
the kind, the true;

Thou callest back those melodies, though now all
changed and fled.—

Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead!

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind? these many notes
in *thee*?

Far in our own unfathomed souls their fount must surely be;
Yes! buried, but unsleeping, *there* Thought watches, Memory
lies,

From whose deep urn the tones are poured through all
Earth's harmonies.

THE VIGIL OF ARMS.

[The candidate for knighthood was under the necessity of keeping watch the night before his inauguration, in a church, and completely armed. This was called "The Vigil of Arms."]

A SOUNDING step was heard by night
In a church where the mighty slept,
As a mail-clad youth, till morning's light,
'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.
He walked in dreams of power and fame,
He lifted a proud, bright eye,
For the hours were few that withheld his name
From the roll of chivalry.

Down the moon-lit aisles he paced alone,
With a free and stately tread ;
And the floor gave back a muffled tone
From the couches of the dead :
The silent many that round him lay,
The crowned and helmed that were,
The haughty chiefs of the war-array—
Each in his sepulchre !

But no dim warning of time or fate
That youth's flushed hopes could chill,
He moved through the trophies of buried state
With each proud pulse throbbing still.
He heard, as the wind through the chancel sung,
A swell of the trumpet's breath ;
He looked to the banners on high that hung,
And not to the dust beneath.

And a royal masque of splendour seemed
Before him to unfold ;
Through the solemn arches on it streamed,
With many a gleam of gold :
There were crested knight and gorgeous dame,
Glittering athwart the gloom,
And he followed, till his bold step came
To his warrior-father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy might
Of the monumental stone,
And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's light,
That over its quiet shone,
And the image of that sire, who died
In his noonday of renown—
These had a power unto which the pride
Of fiery life bowed down.

And a spirit from his early years
Came back o'er his thoughts to move,

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or a page from a manuscript. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with some lines appearing to be underlined or indented. The ink is dark, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, continuing from the previous block. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, with some lines appearing to be underlined or indented. The ink is dark, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

Feel I not thy spirit brood
 O'er the whispering solitude;
 Lo! at one high thought of thee,
 Fast they rise, the bold, the free,
 Sweeping past thy lowly bed,
 With a mute, yet stately tread:
 Shedding their pale armour's light
 Forth upon the breathless night
 Bending every warlike plume
 In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,
 Armed to follow thee, or die?
 Now, true heart, as thou wert wont,
 Pass thou to the peril's front!
 Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
 And the battle's red wine streaming,
 Till the Paynim quail before thee,
 Till the cross wave proudly o'er thee;
 Dreams! the falling of a leaf
 Wins me from their splendours brief.
 Dreams, yet bright ones! scorn them not,
 Thou that seek'st the holy spot;
 Nor, amidst its lone domain,
 Call the faith in relics vain!

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."—COLERIDGE'S *Waldenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home
 Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
 And the green leaves whispered, as he passed,
 "Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so fast?"

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
 Long wouldst thou linger in doubt and fear;
 Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny hours,
 Thou hast left in our shades with the spring's wild
 flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,
 Thou and thy brother have gaily played;
 Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
 But as ye *have* met there—oh! never more!"

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,
 Thus the free birds o'er his pathway sung:
 "Wherefore so fast unto life away?
 Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay!"

"Thou mayst come to the summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet their strain;
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—
A change must pass o'er thee—farewell, farewell!"

On rode the youth:—and the founts and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:
"We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us?—oh! yet delay!"

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth!
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth.
Never again wilt thou find in its flow
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;
Passion and sorrow its depth will have stirred,
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—
What should it do for a burning heart?
Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

"Farewell!—when thou comest again to thine own,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone;
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer! farewell! farewell!"

And a something of gloom on his spirits weighed,
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade:
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles Nature spoke!

THE BEINGS OF THE MIND.

"The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence; that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage."—BYRON.

COME to me with your triumphs and your woes,
Ye forms, to life by glorious poets brought!
I sit alone with flowers and vernal boughs,
In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought!
'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,
And sorrowful for visions that are gone!

Come to me! make your thrilling whispers heard,
Ye, by those masters of the soul endowed

With life, and love, and many a burning word,
That bursts from grief, like lightning from a cloud.
And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,
As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.

Come to me! visit my dim haunt!—the sound
Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath;
The stock-dove's note above; and all around,
The poesy that with the violet's breath
Floats through the air, in rich and sudden streams,
Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep dreams.

Friends, friends!—for such to my lone heart ye are—
Unchanging ones! from whose immortal eyes
The glory melts not as a waning star,
And the sweet kindness never, never dies;
Bright children of the bard! o'er this green dell
Pass once again, and light it with your spell!

Imogen! fair Fidele! meekly blending
In patient grief "a smiling with a sigh;"
And thou, Cordelia! faithful daughter, tending
That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky;
Thou of the soft low voice!—thou art not gone!
Still breathes for me its faint and flute-like tone.

And come to me!—sing me thy willow strain,
Sweet Desdemona! with the sad surprise
In thy beseeching glance, where still, though vain,
Undimmed, unquenchable affection lies;
Come, bowing thy young head to wrong and scorn,
As a frail hyacinth by showers o'erborne.

And thou, too, fair Ophelia! flowers are here,
That well might win thy footstep to the spot—
Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,
And pansies for sad thoughts—but needed not!
Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and light
In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the south! enshrining
All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong;
The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining,
The soul its nightingales pour forth in song!
Thou making death deep joy!—but *couldst* thou die?
No!—thy young love hath immortality!

From earth's bright faces fades the light of morn,
From earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone;
But ye, the children of the soul, were born
Deathless, and for undying love alone;
And, O ye beautiful! 'tis well, how well,
In the soul's world, with you, where change is not, to
dwell!

THE LYRE'S LAMENT.

[“A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave forth its melancholy music to the wind—but no human being was to be seen.”—*Salathiel*.]

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring
To the wild wind of the sea :

“O melancholy wind!” it sighed,
“What would thy breath with me ?

“Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies,
Thou strikest not forth th’ electric fire
Of buried melodies.

“Wind of the dark sea-waters !
Thou dost but sweep my strings,
Into wild gusts of mournfulness
With the rushing of thy wings.

“But the spell—the gift—the lightning—
Within my frame concealed,
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unrevealed ?

“I have power, high power for freedom
To wake the burning soul !
I have sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent’s voice might roll.

“I have pealing notes of victory
That might welcome kings from war ;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a hero’s death afar.

“I have chords to lift the pæan
From the temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unisons
When sweeping winds are high.

“And Love—for Love’s lone sorrow
I have accents that might swell
Through the summer air with the rose’s breath,
Or the violet’s faint farewell :

“Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined—
But who shall call that sweetness forth ?
Thou canst not, ocean-wind !

“I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—

Where is the touch to give me life?—
 Wild, fitful wind, away!"

So sighed the broken music
 That in gladness had no part—
 How like art thou, neglected lyre,
 To many a human heart!

TASSO'S CORONATION.*

A crown of victory! a triumphal song!
 Oh! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart
 The weary one may calmly sink to rest:
 Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,
 Pour the last prayer for mortal agony!

A TRUMPET's note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
 Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of
 victory;
 There is crowding to the Capitol, the imperial streets along,
 For again a conqueror must be crowned—a kingly child of
 song:

Yet his chariot lingers,
 Yet around his home
 Broods a shadow silently,
 'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs are waving wide and far,
 To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car;
 A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth
 of flowers,
 To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like
 showers.

Peace! within his chamber
 Low the mighty lies;
 With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
 And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him, whose rushing
 strain
 In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er
 the main!
 Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to
 dwell,
 As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes! for him, the victor,
 Sing—but low, sing low!

* Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capitol.

A soft sad *miserere* chant
For a soul about to go!

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of
golden day;
Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars' past
renown—
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his
crown!

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight!
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined—the way is strewn—the lordly train
are met—
The streets are hung with coronals—why stays the min-
strel yet?
Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief—
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief!

Silence! forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way!

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior bird! what seek'st thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink?
Wherefore on the violet's bed
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn?

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance! the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won!
And the mountain lark is there,
And sweet sound hath filled the air;
Hast thou left that realm on high?—
Oh! it can be but to die!

Eagle! Eagle! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou, that hadst ethereal birth,

Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee!—
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was thy sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast—
Woe for gifted souls on high!
Is not such *their* destiny.

SADNESS AND MIRTH.

“Nay, these wild fits of uncurbed laughter
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,
As it has lowered of late, so keenly cast,
Unsuited seem, and strange.

Oh! nothing strange!
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,
In the sunned glimpses of a troubled day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that, like a spirit's path,
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?

O gentle friend!
Chide not *her* mirth, who yesterday was sad,
And may be so to-morrow!”—JOANNA BAILLIE.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,
Where the bright wine foamed over sculptured gold:
Sadness and Mirth! ye were mingled there
With the sound of the lyre in the scented air;
As the cloud and the lightning are blent on high,
Ye mixed in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore a gloom,
A thought and a shadow of the tomb;
It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,
To the rose a colouring not its own,
To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power—
Sadness and Mirth! ye had each your dower!

Ye met when the triumph swept proudly by,
With the Roman eagles through the sky!
I know that e'en then, in his hour of pride,
The soul of the mighty within him died;
That a void in his bosom lay darkly still,
Which the music of victory might never fill.

Thou wert there, O Mirth! swelling on the shout,
 Till the temples, like echo-caves, rang out;
 Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine,
 All the rich voices in air were thine,
 The incense, the sunshine—but Sadness! *thy* part,
 Deepest of all, was the victor's heart!

Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear;
 Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier!
 As the gleam from a sea-bird's white wing shed,
 Crosses the storm in its path of dread;
 As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer sky—
 Sadness and Mirth! so ye come and fly!

Ye meet in the poet's haunted breast,
 Darkness and rainbow, alike its guest!
 When the breath of the violet is out in spring,
 When the woods with the wakening of music ring,
 O'er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,
 Like shadow and sunlight o'er mountain grass.

When will your parting be, Sadness and Mirth?
 Bright stream and dark one!—oh! never on earth:
 Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,
 While Death and Love walk the same dim sphere,
 While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
 While the heart of man is a soundless deep!

But there smiles a land, O ye troubled pair!
 Where ye have no part in the summer air.
 Far from the breathings of changeeful skies,
 Over the seas and the graves it lies;
 Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done,
 And joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun!

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH-SONG.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
 And die away, my heart!
 The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
 And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
 The waters changed their tone,
 And wherefore, in the faded world,
 Should music linger on?

Where is the golden sunshine,
 And where the flower-cup's glow?
 And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
 And the fountain's laughing flow?

A voice in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning, "Where, oh! where?"

Tell of the brightness parted,
Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth!—
Are ye, too, passed away?

Mournfully, sing mournfully!
The royal rose is gone.
Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt
In one deep farewell tone!

Not so!—swell forth triumphantly,
The full, rich, fervent strain!
Hence with young love and life I go,
In the summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm Southern breeze
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly!
Sing to the woods I go!
For me, perchance, in other lands
The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,
And the greensward's violet breath,
And the dance of light leaves in the wind
May there know nought of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully!
Swell high, then break, my heart
With love, the spirit of the woods,
With summer I depart!

THE DIVER.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."—SHELLEY.

THOU hast been where the rocks of coral grow,
Thou hast fought with eddying waves;—
Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old
And wrecks where the brave have striven ;
The deep is a strong and fearful hold,
But thou its bar hast riven !

A wild and weary life is thine ;
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine,
To all besides unknown !

A weary life ! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free ;
Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away,
Thou wrestler with the sea !

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read—
Go ! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled !

And bright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be ;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who will think on *thee* ?

None ! as it gleams from the queen-like head,
Not one 'midst throngs will say,
“A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,
For that pale quivering ray.”

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought !—
And are not *those* like thee
Who win for earth the gems of thought ?
O wrestler with the sea !

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn :

Wringing from lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is poured !
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord.

But oh ! the price of bitter tears,
Paid for the lonely power
That throws at last, o'er desert years,
A darkly glorious dower !

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strewed ;—
The soul whence those high gifts are shed
May faint in solitude !

And who will think, when the strain is sung,
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word ?

None, none!—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee ;—
Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea !

THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS.

[“Les poètes dont l'imagination tient à la puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils pas les bannis d'une autre région.”—MADAME DE STAËL, *De l'Allemagne*.]

No tears for thee!—though light be from us gone
With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet restless one !
No tears for thee !

They that have loved an exile, must not mourn
To see him parting for his native bourne
O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here
Breathed but the language of another sphere,
Unechoed round ;
And strange, though sweet, as 'midst our weeping skies
Some half-remembered strain of paradise
Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answered ?—thou, that from the night
And from the voices of the tempest's might,
And from the past,
Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
To pour the secrets of man's destiny
Forth on the blast !

Hast thou been answered ?—thou, that through the gloom,
And shadow, and stern silence of the tomb,
A cry didst send,
So passionate and deep ? to pierce, to move,
To win back token of unburied love
From buried friend ?

And hast thou found where living waters burst ?
Thou that didst pine amidst us, in the thirst
Of fever-dreams !
Are the true fountains thine for evermore ?
O lured so long by shining mists, that wore
The light of streams !

Speak! is it well with thee?—We call, as *thou*,
 With thy lit eye, deep voice, and kindled brow,
 Were wont to call
 On the departed! Art thou blest and free?—
 Alas! the lips earth covers, even to *thee*,
 Were silent all!

Yet shall our hope rise fanned by quenchless faith,
 As a flame, fostered by some warm wind's breath,
 In light upsprings:
 Freed soul of song! yes, thou hast found the sought;
 Borne to thy home of beauty and of thought
 On morning's wings.

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we hear,
 When life's young music, ringing far and clear,
 O'erflows the sky:—
 No tears for *thee*! the lingering gloom is ours—
 Thou art for converse with all glorious powers,
 Never to die!

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

“ Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti!
 Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può liberarsi! ”

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,
 On eagle wings, through every plume that thrill?
 It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
 Be still, triumphant harmony! be still!

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly swelling
 Into rich floods of joy:—it is but pain
 To mount so high, yet find on high no dwelling,
 To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for earth?—Yes, to young chieftain dying
 On his own battle-field, at set of sun,
 With his freed country's banner o'er him flying,
 Well mightst thou speak of fame's high guerdon won.

No sounds for earth?—Yes, for the martyr leading
 Unto victorious death serenely on,
 For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,
 Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating
 Against life's narrow bound, in conflict vain!
 For power, for joy, high hope, and rapturous greeting,
 Thou wak'st lone thirst—be hushed, exulting strain!

Be hushed, or breathe of grief!—of exile yearnings
 Under the willows of the stranger-shore;

Breathe of the soul's untold and restless burnings
 For looks, tones, footsteps, that return no more.
 Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil keeping
 Through the night-hours, o'er wasted wealth to pine;
 Rich thoughts and sad, like faded rose-leaves heaping
 In the shut heart, at once a tomb and shrine.
 Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came sighing
 From worlds beneath some blue Elysian sky;
 Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright, th' undying—
 Of joy no more—bewildering harmony!

 SECOND SIGHT.

"Ne'er erred the prophet heart that grief inspired,
 Though joy's illusions mock their votarist."—MATURIN.

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends!

A mournful gift is mine!

A murmur of the soul which blends
 With the flow of song and wine.

An eye that through the triumph's hour
 Beholds the coming woe,
 And dwells upon the faded flower
 'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
 Where the father's board is spread;

I see the stillness and the gloom
 Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the withered garlands lie
 Forsaken on the earth,

While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers fly
 Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain
 On the warrior's gorgeous crest;
 And the bier amidst the bridal train
 When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of Time,
 Through the ivy branches made,
 Where the palace, in its glory's prime,
 With the sunshine stands arrayed.

The thunder of the seas I hear,
 The shriek along the wave,
 When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer
 Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends
 To me some warning sign :—
 A mournful gift is mine, O friends!
 A mournful gift is mine!

O prophet heart! thy grief, thy power
 To all deep souls belong;
 The shadow in the sunny hour,
 The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear—
 For them a veil is riven :
 Their piercing thoughts repose not here,
 Their home is but in Heaven.

THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND.

HATH the summer's breath, on the south-wind borne,
 Met the dark seas in their sweeping scorn?
 Hath it lured thee, Bird! from their sounding caves,
 To the river-shores, where the osier waves?

Or art thou come on the hills to dwell,
 Where the sweet-voiced echoes have many a cell?
 Where the moss bears print of the wild-deer's tread?
 And the heath like a royal robe is spread?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright sea-bird :
 There is joy where the song of the lark is heard,
 With the dancing of waters through copse and dell,
 And the bee's low tune in foxglove's bell.

Thou hast done well!—Oh! the seas are lone,
 And the voice they send up hath a mournful tone;
 A mingling of dirges and wild farewells,
 Fitfully breathed through its anthem-swells.

The proud bird rose as the words were said—
 The rush of his pinion swept o'er my head,
 And the glance of his eye, in its bright disdain,
 Spoke him a child of the haughty main.

He hath flown from the woods to the ocean's breast,
 To his throne of pride on the billow's crest!—
 Oh! who shall say, to a spirit free,
 “*There lies the pathway of bliss for thee?*”

THE SLEEPER.

"For sleep is awful."—BYRON.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from Heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle given
The weary to enshroud.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly-drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back
From the world unseen by you
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves;

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams!—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED HALL.

O DIM forsaken mirror!
How many a stately throng
Hath o'er thee gleamed, in vanished hours
Of the wine-cup and the song!

The song hath left no echo;
The bright wine hath been quaffed,

And hushed is every silvery voice
That lightly here hath laughed.

O mirror, lonely mirror,
Thou of the silent hall!
Thou hast been flushed with beauty's bloom—
Is this, too, vanished all?

It is, with the scattered garlands
Of triumphs long ago;
With the melodies of buried lyres,
With the faded rainbow's glow:

And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume.

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,
Thou givest but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing moon,
On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud spirit
Thou tellest me 'twill be,
When the forms and hues of this world fade
From his memory, as from thee:

And his heart's long-troubled waters
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high.

CURFEW SONG OF ENGLAND.

HARK! from the dim church-tower,
The deep, slow curfew's chime!
A heavy sound unto hall and bower,
In England's olden time!
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came
From the fields of his toil at night,
And who might not see his own hearth's flame
In his children's eyes make light.

Sadly and sternly heard
As it quenched the wood-fire's glow,
Which had cheered the board, with the mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow;
Until that sullen, booming knell,
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit fell,
With a weight, and with a chain.

Woe for the wanderer then
 In the wild-deer's forest far!
 No cottage-lamp, to the haunts of men,
 Might guide him as a star.
 And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
 With lone aspirings filled,
 Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,
 While the sounds of earth were stilled.

And yet a deeper woe
 For the watchers by the bed
 Where the fondly loved in pain lay low
 And rest forsook the head.
 For the mother, doomed *unseen* to keep
 By the dying babe her place,
 And to feel its flitting pulse, and weep,
 Yet not behold its face!

Darkness, in chieftain's hall!
 Darkness, in peasant's cot!
 While Freedom, under that shadowy pall,
 Sat mourning o'er her lot.
 Oh! the fireside's peace we well may prize,
 For blood hath flowed like rain,
 Poured forth to make sweet sanctuaries
 Of England's homes again!

Heap the yule-fagots high,
 Till the red light fills the room!
 It is home's own hour, when the stormy sky
 Grows thick with evening gloom.
 Gather ye round the holy hearth,
 And by its gladdening blaze,
 Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
 With a thought of the olden days.

THE GRAVE OF KÖRNER.

[Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak. The monument erected to his memory is of cast-iron, and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and a sword, a favourite emblem of Körner's. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:

"Vergiss die treuen Tödten nicht."
 (Forget not the faithful Dead.)

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,
 Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,

And in the stillness of thy country's breast
 Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest;
 Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
 Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!—by the father's hand
 Here shall the child of after years be led,
 With his wreath-offering silently to stand,
 In the hushed presence of the glorious dead
 Soldier and Bard! for thou thy path hast trod
 With Freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,
 On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
 And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
 Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee;
 And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token
 That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb—a lowlier bed
 Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying—
 The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,
 When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
 Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave—
 She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for *her*,
 To whom the wide world held that only spot—
She loved thee—lovely in your lives ye were,
 And in your early deaths divided not.
 Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy—what hath she?—
 Her own blest place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
 The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
 Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,
 And sent glad singing through the free blue sky.
 Ye were but two—and when that spirit passed,
 Woe to the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long—she lingered but to trace
 Thine image from the image in her breast,
 Once, once again to see that buried face
 But smile upon her, ere she went to rest,
 Too sad a smile! its living light was o'er—
 It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed
 The home too lonely whence thy step had fled—
 What then, was left for her, the faithful-hearted?—
 Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead.
 Softly she perished—be the Flower deplored,
 Here with the Lyre and Sword.

Have ye not met ere now?—so let those trust
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
Brother, sweet sister! peace around ye dwell—
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

ANCIENT SONG OF VICTORY.

I.

Io! they come, they come!
Garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home;
Bring roses, pour ye wine!

II.

Swell, swell the Dorian flute
Through the blue, triumphal sky!
Let the cittern's tone salute
The Sons of Victory!

III.

With the offering of bright blood,
They have ransomed hearth and tomb,
Vineyard, and field, and flood;—
Io! they come, they come!

IV.

Sing it where olives wave,
And by the glittering sea,
And o'er each hero's grave—
Sing, sing, the land is free!

V.

Mark ye the flashing oars,
And the spears that light the deep?
How the festal sunshine pours
Where the lords of battle sweep!

VI.

Each hath brought back his shield;—
Maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field,
Io! thy son is come!

VII.

Who murmured of the dead?
Hush, boding voice! We know
That many a shining head
Lies in its glory low.

VIII.

Breathe not those names to-day !
 They shall have their praise ere long,
 And a power all hearts to sway,
 In ever-burning song.

IX.

But now shed flowers, pour wine,
 To hail the conquerors home !
 Bring wreaths for every shrine—
 Io ! they come, they come !

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

FORGET them not!—though now their name
 Be but a mournful sound,
 Though by the hearth its utterance claim
 A stillness round.

Though for their sakes this earth no more
 As it hath been may be,
 And shadows, never marked before,
 Brood o'er each tree ;

And though their image dim the sky,
 Yet, yet forget them not !
 Nor, where their love and life went by,
 Forsake the spot !

They have a breathing influence there,
 A charm, not elsewhere found ;
 Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
 The stream—the ground.

Then, though the wind an altered tone
 Though the young foliage bear,
 Though every flower, of something gone,
 A tinge may wear ;

Oh ! fly it not!—no *fruitless* grief
 Thus in their presence felt,
 A record links to every leaf
 There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,
 Still tend their garden-bower,
 And call them back, the holy Dead,
 To each lone hour !

The *holy* Dead!—oh ! blest we are,
 That we may name them so,
 And to their spirits look afar,
 Through all our woe !

Blest, that the things they loved on earth
As relics we may hold,
Which wakes sweet thoughts of parted worth
By springs untold !

Blest, that a deep and chastening power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for Heaven !

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

'Tis lone on the waters
When eve's mournful bell
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell !

When borne with the shadows
And winds as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory
Of Home o'er the deep !

When the wing of the sea-bird
Is turned to her nest,
And the heart of the sailor
To all he loves best.

'Tis lone on the waters—
That hour hath a spell
To bring back sweet voices
And words of farewell !

THE ANGELS' CALL.

"Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!"

COME to the land of peace !
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease !

Fear hath no dwelling there !
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air !

Come to the bright and blest,
And crowned for ever!—'midst that shining band,
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest !

Thou hast been long alone:
 Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,
 The heart that rocked thy childhood, back, once more
 Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left:
 Come to thy sisters!—joyously again
 All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
 Shall greet their long-bereft!

Over thine orphan head
 The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough:
 Come to thy father!—it is finished now;
 Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
 Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
 And oh! bright victory—death by love no place:
 Come, Spirit, to thy God!

WOMAN AND FAME.

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
 A draught that mantles high,
 And seems to lift this earthly frame
 Above mortality.
 Away! to me—a woman—bring
 Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
 Into so proud a wreath;
 For that resplendent gift of thine,
 Heroes have smiled in death.
 Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
 The record of one happy hour!

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
 Can bid each life-pulse beat,
 As when a trumpet's note hath blown;
 Calling the brave to meet:
 But mine, let mine—a woman's breast
 By words of home-born love be blessed.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
 A mockery in thine eye,
 To the sick heart that doth but long
 For aid, for sympathy;
 For kindly looks to cheer it on,
 For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain, in the day
Of the soul's feverish need ;
Where must the lone one turn or flee ?—
Not unto thee, oh ! not to thee !

THE THEMES OF SONG.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme ?
Where'er, for freedom shed,
Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream,
Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
Bears record to the faith
Of love, deep, holy, fervent love,
Victor of fear and death.

Where'er a spire points up to Heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling that all around have striven,
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow
In its pride hath been struck down ;
Or a bright-haired virgin head laid low,
Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a home and hearth have been,
That now are man's no more ;
A place of ivy, freshly green,
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,
Some nameless greensward heap,
A bird may sing, a violet wave,
A star its vigil keep ;

Or where a yearning heart of old,
Or a dream of shepherd-men,
With forms of more than earthly mould,
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be found—
We die, we pass away ;
But Faith, love, pity—these are bound
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,

The thorn, and glory of the rose—
These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream,
To the deep sea hath gone;
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,
The exhaustless flood rolls on.

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

[“We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments;—and then days, months, years intervene—and we see and know nothing of each other.”—WASHINGTON IRVING.]

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had stilled the tide;
A few bright days of summer-glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept;
While dancing step and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone;
—Oh! brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely, on their way
The parting vessels bore;
—In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—oh! never more!

Never to blend in Victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe;—
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are formed below!

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNEL.

["Fair Helen of Kirconnel," as she is called in the Scottish Minstrelsy, throwing herself between her betrothed lover and a rival by whom his life was assailed, received a mortal wound, and died in the arms of the former.]

HOLD me upon thy faithful heart,
 Keep back my flitting breath;
 'Tis early, early to depart,
 Sweet friend!—yet this is Death!
 Look on me still:—let that kind eye
 Be the last light I see!
 Oh! sad it is in spring to die,
 But yet I die for thee!

For thee, my own!—*thy* stately head
 Was never thus to bow;—
 Give tears when with me Love hath fled,
 True Love—thou know'st it now!
 Oh! the free streams looked bright where'er
 We in our gladness roved;
 And the blue skies were very fair,
 Dear friend! because we loved.
 Farewell!—I bless thee!—live thou on,
 When this young heart is low!
 Surely my blood thy life hath won—
 Clasp me once more—I go!

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE.

"Rosa, Rosa! perche sulla tua beltà
 Sempre è scritta questa parola—morte?"

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
 Rose! every wearing beauty for thy dower!
 The Bridal day—the Festival—the Tomb—
 Thou hast thy part in each—thou stateliest flower!
 Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
 A thousand images of Love and Grief,
 Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,
 Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.
 Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first
 In the clear light or Eden's golden day;
 There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
 Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.
 Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the bier;
 Rose! coloured now by human hope or pain;
 Surely where death is not—nor change nor fear
 Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own Flower again.

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."
Childe Harold.

WHENCE is the might of thy master-spell ?
 Speak to me, Voice of sweet sound, and tell!
 How canst thou wake, by one gentle breath,
 Passionate visions of love and death !
 How callest thou back, with a note, a sigh,
 Words and low tones from the days gone by—
 A sunny glance, or a fond farewell ?—
 Speak to me, Voice of sweet sound, and tell !

What is thy power, from the soul's deep spring
 In sudden gushes the tears to bring !
 Even 'midst the swells of thy festal glee,
 Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee !

Vain are those tears !—vain and fruitless all—
 Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall ;
 For a purer bliss while the full heart burns,
 For a brighter home while the Spirit yearns !

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
 Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells ;
 Something that finds not its answer here—
 A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
 Through the stream of thy triumphs is heard to sweep,
 Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky—
 Like a name of the dead when the wine foams high !

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
 With vain remembrance and troubled thought ;—
 Speak ! for thou tellest my soul that its birth
 Links it with regions more bright than earth !

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

—"I fled the home of grief,
 At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall,
 I found the helmet of my chief,
 His bow still hanging on our wall,
 And took it down, and vowed to rove
 This desert place, a huntress bold:
 Nor would I change my buried love
 For any heart of living mould."

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the skies ;
 The weight of omens heavy in the cloud :—
 Bid the lorn huntress of the desert rise,
 And gird the form whose beauty grief hath bowed,

And leave the tomb, as tombs *are* left—alone,
To the stars' vigil and the wind's wild moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,
Where gems are glittering, and bright wine is poured—
Where to glad measures chiming footsteps fall,
And soul seems gushing from the harp's full chord;
And richer flowers amid fair tresses wave,
Than the sad "*Love-lies-bleeding*" of the grave.

Oh! little knowest thou of the o'ermastering spell,
Wherewith love binds the spirit, strong in pain,
To the spot hallowed by a wild farewell,
A parting agony—intense, yet vain,
A look—and darkness when its gleam hath flown,
A voice—and silence when its words are gone.

She hears thee not; her full, deep, fervent heart
Is set in her dark eyes;—and they are bound
Unto that cross, that shrine, that world apart,
Where faithful blood hath sanctified the ground,
And love with death striven long by tear and prayer,
And anguish frozen into still despair.

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last
A light, a joy of its own wanderings born;
Around her path a vision's glow is cast,
Back, back, her lost one comes in hues of morn!"
For her the gulf is filled—the curtain shred,
Whose mystery parts the living and the dead.

And she can pour forth in such converse high
All her soul's tide of love, the deep, the strong!
Oh! lonelier far, perchance, *thy* destiny,
And more forlorn, amidst the world's gay throng,
Than hers—the queen of that majestic gloom,
The tempest, and the desert, and the tomb.

MASQUER'S SONG.

THE festal eve, o'er earth and sky,
In her sunset robe, looks bright;
And the purple hills of Sicily,
With their vineyards, laugh in light;
From the marble cities of her plains
Glad voices mingling swell;—
But with yet more loud and lofty strains,
They shall hail the Vesper-bell!

* "A son of light, a lovely form;
He comes, and makes her glad."

Oh! sweet its tones, when the summer-breeze
 Their cadence wafts afar,
 To float o'er the blue Sicilian seas,
 As they gleam to the first pale star!
 The shepherd greets them on his height,
 The hermit in his cell;—
 But a deeper power shall breathe to-night.
 In the sound of the Vesper-bell!

DIRGE AT A WARRIOR'S FUNERAL.

THOU to thy rest art gone,
 High heart! and what are we,
 While o'er our hearts the storm sweeps on,
 That we should mourn for thee!
 Free grave and peaceful bier
 To the buried son of Spain!
 To those that live, the lance and spear,
 And well if not the chain!
 Be *theirs* to weep the dead
 As they sit beneath their vines,
 Whose flowery land hath borne no tread
 Of spoilers o'er its shrines!
 Thou hast thrown off the load
 Which we must yet sustain,
 And pour out blood where *thine* hath flowed,
 Too blest if not in vain!
 We give thee holy rite,
 Slow knell, and chanted strain!—
 For those that fall to-morrow night
 May be left no funeral-train.
 Again, when trumpets wake,
 We must brace our armour on;
 But a deeper note *thy* sleep must break—
 Thou to thy rest art gone!
 Happier in *this* than all,
 That, now thy race is run,
 Upon thy name no stain may fall,
 Thy work hath well been done!

XIMENA'S BALLAD.

“THOU hast not been with a festal throng
 At the pouring of the wine:
 Men bear not from the Hall of Song
 A mien so dark as thine!

There's blood upon thy shield,
 There's dust upon thy plume—
 Thou hast brought, from some disastrous field,
 That brow of wrath and gloom!"

"And is there blood upon my shield?—
 Maiden! it well may be!
 We have sent the streams from our battle-field,
 All darkened to the sea!

We have given the founts a stain,
 'Midst their woods of ancient pine;
 And the ground is wet—but not with rain,
 Deep-dyed—but not with wine!

"The ground is wet—but not with rain—
 We have been in war array,
 And the noblest blood of Christian Spain
 Hath bathed her soil to-day.
 I have seen the strong man die,
 And the stripling meet his fate,
 Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait.

"In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait
 There are helms and lances cleft;
 And they that moved at morn elate
 On a bed of heath are left!
 There's many a fair young face,
 Which the war-steed hath gone o'er;
 At many a board there is kept a place
 For those that come no more!"

"Alas! for love—for woman's breast,
 If woe like this must be!
 Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle crest,
 And a white plume waving free?
 With his proud quick-flashing eye,
 And his mien of knightly state?
 Doth he come from where the swords flashed high,
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait?"

"In the gloomy Roncesvalles' Strait,
 I saw and marked him well;
 For nobly on his steed he sate,
 When the pride of manhood fell!—
 But it is not *youth* which turns
 From the field of spears again;
 For the boy's high heart too wildly burns,
 Till it rests amidst the slain!"

"Thou canst not say that *he* lies low—
 The lovely and the brave?"

Oh! none could look on his joyous brow,
 And think upon the grave!
 Dark, dark, perchance, the day
 Hath been with valour's fate,
 But *he* is on his homeward way,
 From the Roncesvalles' Strait!"

"There is dust upon his joyous brow,
 And o'er his graceful head;
 And the war-horse will not wake him now,
 Though it bruise his greensward bed!
 I have seen the stripling die,
 And the strong man meet his fate,
 Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,
 In the Roncesvalles' Strait!"

THERESA'S SONG.

WHY is the Spanish maiden's grave
 So far from her own bright land?
 The sunny flowers that o'er it wave
 Were sown by no kindred hand.

'Tis not the orange-bough that sends
 Its breath on the sultry air,
 'Tis not the myrtle-stem that bends
 To the breeze of evening there!

But the Rose of Sharon's Eastern bloom
 By the silent dwelling fades,
 And none but strangers pass the tomb
 Which the Palm of Judah shades.

The lowly cross, with flowers o'ergrown,
 Marks well that place of rest;
 But who hath graved, on its mossy stone,
 A sword, a helm, a crest?

These are the trophies of a chief,
 A lord of the axe and spear!—
 Some blossom plucked, some faded leaf,
 Should grace a maiden's bier!

Scorn not her tomb—deny not her
 The honours of the brave!
 O'er that forsaken sepulchre,
 Banner and plume might wave.

She bound the steel, in battle tried,
 Her fearless heart above,
 And stood with brave men, side by side,
 In the strength and faith of love!

That strength prevailed—that faith was blessed!
 True was the javelin thrown;
 Yet pierced it not her warrior's breast,
 She met it with her own!

And nobly won, where heroes fell
 In arms for the holy shrine,
 A death which saved what she loved so well,
 And a grave in Palestine.

Then let the Rose of Sharon spread
 Its breast to the glowing air,
 And the Palm of Judah lift its head,
 Green and immortal there!

And let yon grey stone, undefaced,
 With its trophy mark the scene,
 Telling the pilgrim of the waste
 Where Love and Death have been.

CHANT OF THE NUNS.

A SWORD is on the land!
 He that bears down young tree and glorious flower,
 Death is gone forth, he walks the wind in power!
 Where is the warrior's hand?
 Our steps are in the shadows of the grave,
 Hear us, we perish! Father! hear, and save!

If, in the days of song,
 The days of gladness, we have called on Thee,
 When mirthful voices rang from sea to sea,
 And joyous hearts were strong;
 Now that alike the feeble and the brave
 Must cry, "We perish!"—Father! hear, and save!

The days of song are fled!
 The winds come loaded, wafting dirge-notes by,
 But they that linger soon unmourned must die;
 —The dead weep not the dead!
 Wilt thou forsake us midst the stormy wave?—
 We sink, we perish!—Father! hear, and save!

Helmet and lance are dust!
 Is not the strong man withered from our eye?
 The arm struck down that held our banners high?
 Thine is our spirit's trust!
 Look through the gathering shadows of the grave!
 Do we not perish?—Father! hear, and save!

THE CID'S BATTLE SONG.

THE Moor is on his way !
 With the tambour-peal and the tecbir-shout,
 And the horn o'er the blue seas ringing out,
 He hath marshalled his dark array !
 Shout through the vine-clad land !
 That her sons on all their hills may hear,
 And sharpen the point of the red wolf-spear,
 And the sword for the brave man's hand !
 Banners are in the field,
 The chief must rise from his joyous board,
 And turn from the feast ere the wine be poured,
 And take up his father's shield !
 The Moor is on his way !
 Let the peasant leave his olive-ground,
 And the goats roam wild through the pine-woods round !—
 There is nobler work to-day !
 Send forth the trumpet's call !
 Till the bridegroom cast the goblet down,
 And the marriage-robe and the flowery crown,
 And arm in the banquet-hall !
 And stay the funeral-train !
 Bid the chanted mass be hushed awhile,
 And the bier laid down in the holy aisle,
 And the mourners girt for Spain !
 Ere night must swords be red !
 It is not an hour for knells and tears,
 But for helmets braced, and serried spears !
 To-morrow for the dead !
 The Cid is in array !
 His steed is barbed, his plume waves high,
 His banner is up in the sunny sky,
 Now, joy for the Cross to-day !

A PARTING SONG.

["Oh! mes Amis, rappelez vous quelquefois mes vers; mon ame y est empreinte."—CORINNE.]

WHEN will ye think of me, my friends ?
 When will ye think of me ?—
 When the last red light, the farewell of day.
 From the rock and the river is passing away,
 When the air with a deep'ning hush is fraught,
 And the heart grows burden'd with tender thought—
 Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, kind friends ?

When will ye think of me ?

When the rose of the rich midsummer time

Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime ;

When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled,

From the walks where my footsteps no more may tread ;

Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, sweet friends ?

When will ye think of me ?

When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye

At the sound of some olden melody ;

When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,

When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream ;

Then let it be !

Thus let my memory be with you, friends !

Thus ever think of me !

Kindly and gently, but as of one

For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone ;

As of a bird from a chain unbound,

As of a wanderer whose home is found ;—

So let it be !

THE END.



